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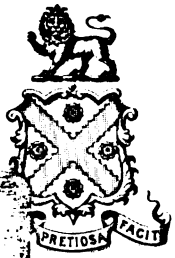

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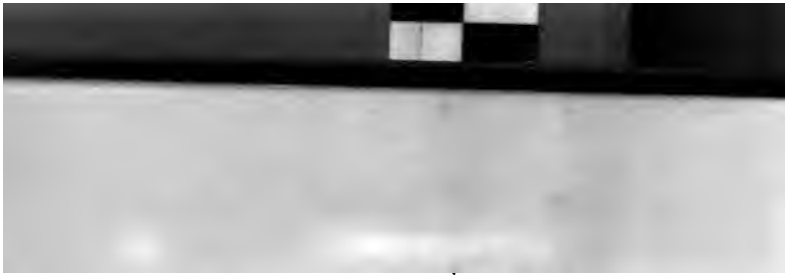

THE

CRITICAL AND MISCELLANEOUS PROSE WORKS

OF

JOHN DRYDEN,

NOW FIRST COLLECTED:

WITH NOTES AND ILLUSTRATIONS;

AN ACCOUNT OF THE

LIFE AND WRITINGS OF THE AUTHOR,

GROUNDED ON

ORIGINAL AND AUTHENTICK DOCUMENTS;

AND

A COLLECTION OF HIS LETTERS,

THE GREATER PART OF WHICH HAS NEVER BEFORE BEEN PUBLISHED.

By EDMOND MALONE, Esq.

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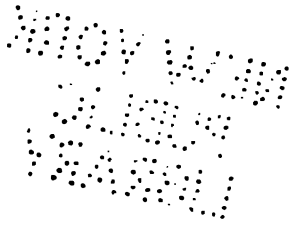

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DEDICATION

OF

ALL FOR LOVE,

OR, THE WORLD WELL LOST.[1]

TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE

THOMAS, EARL OF DANBY,

VISCOUNT LATIMER, AND BARON OSBORNE OF KIVETON, IN YORKSHIRE;

LORD HIGH TREASURER OF ENGLAND, ONE OF HIS MAJESTY'S MOST HONOURABLE PRIVY COUNCIL, AND KNIGHT OF THE MOST NOBLE ORDER OF THE GARTER, &c.[2]

MY LORD,

THE gratitude of poets is so troublesome a virtue to great men, that you are often in danger of your own benefits; for you are threatened with some Epistle, and not suffered to do good in quiet, or to compound for their silence whom you have

[1] ALL FOR LOVE was represented at the Theatre Royal, and first printed in 1678. Our author has told us, that it is *the only* play he wrote for himself: the rest were given to the people. "It is (says Dr. Johnson) by universal consent accounted the work in which ' has admitted the fewest improprieties of style or char ."

[2] Of the rise and character of this nobleman, vas born in 1631, and died in his 81st year in 171 et

obliged. Yet I confess I neither am nor ought to be surprised at this indulgence; for your Lordship has the same right to favour poetry which the great and noble have ever had:

Carmen amat, quisquis carmine digna gerit.

There is somewhat of a tie in nature betwixt those who are born for worthy actions, and those who

gives the following account:—"As soon as Lord Clifford saw he must lose the white staff, [June 1673,] he went to the Duke of Buckingham, who had contributed much to the procuring it for him, and told him he brought him the first notice that he was to lose that place to which he had helped him; and that he would assist him to procure it to some of his friends. After they had talked round all that were in any sort capable of it, and had found great objections to every one of them, they at last pitched on Sir Thomas Osborne, a gentleman of Yorkshire, whose estate was much sunk. He was a very plausible speaker, but too copious, and could not easily make an end of his discourse. He had been always among the high Cavaliers; and missing preferment, he had opposed the Court much, and was one of Lord Clarendon's bitterest enemies. He gave himself great liberties in discourse, and did not seem to have any regard to truth, or so much as to the appearances of it; and was an implacable enemy: but he had a peculiar way to make his friends depend on him, and to believe he was true to them. He was a positive and undertaking man: so he gave the King much ease, by assuring him all things would go according to his mind in the next session of parliament; and when his hopes failed him, he had always some excuse ready to put the miscarriage upon. And by this means he got into the highest degree of confidence with the King, and maintained it the longest of all that ever served him." MEMOIRS, i. 490.

can transmit them to posterity; and though ours be much the inferior part, it comes at least within the verge of alliance. Nor are we unprofitable members of the commonwealth, when we animate others to those virtues which we copy and describe from you.

It is indeed their interest, who endeavour the subversion of governments, to discourage poets and historians; for the best which can happen to them is to be forgotten; but such who, under Kings, are the fathers of their country, and by a just and prudent ordering of affairs preserve it, have the same reason to cherish the chroniclers of their actions, as they have to lay up in safety the deeds and evidences of their estates; for such records are their undoubted titles to the love and reverence of afterages. Your Lordship's administration has already taken up a considerable part of the English annals; and many of its most happy years are owing to it. His Majesty, the most knowing judge of men, and the best master, has acknowledged the ease and benefit he receives in the incomes of his treasury, which you found not only disordered, but exhausted. All things were in the confusion of a chaos, without form or method, if not reduced beyond it, even to annihilation; so that you had not only to separate the jarring elements, but (if that boldness of expression might be allowed me) to create them. Your enemies had so embroiled the management of your office, that they looked on your advance-

ment as the instrument of your ruin; and as if the clogging of the revenue and the confusion of accounts which you found in your entrance, were not sufficient, they added their own weight of malice to the publick calamity, by forestalling the credit which should cure it. Your friends on the other side were only capable of pitying, but not of aiding you; no farther help or counsel was remaining to you but what was founded on yourself, and that indeed was your security; for your diligence, your constancy, and your prudence, wrought more surely within, when they were not disturbed by any outward motion. The highest virtue is best to be trusted with itself, for assistance only can be given by a genius superiour to that which it assists; and it is the noblest kind of debt when we are only obliged to GOD and nature. This then, my Lord, is your just commendation, that you have wrought out yourself a way to glory by those very means that were designed for your destruction; you have not only restored, but advanced the revenues of your Master, without grievance to the subject; and as if that were little yet, the debts of the Exchequer, which lay heaviest both on the crown and on private persons, have by your conduct been established in a certainty of satisfaction. An action so much the more great and honourable, because the case was without the ordinary relief of laws; above the hopes of the afflicted; and beyond the narrowness of the treasury to redress, had it been managed by a less

able hand. It is certainly the happiest and most unenvied part of all your fortune, to do good to many, while you do injury to none; to receive at once the prayers of the subject, and the praises of the Prince; and by the care of your conduct, to give him means of exerting the chiefest (if any be the chiefest) of his royal virtues; his distributive justice to the deserving, and his bounty and compassion to the wanting.

The disposition of Princes towards their people, cannot better be discovered than in the choice of their ministers; who, like the animal spirits betwixt the soul and body, participate somewhat of both natures, and make the communication which is betwixt them. A King who is just and moderate in his nature, who rules according to the laws, whom GOD made happy by forming the temper of his soul to the constitution of his government, and who makes us happy by assuming over us no other sovereignty than that wherein our welfare and liberty consists; a Prince, I say, of so excellent a character, and so suitable to the wishes of all good men, could not better have conveyed himself into his people's apprehensions than in your Lordship's person, who so lively express the same virtues, that you seem not so much a copy as an emanation of him. Moderation is doubtless an establishment of greatness; but there is a steadiness of temper which is likewise requisite in a minister of state: so equal a mixture of both virtues, that he may stand like an isthmus betwixt

the two encroaching seas of arbitrary power and lawless anarchy. The undertaking would be difficult to any but an extraordinary genius, to stand at the line, and to divide the limits; to pay what is due to the great representative of the nation, and neither to enhance nor to yield up the undoubted prerogatives of the crown. These, my Lord, are the proper virtues of a noble Englishman, as indeed they are properly English virtues; no people in the world being capable of using them but we, who have the happiness to be born under so equal and so well-poised a government:[3]—a

[3] The following just eulogium on our inestimable Constitution is so well adapted to our own times, that I cannot omit to point it out to the attention of the reader. I am however too well apprized of the rooted enmity borne by the "*incorrigible* Jacobins" of the present day to the glorious inheritance which we have received from our ancestors, and of their unceasing endeavours to destroy the noblest fabrick which human wisdom ever devised, to hope that the warning voice of our author will have such an effect on them, as to restrain them from pursuing the criminal end they have in view: but let the younger class of readers, who, though they may have been dazzled by the false lights held up to them, are not yet wholly corrupted by the arts which have been so sedulously employed to poison every fountain of knowledge and virtue, ponder over and infix in their minds the truths contained in the pages before them, (with the exception of one sentence towards the close;) and may they serve as a shield of adamant to protect them against the danger with which at this moment (December 1797) not these kingdoms alone, but the whole civilized world is threatened!

government which has all the advantages of liberty beyond a commonwealth, and all the marks of kingly sovereignty without the danger of a tyranny. Both my nature, as I am an Englishman, and my reason, as I am a man, have bred in me a loathing to that specious name of a Republick; that mock-appearance of a liberty, where all who have not part in the government are slaves; and slaves they are of a viler note than such as are subjects to an absolute dominion. For no Christian Monarchy is so absolute, but it is circumscribed with laws; but when the executive power is in the law-makers, there is no farther check upon them, and the people must suffer without a remedy, because they are oppressed by their representatives. If I must serve, the number of my masters, who were born my equals, would but add to the ignominy of my bondage. The nature of our government, above all others, is exactly suited both to the situation of our country and the temper of the natives; an island being more proper for commerce and for defence, than for extending its dominions on the continent; for what the valour of its inhabitants might gain, by reason of its remoteness and the casualties of the seas it could not so easily preserve; and therefore, neither the arbitrary power of one in a monarchy, nor of many in a commonwealth, could make us greater than we are. It is true, that vaster and more frequent taxes might be gathered, when the consent of the people was not asked or needed; but this were

only by conquering abroad to be poor at home; and the examples of our neighbours teach us, that they are not always the happiest subjects, whose Kings extend their dominions farthest. Since therefore we cannot win by an offensive war, at least a land-war, the model of our government seems naturally contrived for the defensive part; and the consent of a people is easily obtained to contribute to that power which must protect it. *Felices nimium bona si sua norint, Angligenæ!* And yet there are not wanting Malecontents amongst us, who, surfeiting themselves on too much happiness, would persuade the people that they might be happier by a change. It was indeed the policy of their old Forefather, when himself was fallen from the station of glory, to seduce mankind into the same rebellion with him, by telling him he might yet be freer than he was; that is, more free than his nature would allow, or (if I may so say) than GOD could make him. We have already all the liberty which freeborn subjects can enjoy; and all beyond it is but licence. But if it be liberty of conscience which they pretend, the moderation of our church is such, that its practice extends not to the severity of persecution; and its discipline is withal so easy, that it allows more freedom to dissenters, than any of the sects would allow to it. In the mean time, what right can be pretended by these men to attempt innovations in church or state? Who made them the trustees, or (to speak a little nearer their own language) the keepers of

the liberty of England? If their call be extraordinary, let them convince us by working miracles; for ordinary vocation they can have none, to disturb the government under which they were born, and which protects them. He who has often changed his party,[4] and always has made his interest the rule of it, gives little evidence of his sincerity for the publick good; it is manifest he changes but for himself, and takes the people for tools to work his fortune. Yet the experience of all ages might let him know, that they who trouble the waters first, have seldom the benefit of the fishing; as they who began the late rebellion enjoyed not the fruit of their undertaking, but were crushed themselves by the usurpation of their own instrument. Neither is it enough for them to answer, that they only intend a reformation of the government, but not the subversion of it: on such pretences all insurrections have been founded; it is striking at the root of power, which is obedience. Every remonstrance of private men has the seed of treason in it; and discourses which are couched in ambiguous terms are therefore the more dangerous, because they do all the mischief of open sedition, yet are safe from the punishment of the laws.

These, my Lord, are considerations which I should not pass so lightly over, had I room to manage them as they deserve; for no man can be so inconsiderable in a nation, as not to have a

[4] Antony Ashley Cooper, Earl of Shaftesbury, is here evidently pointed at. He was now in disgrace.

share in the welfare of it; and if he be a true Englishman, he must at the same time be fired with indignation, and revenge himself as he can on the disturbers of his country. And to whom could I more fitly apply myself than to your Lordship, who have not only an inborn, but an hereditary loyalty? The memorable constancy and sufferings of your father, almost to the ruin of his estate, for the royal cause, were an earnest of that which such a parent and such an institution would produce in the person of a son; but so unhappy an occasion of manifesting your own zeal in suffering for his present Majesty, the providence of GOD, and the prudence of your administration, will, I hope, prevent: that as your father's fortune waited on the unhappiness of his Sovereign, so your own may participate of the better fate which attends his son. The relation which you have by alliance to the noble family of your lady, serves to confirm to you both this happy augury; for what can deserve a greater place in the English chronicle than the loyalty and courage, the actions and death, of the general of an army fighting for his prince and country?* The honour and gallantry of the Earl of Lindsey is so illustrious a subject,

* Lord Danby married Lady Bridget, second daughter of Montague Bertie, Earl of Lindsey, who was wounded at the battle of Naseby, and who affectionately attended his royal master to the grave. His father, Robert, Earl of Lindsey, was killed at the battle of Edgehill (23d Oct. 1642). Being a very distinguished commander, his death was an irreparable loss to the cause of his Sovereign.

that it is fit to adorn an heroick poem; for he was the protomartyr of the cause, and the type of his unfortunate royal master.

Yet after all, my Lord, if I may speak my thoughts, you are happy rather to us than to yourself; for the multiplicity, the cares, and the vexations of your employment, have betrayed you from yourself, and given you up into the possession of the publick. You are robbed of your privacy and friends, and scarce any hour of your life you can call your own. Those who envy your fortune, if they wanted not goodnature, might more justly pity it; and when they see you watched by a crowd of suitors, whose importunity it is impossible to avoid, would conclude with reason, that you have lost much more in true content, than you have gained by dignity; and that a private gentleman is better attended by a single servant, than your Lordship with so clamorous a train. Pardon me, my Lord, if I speak like a philosopher on this subject. The fortune which makes a man uneasy, cannot make him happy; and a wise man must think himself uneasy, when few of his actions are in his choice.

This last consideration has brought me to another, and a very seasonable one for your relief; which is, that while I pity your want of leisure, I have impertinently detained you so long a time. I have put off my own business, which was my Dedication, till it is so late, that I am now ashamed to begin it; and therefore I will say nothing of

the poem which I present to you, because I know not if you are like to have an hour which, with a good conscience, you may throw away in perusing it; and, for the author, I have only to beg the continuance of your protection to him, who is,

My LORD,

Your Lordship's most obliged,

Most humble, and

most obedient servant,

JOHN DRYDEN.

PREFACE

TO

ALL FOR LOVE,

OR, THE WORLD WELL LOST.

THE death of Antony and Cleopatra is a subject which has been treated by the greatest wits of our nation, after Shakspeare;[5] and by all so variously, that their example has given me the confidence to try myself in this bow of Ulysses amongst the crowd of suitors; and withal, to take my own measures in aiming at the mark. I doubt not but the same motive has prevailed with all of

[5] On this subject Daniel wrote a play, entitled CLEOPATRA, which was printed in 1594, but never acted. ANTONIUS, or, the Tragedie of Mark Antony, done from the French, by Mary, Countess of Pembroke, (sister of Sir Philip Sydney,) was printed in 4to. in 1595. Both these pieces are written on the model of the ancient drama. May's CLEOPATRA was published in 1639, but does not appear to have been acted. In 1677, the year before our author's ALL FOR LOVE was printed, his friend Sir Charles Sedley produced at the Duke's Theatre a play, written in rhyme, on the same subject, entitled ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA.

us in this attempt, I mean the excellency of the moral; for the chief persons represented were famous patterns of unlawful love, and their end accordingly was unfortunate. All reasonable men have long since concluded, that the hero of the poem ought not to be a character of perfect virtue, for then he could not without injustice be made unhappy; nor yet altogether wicked, because he could not then be pitied: I have therefore steered the middle course, and have drawn the character of Antony as favourably as Plutarch, Appian, and Dion Cassius would give me leave; the like I have observed in Cleopatra. That which is wanting to work up the pity to a greater height, was not afforded me by the story; for the crimes of love which they both committed were not occasioned by any necessity, or fatal ignorance, but were wholly voluntary; since our passions are, or ought to be, within our power. The fabrick of the play is regular enough, as to the inferior parts of it; and the unities of time, place, and action, more exactly observed, than perhaps the English theatre requires. Particularly, the action is so much one, that it is the only of the kind without episode or underplot; every scene in the tragedy conducing to the main design, and every act concluding with a turn of it. The greatest errour in the contrivance seems to be in the person of Octavia; for though I might use the privilege of a poet, to introduce her into Alexandria, yet I had not enough considered, that the compassion she

moved to herself and children was destructive to that which I reserved for Antony and Cleopatra; whose mutual love being founded upon vice, must lessen the favour of the audience to them, when virtue and innocence were oppressed by it. And though I justified Antony in some measure, by making Octavia's departure to proceed wholly from herself, yet the force of the first machine still remained; and the dividing of pity, like the cutting of a river into many channels, abated the strength of the natural stream. But this is an objection which none of my criticks have urged against me; and therefore I might have let it pass, if I could have resolved to have been partial to myself. The faults my enemies have found are rather cavils concerning little and not essential decencies, which a Master of the Ceremonies may decide betwixt us. The French poets, I confess, are strict observers of these punctilios: they would not, for example, have suffered Cleopatra and Octavia to have met; or if they had met, there must only have passed betwixt them some cold civilities, but no eagerness or repartee for fear of offending against the greatness of their characters, and the modesty of their sex. This objection I foresaw, and at the same time contemned; for I judged it both natural and probable that Octavia, proud of her new-gained conquest, would search out Cleopatra to triumph over her, and that Cleopatra, thus attacked, was not of a spirit to shun the encounter; and it is not unlikely that two

exasperated rivals should use such satire as I have put into their mouths; for after all, though the one were a Roman, and the other a queen, they were both women. It is true, some actions, though natural, are not fit to be represented, and broad obscenities in words ought in good manners to be avoided; expressions therefore are a modest clothing of our thoughts, as breeches and petticoats are of our bodies. If I have kept myself within the bounds of modesty, all beyond it is but nicety and affectation, which is no more but modesty depraved into a vice: they betray themselves who are too quick of apprehension in such cases, and leave all reasonable men to imagine worse of them than of the poet.

Honest Montagne goes yet farther: "*Nous ne sommes que ceremonie; la ceremonie nous emporte, et laissons la substance des choses; nous tenons aux branches, et abandonnons le tronc et le corps. Nous avons appris aux Dames de rougir, oyans seulement nommer ce qu'elles ne craignent aucunement a faire: nous n'osons appeller a droict nos membres, et ne craignons par de les employer a toute sorte de debauche. La ceremonie nous defend d'exprimer par paroles les choses licites et naturelles, et nous l'en croyons; la raison nous defend de n'en faire point d'illicites et mauvaises, et personne ne l'en croid.*" My comfort is, that by this opinion my enemies are but sucking criticks, who would fain be nibbling ere their teeth are come.

Yet in this nicety of manners does the excel-

lency of French poetry consist. Their heroes are the most civil people breathing, but their good-breeding seldom extends to a word of sense; all their wit is in their ceremony. They want the genius which animates our stage; and therefore it is but necessary when they cannot please, that they should take care not to offend. But as the civilest man in the company is commonly the dullest,[6] so these authors, while they are afraid to make you laugh or cry, out of pure good manners make you sleep. They are so careful not to exasperate a critick, that they never leave him any work; so busy with the broom, and make so clean a riddance, that there is little left either for censure or for praise: for no part of a poem is worth our discommending, where the whole is insipid; as when we have once tasted of palled wine, we stay not to examine it glass by glass. But while they affect to shine in trifles, they are often careless in essentials. Thus their Hippolitus is so scrupulous in point of decency, that he will rather expose himself to death than accuse his step-mother to his father; and my criticks, I am sure, will commend him for it; but we of grosser apprehensions are apt to think that this excess of generosity is not practicable but with fools and madmen. This

[6] The witty Lord Dorset agreed with our author in this opinion. "He used to say of a very goodnatured dull fellow, *'tis a thousand pities that man is not* illnatured, *that we might kick him out of company.*" Spence's ANECDOTES.

was good manners with a vengeance; and the audience is like to be much concerned at the misfortunes of this admirable hero. But take Hippolitus out of his poetick fit, and I suppose he would think it a wiser part to set the saddle on the right horse, and choose rather to live with the reputation of a plain-spoken honest man, than to die with the infamy of an incestuous villain. In the mean time we may take notice, that where the poet[7] ought to have preserved the character as it was delivered to us by antiquity; when he should have given us the picture of a rough young man of the Amazonian strain, a jolly huntsman, and both by his profession and his early rising a mortal enemy to love, he has chosen to give him the turn of gallantry, sent him to travel from Athens to Paris, taught him to make love, and transformed the Hippolitus of Euripides into Monsieur Hippolite. I should not have troubled myself thus far with French poets, but that I find our *Chedreux*[8] criticks wholly form their judgments by them.

[7] Racine.

[8] The criticks are thus denominated from the kind of wig they wore. A particular kind of peruke was called a *Chedreux*, or *Chadreux*, probably from the name of the maker. I remember (says a writer who lived in those times) old John Dryden, before he paid his court with success to the great, in one uniform cloathing of Norwich drugget. I have eat tarts with him and Madam Reeve at the MULBERRY GARDEN, when he advanced to a sword, and *Chadreux* wig." GENTLEMAN'S MAGAZINE, xv. 99.

But, for my part, I desire to be tried by the laws of my own country; for it seems unjust to me, that the French should prescribe here, till they have conquered. Our little sonnetteers who follow them, have too narrow souls to judge of poetry; poets themselves are the most proper, though I conclude not the only criticks. But till some genius as universal as Aristotle shall arise, who can penetrate into all arts and sciences without the practice of them, I shall think it reasonable that the judgment of an artificer in his own art should be preferable to the opinion of another man; at least where he is not bribed by interest, or prejudiced by malice. And this, I suppose, is manifest by plain induction: for, first, the crowd cannot be presumed to have more than a gross instinct of what pleases or displeases them: every man will grant me this; but then, by a particular kindness to himself, he draws his own stake first, and will be distinguished from the multitude, of which other men may think him one. But if I come closer to those who are allowed for witty men, either by the advantage of their quality, or by common fame, and affirm that neither are they qualified to decide sovereignly concerning poetry, I shall yet have a strong party of my opinion; for most of them severally will exclude the rest, either from the number of witty men, or at least of able judges. But here again they are all indulgent to themselves; and every one who believes himself a wit, that is, every man, will pretend at the same

time to a right of judging. But to press it yet farther, there are many witty men, but few poets; neither have all poets a taste of tragedy; and this is the rock on which they are daily splitting. Poetry, which is a picture of Nature, must generally please; but it is not to be understood that all parts of it must please every man; therefore is not tragedy to be judged by a witty man, whose taste is only confined to comedy. Nor is every man who loves tragedy a sufficient judge of it: he must understand the excellencies of it too, or he will only prove a blind admirer, not a critick. From hence it comes that so many satires on poets, and censures of their writings, fly abroad. Men of pleasant conversation, (at least esteemed so,) and endued with a trifling kind of fancy, perhaps helped out with some smattering of Latin, are ambitious to distinguish themselves from the herd of gentlemen by their poetry:

> *Rarus enim fermè sensus communis in illâ*
> *Fortunâ.*

And is not this a wretched affectation, not to be contented with what Fortune has done for them, and sit down quietly with their estates, but they must call their wits in question, and needlessly expose their nakedness to publick view? Not considering that they are not to expect the same approbation from sober men, which they have found from their flatterers after the third bottle. If a little glittering in discourse has passed them on us for witty men, where was the necessity of unde-

ceiving the world? Would a man who has an ill title to an estate, but yet is in possession of it, would he bring it of his own accord to be tried at Westminster? We who write, if we want the talent, yet have the excuse that we do it for a poor subsistence; but what can be urged in their defence, who, not having the vocation of poverty to scribble, out of mere wantonness take pains to make themselves ridiculous? Horace was certainly in the right, where he said, that *no man is satisfied with his own condition.* A poet is not pleased because he is not rich, and the rich are discontented because the poets will not admit them of their number. Thus the case is hard with writers: if they succeed not, they must starve; and if they do, some malicious satire is prepared to level them, for daring to please without their leave.* But while they are so eager to destroy the fame of others, their ambition is manifest in their concernment; some poem of their own is to be produced, and the slaves are to be laid flat with their faces on the ground, that the monarch may appear in the greater majesty.

Dionysius and Nero had the same longings, but with all their power they could never bring their business well about. It is true, they proclaimed themselves poets by sound of trumpet; and poets they were, upon pain of death to any man who durst call them otherwise. The audience had a

* i. e. without the leave of the *rich*.

fine time on't,† you may imagine; they sat in a bodily fear, and looked as demurely as they could: for it was a hanging matter to laugh unseasonably;[9] and the tyrants were suspicious, as they had reason, that their subjects had them in the wind; so every man in his own defence set as good a face upon the business as he could. It was known beforehand that the monarchs were to be crowned laureats; but when the shew was over, and an honest man was suffered to depart quietly, he took out his laughter which he had stifled, with a firm resolution never more to see an emperor's play, though he had been ten years a making it. In the mean time, the true poets were they who made the best markets, for they had wit enough to yield the prize with a good grace, and not contend with him who had thirty legions.[1] They were sure to be rewarded, if they confessed themselves bad writers; and that was somewhat better

† This colloquial vulgarism, [*on it*, for *of it*,] which was common in the last age, is now seldom heard but from the mouths of the illiterate.

[9] Pope perhaps had this passage in his thoughts when he wrote,

"To *laugh*, were want of goodness and of grace,
"And to be grave, exceeds all power of face:
"*I sit with sad civility*,—I read
"With honest anguish and an aching head."

[1] Our author appears to have had in his thoughts one of Bacon's APOPHTHEGMS, to which he has alluded in another place. (See vol. i. p. 157.) "There was a philosopher

them to be martyrs for their reputation. Lucan's example was enough to teach them manners; and after he was put to death for overcoming Nero, the emperor carried it without dispute for the best poet in his dominions: no man was ambitious of that grinning honour; for if he heard the malicious trumpeter proclaiming his name before his betters, he knew there was but one way with him.[z] Mæcenas took another course, and we know he was more than a great man, for he was witty too; but finding himself far gone in poetry, which Seneca assures us was not his talent, he thought it his best way to be well with Virgil and with Horace, that at least he might be a poet at the second hand; and we see how happily it has succeeded with him; for his own bad poetry is forgotten, and their panegyricks of him still remain. But they who should be our patrons are for no such expensive ways to fame; they have much of the poetry of Mæcenas, but little of his liberality. They are for persecuting Horace and Virgil, in the persons of their successors; for such is every

that disputed with Adrian, the emperor, and did it but weakly. One of his friends that had been by, afterwards said to him, "Methinks you were not like yourself, last day, in argument with the emperor: I could have answered better myself." "Why, (said the philosopher,) *would you have me contend with him that commands thirty legions?*"

[z] That he must lose his life.—The phrase in the text is as old as Shakspeare's time. See Mrs. Quickly's account of Falstaff's death.

man who has any part of their soul and fire, though in a less degree. Some of their little zanies[3] yet go farther, for they are persecutors even of Horace himself, as far as they are able, by their ignorant

[3] To the foregoing invective against great men, who "not having the vocation of poverty to scribble, out of mere wantonness take pains to make themselves ridiculous," our author's quarrel with Rochester, I believe, gave rise. Previous to the publication of this Preface, and probably in the same year, (1678,) that nobleman's Imitation of the tenth Satire of the first Book of Horace had been printed anonymously; in which is no very favourable character of Dryden. He however, it appears, either did not know that it was written by Rochester, or chose to ascribe it to one of his *zanies*, whose name we must endeavour to discover by the aid of those lights which the literary history of the time affords. Shadwell he could not have had in contemplation; for he evidently considered the poet whose character as a dramatist is given in the performance alluded to, and the writer of the Imitation, as two distinct persons. See the next note.—Besides; Shadwell and our author were now on good terms, as appears by his furnishing Shadwell early in the following year with a Prologue to his TRUE WIDOW. I believe he supposed this Satire to have been the production "of starch'd Johnny Crown," as he is called in one of the lampoons of the time; who, as well as Settle, had been set up as a rival to Dryden, and whose masque of CALISTO having been acted at court in 1675, under the patronage of Lord Rochester, was a source of much uneasiness and discontent to our author. The "*personators*" in this piece were the Lady Mary and Lady Anne, daughters of the Duke of York, (each of whom afterwards sat on the English throne,) Lady Harriet Wentworth, Mrs. Jen-

and vile imitations of him; by making an unjust use of his authority, and turning his artillery against his friends. But how would he disdain to be copied by such hands! I dare answer for him,

nings, then Maid of Honour to the Duchess, and afterwards herself Duchess of Marlborough, &c. The Duke of Monmouth and other noblemen danced. Mr. Hart, Mrs. Davis, and others, from the Theatre Royal, appeared in the Prologue. Langbaine tells us that this Masque, previous to its representation, was rehearsed thirty times.

"It was neither to the favour of the court (says Dennis in one of his Letters) nor of Wilmot, Lord Rochester, one of the shining ornaments of it, that he was indebted for the nomination which the King made of him for the writing the Masque of CALYPSO, [CALISTO.] but to the malice of that noble Lord, who designed by that preference to mortify Mr. Dryden."—See also Memoirs of Lord Rochester, in a [pretended] Letter from St. Evremond to the Duchess of Mazarine, the author of which agrees with Dennis in this statement.

Crown was the son of an independent minister in Nova Scotia; and when he came first to England, became Gentleman-Usher to an old lady, of his father's sect. He probably did not bring much literature with him, and he afterwards published some translations from the French; both which circumstances add probability to my conjecture that he was here in our author's contemplation.

Mr. Spence, from the information of old Jacob Tonson, tells us, that "Dryden was very suspicious of rivals. He would compliment Crown, when a play of his failed, but was cold to him, if it met with success. He sometimes used to own that Crown had some genius, but then he always added, that his father and Crown's mother were very well acquainted." Spence's ANECDOTES.

he would be more uneasy in their company than he was with Crispinus, their forefather, in the *Holy Way*; and would no more have allowed them a place amongst the criticks, than he would Demetrius the mimick, and Tigellius the buffoon:

> ——— *Demetri, teque, Tigelli,*
> *Discipularum inter jubeo plorare cathedras.*

With what scorn would he look down on such miserable translators, who make doggrel of his Latin, mistake his meaning, misapply his censures, and often contradict their own? He is fixed as a landmark to set out the bounds of poetry:

> *Saxum antiquum, ingens,——*
> *Limes agro positus, litem ut discerneret arvis.*

But other arms than theirs, and other sinews are required, to raise the weight of such an author; and when they would toss him against their enemies,

> *Genua labant, gelidus concrevit frigore sanguis.*
> *Tum lapis ipse viri vacuum per inane volutus,*
> *Nec spatium evasit, totum nec pertulit ictum.*

For my part, I would wish no other revenge, either for myself or the rest of the poets, from this rhyming judge of the twelve-penny gallery, this legitimate son of Sternhold, than that he would subscribe his name to his censure, or (not to tax him beyond his learning,) set his mark; for should he own himself publickly, and come from behind the lion's skin, they whom he condemns would be thankful to him, they whom he

praises would choose to be condemned; and the magistrates whom he has elected* would modestly withdraw from their employment, to avoid the scandal of his nomination. The sharpness of his satire, next to himself, falls most heavily on his friends; and they ought never to forgive him for commending them perpetually the wrong way, and sometimes by contraries. If he have a friend whose hastiness in writing is his greatest fault, Horace would have taught him to have minced the matter, and to have called it readiness of thought, and a flowing fancy; for friendship will allow a man to christen an imperfection by the nature of some neighbour virtue;

Vellem in amicitiâ sic erraremus, et isti
Errori nomen virtus possuisset honestum;

but he would never have allowed him to have called a slow man hasty, or a hasty writer a slow drudge;[4] as Juvenal explains it:

* See the concluding lines of Rochester's Imitation of Horace.

[4] In Rochester's Imitation of Horace are the following lines, here evidently alluded to:

"Of all our modern wits, none seem to me
"Once to have touch'd upon true comedy,
"But *hasty* Shadwell, and *slow* Wycherley."

This character of Wycherley Mr. Pope remarked to Mr. Spence, "was quite wrong. He was far from being *slow* in general; and in particular wrote THE PLAIN DEALER in three weeks." Spence's ANECDOTES.—So also Lord Lansdown, who has expressly controverted this notion of Rochester's.

——— canibus pigris, scabieq; vetustâ
Lævibus, et siccæ lambentibus ora luoernæ,
Nomen erit, pardus, tigris, leo; si quid adhuc est,
Quod fremit in terris violentius.

Yet Lucretius laughs at a foolish lover, even for excusing the imperfections of his mistress:

Nigra μελίχροος est, immunda et fœtida ἄκοσμος, - - -
Balba loqui non quit, τραυλίζει; muta pudens est, &c.

But to drive it *ad Æthiopem cygnum*, is not to be endured. I leave him to interpret this by the benefit of his French version on the other side, and without farther considering him than I have the rest of my illiterate censors, whom I have disdained to answer, because they are not qualified for judges.

It remains that I acquaint the reader, that I have endeavoured in this play to follow the practice of the ancients, who, as Mr. Rymer has judiciously observed, are and ought to be our masters. Horace likewise gives it for a rule in his Art of Poetry,

——— Vos exemplaria Græca
Nocturnâ versate manu, versate diurnâ.

Yet, though their models are regular, they are too little for English tragedy, which requires to be built in a larger compass. I could give an instance in the OEDIPUS TYRANNUS, which was the masterpiece of Sophocles; but I reserve it for a more fit occasion, which I hope to have hereafter. In my style I have professed to imitate the divine Shak-

speare; which that I might perform more freely, I have disencumbered myself from rhyme. Not that I condemn my former way, but that this is more proper to my present purpose. I hope I need not to explain myself, that I have not copied my author servilely. Words and phrases must of necessity receive a change in succeeding ages; but it is almost a miracle that much of his language remains so pure; and that he who began dramatick poetry amongst us, untaught by any, and as Ben Jonson tells us, without learning, should, by the force of his own genius, perform so much, that in a manner he has left no praise for any who come after him. The occasion is fair, and the subject would be pleasant to handle the difference of style betwixt him and Fletcher; and wherein, and how far, they are both to be imitated. But since I must not be over confident of my own performance after him, it will be prudence in me to be silent: yet I hope I may affirm, and without vanity, that by imitating him I have excelled myself throughout the play; and particularly, that I prefer the scene betwixt Antony and Ventidius in the first act, to any thing which I have written in this kind.

DEDICATION

OF

LIMBERHAM,

OR, THE KIND KEEPER.[5]

TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE

JOHN, LORD VAUGHAN, &c.[6]

MY LORD,

I CANNOT easily excuse the printing of a play at so unseasonable a time, when the great plot of the nation,[7] like one of Pharaoh's lean kine, has devoured its younger brethren of the stage. But however weak my defence might be for this, I am sure I should not need any to the

[5] This comedy (which has no preface) was acted at the Duke's Theatre in Dorset Garden, and was first printed in 1678.

[6] John, Lord Vaughan, was at this time the eldest surviving son of Richard, Earl of Carbery; his elder brother, Francis, having been some time dead. He had been made a Knight of the Bath at the coronation of Charles the Second, and was for some time Governor of Jamaica.—Nov. 30, 1686, he was elected President of the Royal Society; and filled that office till Nov. 30, 1689, when he was succeeded by Thomas, Earl of Pembroke.—The

world for my Dedication to your Lordship; and if you can pardon my presumption in it, that a bad poet should address himself to so great a judge of wit, I may hope at least to escape with the excuse of Catullus, when he writ to Cicero:

Gratias tibi maximas Catullus
Agit, pessimus omnium poeta;
Tanto pessimus omnium poeta,
Quanto tu optimus omnium patronus.

I have seen an Epistle of Flecknoe's to a nobleman, who was by some extraordinary chance a scholar, (and you may please to take notice by the way, how natural the connexion of thought is betwixt a bad poet and Flecknoe,) where he begins thus: *Quatuordecim jam elapsi sunt anni, &c.* his Latin, it seems, not holding out to the end of the sentence;[8] but he endeavoured to tell his patron, betwixt two languages, which he understood alike, that it was fourteen years since he had the hap-

latter part of his life, which was devoted to retirement and literature, he spent at a house which he built at Chelsea, where he died on the 16th of January, 1712-13; leaving only a daughter, who after her father's death married Charles, Marquis of Winchester (afterwards Duke of Bolton). The title of Carbery became extinct.

[7] The Popish Plot, August, 1678.

[8] Though I have examined several pieces published by Flecknoe, I have not been able to discover the Epistle here alluded to. In his "Relation of Ten Years' Travels," &c. is a letter to Cardinal Barberini, the first sentence of which is in Latin, and the remainder in English.

piness to know him. It is just so long, (and as happy be the omen of dulness to me, as it is to some clergymen and statesmen!) since your Lordship has known that there is a worse poet remaining in the world than he of scandalous memory who left it last.[9] I might enlarge upon the subject with my author, and assure you, that I have served as long for you as one of the patriarchs did for his Old-Testament mistress; but I leave those flourishes, when occasion shall serve, for a greater orator to use; and dare only tell you, that I never passed any part of my life with greater satisfaction or improvement to myself than those years which I have lived in the honour of your Lordship's acquaintance,—if I may have only the time abated, when the publick service called you to another part of the world, which, in imitation of our florid speakers, I might, if I durst presume upon the expression, call the *parenthesis of my life.*

That I have always honoured you, I suppose I need not tell you at this time of day; for you know I staid not to date my respects to you from that title which now you have, and to which you bring a greater addition by your merit than you receive from it by the name; but I am proud to let others know how long it is that I have been made happy

[9] The meaning here is somewhat obscure. I suppose Richard Flecknoe died in the summer of 1678: but to assert gravely that our author was a worse poet than Flecknoe, seems very strange.

by my knowledge of you, because I am sure it will give me a reputation with the present age and with posterity. And now, my Lord, I know you are afraid lest I should take this occasion, which lies so fair for me, to acquaint the world with some of those excellencies which I have admired in you; but I have reasonably considered, that to acquaint the world is a phrase of a malicious meaning: for it would imply that the world were not already acquainted with them. You are so generally known to be above the meanness of my praises, that you have spared my evidence, and spoiled my compliment: should I take for my commonplaces your knowledge both of the old and the new philosophy; should I add to these your skill in mathematicks and history, and yet farther, your being conversant with all the ancient authors of the Greek and Latin tongues, as well as with the modern, I should tell nothing new to mankind; for when I have but once named you, the world will anticipate all my commendations, and go faster before me than I can follow. Be therefore secure, my Lord, that your own fame has freed itself from the danger of a panegyrick; and only give me leave to tell you, that I value the candour of your nature, and that one character of friendliness, and, if I may have leave to call it, kindness in you, before all those other which make you considerable in the nation.

Some few of our nobility are learned, and therefore I will not conclude an absolute contra-

diction in the terms of nobleman and scholar; but as the world goes now, it is very hard to predicate one upon the other; and it is yet more difficult to prove that a nobleman can be a friend to poetry.[1] Were it not for two or three instances in Whitehall,[2] and in the town, the poets of this age would find so little encouragement for their labours, and so few understanders, that they might have leisure to turn pamphleteers, and augment the number of those abominable scribblers, who in this time of licence abuse the press almost every day with nonsense and railing against the government.

It remains, my Lord, that I should give you some account of this comedy, which you have

[1] This complaint of the illiteracy of noblemen seems to have originated in our author's rupture with Lord Rochester, which gave birth to the ESSAY ON SATIRE, written in 1675, as Lord Mulgrave informs us in his Works, but not published till November, 1679. The time of the publication of that Satire is ascertained by the following passage in a letter of Rochester's to Henry Saville, which from a circumstance mentioned in it must have been written on the 21st of November, 1679: "I have sent you herewith a libel, in which my own share is not the least. The King, having perused it, is no way dissatisfied with it. The author is apparent, Mr. D—[ryden], his patron, L— M—, [Lord Mulgrave] having a panegyrick in the midst."

[2] Many noblemen who possessed high offices of state, had at this time apartments at Whitehall, which was then the residence of the court.

never seen, because it was written and acted in your absence at your government of Jamaica. It was intended for an honest satire against our crying sin of *keeping*; how it would have succeeded I can but guess, for it was permitted to be acted only thrice. The crime for which it suffered was that which is objected against the Satires of Juvenal, and the Epigrams of Catullus,—that it expressed too much of the vice which it decried. Your Lordship knows what answer was returned by the elder of those poets whom I last mentioned, to his accusers:

> —— *castum esse decet pium poetam*
> *Ipsum; versiculos nihil necesse est;*
> *Qui tum denique habent salem ac leporem,*
> *Si sunt molliculi, et parum pudici.*

But I dare not make that apology for myself, and therefore have taken a becoming care that those things which offended on the stage might be either altered or omitted in the press; for their authority is and shall be ever sacred to me, (as much absent as present, and in all alterations of their fortune,) who for those reasons have stopped its farther appearance on the theatre; and whatsoever hindrance it has been to me in point of profit, many of my friends can bear me witness that I have not once murmured against that decree. The same fortune once happened to Moliere, on the occasion of his TARTUFFE, which notwithstanding afterwards has seen the light in a country more bigot than ours, and is accounted amongst

the best pieces of that poet. I will be bold enough to say that this comedy is of the first rank of those which I have written, and that posterity will be of my opinion. It has nothing of particular satire in it; for whatsoever may have been pretended by some criticks in the town, I may safely and solemnly affirm that no one character has been drawn from any single man; and that I have known so many of the same humour in every folly which is here exposed, as may serve to warrant it from a particular reflection. It was printed in my absence from the town this summer, much against my expectation, otherwise I had overlooked the press, and been yet more careful that neither my friends should have had the least occasion of unkindness against me, nor my enemies of upbraiding me; but if it live to a second impression, I will faithfully perform what has been wanting in this. In the mean time, my Lord, I recommend it to your protection, and beg I may keep still that place in your favour which I have hitherto enjoyed, and which I shall reckon as one of the greatest blessings which can befall,

My Lord,

Your Lordship's most obedient,

faithful servant,

JOHN DRYDEN.

PREFACE

TO

OEDIPUS.[3]

THOUGH it be dangerous to raise too great an expectation, especially in works of this nature, where we are to please an unsatiable audience, yet it is reasonable to prepossess them in favour of an author, and therefore both the Prologue and Epilogue informed you, that OEDIPUS was the most celebrated piece of all antiquity: that Sophocles, not only the greatest wit, but one of the greatest men, in Athens, made it for the stage at the publick cost; and that it had the reputation of being his masterpiece, not only amongst the seven of his which are still remaining, but of the greater number which are perished.[4] Aristotle

[3] The tragedy of OEDIPUS, written jointly by our author and Nat. Lee, was acted at the Duke's Theatre in Dorset Garden, and first printed in 1679. It has no Dedication.

[4] Sophocles, according to Fabricius, (Bibl. Græc. i. 623,) wrote one hundred and seventy-four plays, of which seven only have been preserved.

has more than once admired it in his book of poetry; Horace has mentioned it: Lucullus, Julius Cæsar,[5] and other noble Romans, have written on the same subject, though their poems are wholly lost; but Seneca's is still preserved. In our own age, Corneille has attempted it, and it appears by his Preface, with great success; but a judicious reader will easily observe how much the copy is inferiour to the original. He tells you himself, that he owes a great part of his success to the happy Episode of Theseus and Dirce; which is the same thing as if we should acknowledge that we were indebted for our good fortune to the under-plot of Adrastus, Eurydice, and Creon.—The truth is, he miserably failed in the character of his hero; if he desired that Oedipus should be pitied, he should have made him a better man. He forgot that Sophocles had taken care to shew him in his first entrance, a just, a merciful, a successful, a religious prince, and in short a father of his country; instead of these, he has drawn him suspicious, designing, more anxious of keeping the Theban crown than solicitous for the safety of his people: hectored by Theseus, contemned by Dirce, and scarce maintaining a second part in his own tragedy. This was an errour in the first concoction, and therefore never to be mended in

[5] See SUETON. in Jul. 56.—Tacitus, in his Dialogue on Oratory, ch. xxi, informs us, that the poetry of Julius was not better than that of Cicero.

the second or the third. He introduced a greater hero than Oedipus himself; for when Theseus was once there, that companion of Hercules must yield to none. The poet was obliged to furnish him with business, to make him an equipage suitable to his dignity, and by following him too close, to lose his other King of Brentford in the crowd. Seneca, on the other side, as if there were no such thing as Nature to be minded in a play, is always running after pompous expressions, pointed sentences, and philosophical notions, more proper for the study than the stage: the Frenchman followed a wrong scent, and the Roman was absolutely at cold hunting. All we could gather out of Corneille was, that an episode must be, but not his way; and Seneca supplied us with no new hint, but only a relation which he makes of his Tiresias raising the ghost of Laius; which is here performed in view of the audience,—the rites and ceremonies so far his, as he agreed with antiquity and the religion of the Greeks; but he himself was beholding to Homer's Tiresias in the Odysses for some of them, and the rest have been collected from Heliodore's Ethiopicks, and Lucan's Erictho. Sophocles indeed is admirable every where, and therefore we have followed him as close as possibly we could. But the Athenian theatre (whether more perfect than ours is not now disputed) had a perfection differing from ours: you see there in every act a single scene, or two at most, which manage the business of the play; and after that

succeeds the Chorus, which commonly takes up more time in singing than there has been employed in speaking. The principal person appears almost constantly through the play, but the inferiour parts seldom above once in the whole tragedy. The conduct of our stage is much more difficult, where we are obliged never to lose any considerable character which we have once presented. Custom likewise has obtained, that we must form an under-plot of second persons, which must be depending on the first; and their bye-walks must be like those in a labyrinth, which all of them lead into the great parterre, or like so many several lodging chambers which have their outlets into the same gallery. Perhaps after all, if we could think so, the ancient method, as it is the easiest, is also the most natural and the best: for variety, as it is managed, is too often subject to breed distraction; and while we would please too many ways, for want of art in the conduct, we please in none.—But we have given you more already than was necessary for a Preface, and for aught we know, may gain no more by our instructions than that politick nation is like to do, who have taught their enemies to fight so long, that at last they are in a condition to invade them. [6]

[6] I suppose by the *politick nation*, England was meant, and the enemies whom they taught to fight were the Dutch.

DEDICATION

OF

TROILUS AND CRESSIDA.

TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE

ROBERT, EARL OF SUNDERLAND,

PRINCIPAL SECRETARY OF STATE, ONE OF HIS MAJESTY'S MOST HONOURABLE PRIVY-COUNCIL, &c. [7]

MY LORD,

SINCE I cannot promise you much of poetry in my play, it is but reasonable that I should secure you from any part of it in my Dedication; and indeed I cannot better distinguish the exactness of your taste from that of other men, than

[7] Robert Spencer, Earl of Sunderland, only son of Henry, Earl of Sunderland, (who fell in the battle of Newbury in 1643,) by Lady Dorothy Sydney, the celebrated SACHARISSA, was born in 1641, and died September 28, 1702. "He was a man (says Burnet) of a clear and ready apprehension, and a quick decision in business. He had too much heat, both of imagination and passion, and was apt to speak very freely both of persons and things. His own notions were always good; but he was a man of great expence, and in order to the supporting himself, he went into the prevailing counsels at court;

by the plainness and sincerity of my address. I must keep my hyperboles in reserve for men of other understandings. An hungry appetite after praise, and a strong digestion of it, will bear the grossness of that diet; but one of so critical a judgment as your Lordship, who can set the bounds of just and proper in every subject, would give me small encouragement for so bold an undertaking. I more than suspect, my Lord, that you would not do common justice to yourself; and therefore, were I to give that character of you which I think you truly merit, I would make my appeal from your Lordship to the reader, and would justify myself from flattery by the publick voice, whatever protestation you might enter to the con-

and he changed sides often, with little regard either to religion or the interest of his country. He made many enemies to himself by the contempt with which he treated those who differed from them. He had indeed a superior genius to all the men of business that I have ever known: and he had the dexterity of insinuating himself so entirely into the greatest degree of confidence with three succeeding Princes, who set up on very different interests, that he came by this to lose himself so much, that even those who esteemed his parts, depended little on his firmness." History of his own Time, i. 495. 8vo.

Lord Sunderland was made Secretary of State not many months before this play was addressed to him;—February 8th, 1678-9.

A sister of this nobleman was married to Mr. Thomas Howard, one of the brothers of Lady Elizabeth Dryden, our author's wife.

trary. But I find I am to take other measures with your Lordship; I am to stand upon my guard with you, and to approach you as warily as Horace did Augustus:

Cui malè si palpere, recalcitrat undique tutus.

An ill-timed or an extravagant commendation would not pass upon you; but you would keep off such a dedicator at arms' end, and send him back with his encomiums to this lord, or that lady, who stood in need of such trifling merchandise.

You see, my Lord, what an awe you have upon me, when I dare not offer you that incense which would be acceptable to other patrons; but am forced to curb myself from ascribing to you those honours which even an enemy could not deny you. Yet I must confess I never practised that virtue of moderation (which is properly your character) with so much reluctancy as now; for it hinders me from being true to my own knowledge, in not witnessing your worth; and deprives me of the only means which I had left to shew the world that true honour and uninteressed respect which I have always paid you. I would say somewhat, if it were possible, which might distinguish that veneration I have for you from the flatteries of those who adore your fortune; but the eminence of your condition in this particular is my unhappiness; for it renders whatever I would say suspected. Professions of service, submissions, and attendance, are the practice of all men to the great; and commonly

they who have the least sincerity perform them best, as they who are least engaged in love have their tongues the freest to counterfeit a passion: for my own part, I never could shake off the rustick bashfulness which hangs upon my nature; but valuing myself as little as I am worth, have been afraid to render even the common duties of respect to those who are in power. The ceremonious visits which are generally paid on such occasions are not my talent. They may be real even in courtiers; but they appear with such a face of interest, that a modest man would think himself in danger of having his sincerity mistaken for his design. My congratulations keep their distance, and pass no farther than my heart. There it is that I have all the joy imaginable, when I see true worth rewarded, and virtue uppermost in the world.

If therefore there were one to whom I had the honour to be known, and to know him so perfectly, that I could say without flattery he had all the depth of understanding that was requisite in an able statesman, and all that honesty which commonly is wanting; that he was brave without vanity, and knowing without positiveness; that he was loyal to his prince, and a lover of his country; that his principles were full of moderation, and all his counsels such as tended to heal and not to widen the breaches of the nation: that in all his conversation there appeared a native candour, and a desire of doing good in all his actions; if such

an one whom I have described, were at the helm; if he had risen by his merits, and were chosen out in the necessity and pressure of affairs to remedy our confusions by the seasonableness of his advice, and to put a stop to our ruin when we were just rolling downward to the precipice, I should then congratulate the age in which I lived for the common safety; I should not despair of the republick, though Hannibal were at the gates; I should send up my vows for the success of such an action, as Virgil did on the like occasion for his patron, when he was raising up his country from the desolations of a civil war:

Hunc saltem everso juvenem succurrere seclo,
Ne, superi, prohibete.

I know not whither I am running, in this ecstacy which is now upon me; I am almost ready to reassume the ancient rights of poetry; to point out and prophecy the man who was born for no less an undertaking, and whom posterity shall bless for its accomplishment. Methinks I am already taking fire from such a character, and making room for him, under a borrowed name amongst the heroes of an epick poem. Neither could mine, or some more happy genius, want encouragement under such a patron:

Pollio amat nostram, quamvis est rustica, musam.

But these are considerations afar off, my Lord: the former part of the prophecy must be first accomplished, the quiet of the nation must be

secured, and a mutual trust betwixt prince and people be renewed; and then this great and good man will have leisure for the ornaments of peace, and make our language as much indebted to his care, as the French is to the memory of their famous Richelieu. You know, my Lord, how low he laid the foundations of so great a work; that he began it with a Grammar and a Dictionary; without which all those remarks and observations which have since been made, had been performed to as little purpose as it would be to consider the furniture of the rooms before the contrivance of the house. Propriety must first be stated, ere any measures of elegance can be taken. Neither is one Vaugelas[8] sufficient for such a work; it was the employment of the whole Academy for many years; for the perfect knowledge of a tongue was never attained by any single person. The court, the college, and the town, must be joined in it. And as our English is a composition of the dead and living tongues, there is required a perfect knowledge not only of the Greek and Latin, but of the old German, the French, and the Italian;[9] and to

[8] Claude Favre, Seigneur de Vaugelas, who died in 1649; author of Remarks on the French Language.

[9] "Of the twenty-two thousand words in the English language, (says Mr. Spence in his ANECDOTES,) there are about 15,000 which every man understands, who is before master of Latin and French and Italian; and three thousand more which he understands, if he be master of German. The other four thousand are probably the old British."

help all these, a conversation with those authors of our own, who have written with the fewest faults in prose and verse. But how barbarously we yet write and speak, your Lordship knows, and I am sufficiently sensible in my own English. For I am often put to a stand in considering whether what I write be the idiom of the tongue, or false grammar, and nonsense couched beneath that specious name of *Anglicism*; and have no other way to clear my doubts but by translating my English into Latin, and thereby trying what sense the words will bear in a more stable language. I am desirous, if it were possible, that we might all write with the same certainty of words and purity of phrase, to which the Italians first arrived, and after them the French; at least that we might advance so far as our tongue is capable of such a standard. It would mortify an Englishman to consider, that from the time of Boccace and of Petrarch, the Italian has varied very little; and that the English of Chaucer, their contemporary, is not to be understood without the help of an old Dictionary. But their Goth and Vandal had the fortune to be graffed on a Roman stock; ours has the disadvantage to be founded on the Dutch. We are full of monosyllables, and those clogged with consonants; and our pronunciation is effeminate: all which are enemies to a sounding language. It is true that, to supply our poverty, we have trafficked with our neighbour nations, by

which means we abound as much in words, as Amsterdam does in religions; but to order them, and make them useful after their admission, is the difficulty. A greater progress has been made in this, since his majesty's return, than perhaps since the conquest to his time. But the better part of the work remains unfinished; and that which has been done already, since it has only been in the practice of some few writers, must be digested into rules and method, before it can be profitable to the general. Will your Lordship give me leave to speak out at last? and to acquaint the world, that from your encouragement and patronage we may one day expect to speak and write a language worthy of the English wit, and which foreigners may not disdain to learn.[1] Your birth, your education, your natural endowments, the former employments which you have had abroad,* and that which to the joy of good men you now exercise at home, seem all to conspire to this

[1] Our author alludes to a scheme which at this time engaged the attention of Lord Roscommon, and other distinguished persons, to form an Academy for polishing the English language and fixing its standard. See vol. i. p. 9.

* Lord Sunderland had been sent to Cologne, as a Plenipotentiary for the purpose of concluding a treaty with the King of Sweden; and had also been Ambassador Extraordinary to Spain and France. From the latter embassy he was recalled to be made Secretary of State in the room of Sir Joseph Williamson.

design: the genius of the nation seems to call you out, as it were by name, to polish and adorn your native language, and to take from it the reproach of its barbarity.

It is upon this encouragement that I have adventured on the following critique,[2] which I humbly present you, together with the play; in which, though I have not had the leisure, nor indeed the encouragement, to proceed to the principal subject of it, which is—the words and thoughts that are suitable to tragedy, yet the whole discourse has a tendency that way, and is preliminary to it. In what I have already done, I doubt not but I have contradicted some of my former opinions in my loose Essays of the like nature; but of this I dare affirm, that it is the fruit of my riper age and experience, and that self-love or envy have no part in it. The application to English authors is my own, and therein perhaps I may have erred unknowingly; but the foundation of the rules is reason, and the authority of those living criticks who have had the honour to be known to you abroad, as well as of the ancients, who are not less of your acquaintance. Whatsoever it be, I submit it to your Lordship's judgment, from which I never will appeal, unless it be to your goodnature, and your candour. If you can allow an hour of leisure to the perusal of it, I shall be

[2] The Preface to TROILUS AND CRESSIDA, containing the Grounds of Criticism in Tragedy; already printed in the former volume.

fortunate that I could so long entertain you; if not, I shall at least have the satisfaction to know, that your time was more usefully employed upon the publick. I am,

My LORD,

Your Lordship's most obedient,

humble servant,

JOHN DRYDEN.

DEDICATION

OF

THE SPANISH FRYAR,[1]

OR, THE DOUBLE DISCOVERY.

TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE

JOHN, LORD HAUGHTON.[2]

MY LORD,

WHEN I first designed this play I found, or thought I found, somewhat so moving in the serious part of it, and so pleasant in the comick, as might deserve a more than ordinary care in both. Accordingly, I used the best of my endeavour in

[1] This tragi-comedy was represented by the King's Servants at the Theatre Royal, and first printed in 1681.

[2] John, Lord Haughton, was the eldest son of Gilbert Holles, third Earl of Clare, to which title he succeeded on the death of his father, January 16th, 1688-9. Having married Margaret, third daughter of Henry Cavendish, second Duke of Newcastle, he was, in 1694, made Marquis of Clare, and Duke of Newcastle; and in 1698 was elected a Knight of the Garter. He died July 17th, 1711, leaving only one daughter, Henrietta, who after his death married Edward, Lord Harley, eldest son of Robert Harley, Earl of Oxford.

the management of two plots, so very different from each other, that it was not perhaps the talent of every writer to have made them of a piece. Neither have I attempted other plays of the same nature, in my opinion, with the same judgment, though with like success. And though many poets may suspect themselves for the fondness and partiality of parents to their youngest children, yet I hope I may stand exempted from this rule, because I know myself too well to be ever satisfied with my own conceptions, which have seldom reached to those ideas that I had within me; and consequently, I presume I may have liberty to judge when I write more or less pardonably, as an ordinary marksman may know certainly when he shoots less wide at what he aims.

Besides; the care and pains I have bestowed on this beyond my other tragi-comedies may reasonably make the world conclude, that either I can do nothing tolerably, or that this poem is not much amiss. Few good pictures have been finished at one sitting; neither can a true just play, which is to bear the test of ages, be produced at a heat, or by the force of fancy, without the maturity of judgment. For my own part, I have both so just a diffidence of myself, and so great a reverence for my audience, that I dare venture nothing without a strict examination; and am as much ashamed to put a loose indigested play upon the publick, as I should be to offer brass money in a payment: for, though it should be

taken, as it is too often, upon the stage, yet it will be found in the second telling; and a judicious reader will discover in his closet that trashy stuff, whose glittering deceived him in the action. I have often heard the stationer sighing in his shop, and wishing for those hands to take off his melancholy bargain, which clapped its performance on the stage. In a playhouse every thing contributes to impose upon the judgment: the lights, the scenes, the habits, and above all, the grace of action, which is commonly the best where there is the most need of it, surprise the audience, and cast a mist upon their understandings; not unlike the cunning of a juggler, who is always staring us in the face, and overwhelming us with gibberish, only that he may gain the opportunity of making the cleaner conveyance of his trick. But these false beauties of the stage are no more lasting than a rainbow, when the actor ceases to shine upon them; when he gilds them no longer with his reflection, they vanish in a twinkling. I have sometimes wondered, in the reading, what was become of those glaring colours which amazed me in Bussy D'Ambois[3] upon the theatre; but when I had taken up what I supposed a fallen star, I found I had been cozened with a jelly: nothing

[3] A tragedy written by George Chapman, and printed in 1607. This play not only appears to have been popular in the author's time, but (strange to tell!) was acted with success after the Restoration.

but a cold dull mass, which glittered no longer than it was shooting; a dwarfish thought dressed up in gigantick words, repetition in abundance, looseness of expression and gross hyperboles, the sense of one line expanded prodigiously into ten; and to sum up all, uncorrect English, and a hideous mingle of false poetry and true nonsense; or at best, a scantling of wit, which lay gasping for life, and groaning beneath a heap of rubbish. A famous modern poet[4] used to sacrifice every year a Statius to Virgil's manes; and I have indignation enough to burn a D'Ambois annually to the memory of Jonson. But now, my Lord, I am sensible, perhaps too late, that I have gone too far; for I remember some verses of my own Maximin and Almanzor which cry vengeance upon me for their extravagance, and which I wish heartily in the same fire with Statius and Chapman. All I can say for those passages, which are

[4] Andrea Navagero, (in Latin NAUGERIUS,) a noble Venetian and celebrated Latin poet, who died in 1529, was accustomed, as Strada informs us in his PROLUSIONES ACADEMICÆ, (lib. ii. prol. 5.) on the anniversary of his birthday, to burn the works of MARTIAL; at the same time informing those friends whom he invited to an entertainment on the occasion, that this was a sacrifice to the manes of VIRGIL, an author for whom he had a high admiration: but Balzac, who also mentions this circumstance, says with more probability, that Martial was sacrificed by Navagero to the manes of CATULLUS. I have no where met with an account exactly corresponding with that mentioned by our author. Navagero indeed having

I hope not many, is, that I knew they were bad enough to please even when I writ them; but I repent of them amongst my sins; and if any of their fellows obtrude by chance into my present writings, I draw a stroke over all those Dalilahs of the theatre, and am resolved I will settle myself no reputation by the applause of fools. It is not that I am mortified to all ambition, but I scorn as much to take it from half-witted judges, as I should to raise an estate by cheating of bubbles. Neither do I discommend the lofty style in tragedy, which is naturally pompous and magnificent; but nothing is truly sublime, that is not just and proper. If the ancients had judged by the same measures which a common reader takes, they had concluded Statius to have written higher than Virgil: for

Quæ super-imposito moles geminata Colosso,

carries a more thundering sound than

Tityre, tu patulæ recubans sub tegmine fagi:

yet Virgil had all the majesty of a lawful prince, and Statius only the blustering of a tyrant. But

read to a party of his friends some Latin verses which he had composed, and being told by them that his lines had much of the air of STATIUS, whose poetry he held in great contempt, was so exasperated, that he threw them into the fire. PROL. ACAD. ut supr. Dryden seems to have confounded the two anecdotes. Strada, however, was probably his authority, the line which he has quoted as a specimen of the style of Statius, (the first line of his poem entitled EQUUS DOMITIANI,) being also quoted in the same prolusion, as characteristical of that poet.

when men affect a virtue which they cannot reach, they fall into a vice which bears the nearest resemblance of it. Thus an injudicious poet who aims at loftiness, runs easily into the swelling puffy style, because it looks like greatness.

I remember, when I was a boy, I thought inimitable Spencer a mean poet in comparison of Sylvester's Dubartas;[5] and was rapt into an ecstacy when I read these lines:

" Now, when the winter's keener breath began
" To crystallize the Baltick ocean;
" To glaze the lakes, to bridle up the floods,
" And periwig with snow the bald-pate woods:—"

I am much deceived if this be not abominable fustian, that is, thoughts and words ill sorted, and without the least relation to each other; yet I dare not answer for an audience, that they would not clap it on the stage: so little value there is to be given to the common cry, that nothing but madness can please madmen, and a poet must be of a piece with the spectators to gain a reputation with them. But, as in a room contrived for state, the height of the roof should bear a proportion to the area, so in the heightenings of poetry the strength and vehemence of figures should be suited to the occasion, the subject, and the persons. All

[5] Various pieces of Dubartas were translated and published by Joshua Sylvester, between the years 1590 and 1615. The lines here quoted are from his DIVINE WEEKS, p. 363. 4to. 1605. In that edition the last line runs thus:—" And periwig with *wool*," &c.

beyond this is monstrous; it is out of nature; it is an excrescence, and not a living part of poetry.

I had not said thus much, if some young gallants, who pretend to criticism, had not told me that this tragi-comedy wanted the dignity of style; but as a man who is charged with a crime of which he thinks himself innocent, is apt to be too eager in his own defence, so perhaps I have vindicated my play with more partiality than I ought, or than such a trifle can deserve. Yet whatever beauties it may want, it is free at least from the grossness of those faults I mentioned: what credit it has gained upon the stage I value no farther than in reference to my profit, and the satisfaction I had in seeing it represented with all the justness and gracefulness of action.[6] But as it is my interest to please my audience, so it is my ambition to be read: that I am sure is the more lasting and the nobler design; for the propriety of thoughts and words, which are the hidden beauties of a play, are but confusedly judged in the vehemence of action: all things are there beheld as in a hasty motion, where the objects only glide before the eye, and disappear. The most discerning critick can judge no more of these silent graces in the action, than he who rides post through an unknown country can distinguish the situation of

[6] The parts of Torrismond and Leonora in this play were originally performed by Mr. Betterton and Mrs. Barry; and the Fryar by Antony Lee.

places, and the nature of the soil. The purity of phrase, the clearness of conception and expression, the boldness maintained to majesty, the significancy and sound of words, not strained into bombast, but justly elevated; in short, those very words and thoughts which cannot be changed but for the worse, must of necessity escape our transient view upon the theatre: and yet without all these a play may take. For if either the story move us, or the actor help the lameness of it with his performance, or now and then a glittering beam of wit or passion strike through the obscurity of the poem, any of those are sufficient to effect a present liking,—but not to fix a lasting admiration; for nothing but truth can long continue, and time is the surest judge of truth. I am not vain enough to think that I have left no faults in this, which that touchstone will not discover; neither indeed is it possible to avoid them in a play of this nature. There are evidently two actions in it; but it will be clear to any judicious man, that with half the pains I could have raised a play from either of them. For this time I satisfied my own humour, which was to tack two plays together,* and to

* THE SPANISH FRYAR (says Dr. Johnson,) is a tragi-comedy eminent for the happy coincidence and coalition of the two plots. As it was written against the Papists, it would naturally at that time have friends and enemies; and partly by the popularity which it obtained at first, and partly by the real power both of the serious and risible part, it continued long a favourite of the publick."

break a rule for the pleasure of variety. The truth is, the audience are grown weary of continued melancholy scenes; and I dare venture to prophecy that few tragedies, except those in verse, shall succeed in this age, if they are not lightened with a course of mirth; for the feast is too dull and solemn without the fiddles. But how difficult a task this is, will soon be tried, for a several genius is required to either way; and without both of them, a man, in my opinion, is but half a poet for the stage. Neither is it so trivial an undertaking to make a tragedy end happily; for it is more difficult to save than it is to kill. The dagger and the cup of poison are always in a readiness; but to bring the action to the last extremity, and then by probable means to recover all, will require the art and judgment of a writer, and cost him many a pang in the performance.

And now, my Lord, I must confess that what I have written looks more like a Preface than a Dedication; and truly it was thus far my design, that I might entertain you with somewhat in my own art, which might be more worthy of a noble mind than the stale exploded trick of fulsome panegyricks. It is difficult to write justly on any thing, but almost impossible in praise; I shall therefore wave so nice a subject, and only tell you, that in recommending a Protestant play[7] to a

[7] Our author had not yet become a Roman Catholick; and Lord Haughton, to whom this address is made, was a strenuous opponent of the Duke of York.

Protestant patron, as I do myself an honour, so I do your noble family a right, who have been always eminent in the support and favour of our religion and liberties. And if the promises of your youth, your education at home, and your experience abroad, deceive me not, the principles you have embraced are such as will no way degenerate from your ancestors, but refresh their memory in the minds of all true Englishmen, and renew their lustre in your person; which, my Lord, is not more the wish than it is the constant expectation of

Your LORDSHIP'S

Most obedient,

faithful servant,

JOHN DRYDEN.

DEDICATION

OF

THE DUKE OF GUISE.[8]

TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE

LAURENCE, EARL OF ROCHESTER, &c.[9]

MY LORD,

THE authors of this poem present it humbly to your Lordship's patronage, if you shall think it worthy of that honour. It has already been a

[8] This tragedy was first represented by his Majesty's Servants at the Theatre Royal, Dec. 4th, 1682, as appears from a manuscript note on the printed copy of the Prologue, in the very curious collection of James Bindley, Esq. (a single half-sheet,) and it was first printed in 1683. The same gentleman is possessed of a different Epilogue to this play from that which has been annexed to it, entitled—"Another Epilogue intended to have been spoken to THE DUKE OF GUISE, before it was forbidden last summer. Written by Mr. Dryden." It is extremely coarse and indecent.

In our author's time it was the custom to print the Prologue and Epilogue on half-sheets, previous to the first representation of a play; and they were probably sold at the doors of the theatre.

[9] Laurence Hyde, Earl of Rochester, was the second son of Edward, Earl of Clarendon; and was born about

confessor, and was almost made a martyr for the royal cause; but having stood two trials from its enemies, one before it was acted, another in the representation, and having been in both acquitted, it is now to stand the publick censure in the reading; where, since of necessity it must have the same enemies, we hope it may also find the same friends; and therein we are secure not only of the greater number, but of the more honest and loyal party. We only expected bare justice in the permission to have it acted; and that we had, after a severe and long examination, from an upright and knowing judge;[1] who having heard both sides, and examined the merits of the cause in a strict perusal of the play, gave sentence for us, that it was neither a libel, nor a parallel of particular persons. In the representation itself it was persecuted with so notorious malice by one side, that it procured us the partiality of the other;

the year 1643. Lord Danby having been removed from the office of Lord Treasurer in March, 1679, on the 18th of November following Mr. Hyde was made First Commissioner for executing that office; on the 23d of April, 1681, he was created Viscount Hyde, and on the 29th of November, 1682, Earl of Rochester.—Having strenuously opposed the Bill of Exclusion, soon after the accession of James the Second he was appointed Lord High Treasurer. He died May 2, 1711.

[1] The Lord Chamberlain; who at this time was Henry Bennet, Earl of Arlington; to which office he was appointed in 1674, on the resignation of Henry, Earl of St. Alban.

so that the favour more than recompensed the prejudice, and it is happier to have been saved, if so we were, by the indulgence of our good and faithful fellow-subjects, than by our own deserts; because thereby the weakness of the faction is discovered, which, in us, at that time attacked the government; and stood combined, like the members of the rebellious league, against the lawful sovereign authority.

To what topick will they have recourse, when they are manifestly beaten from their chief post, which has always been popularity, and majority of voices? They will tell us, that the voices of a people are not to be gathered in a playhouse; and yet even there, the enemies as well as friends have free admission; but while our argument was serviceable to their interests, they could boast that the theatres were true Protestant, and came insulting to the plays where their own triumphs were represented. But let them now assure themselves that they can make the major part of no assembly, except it be a Meeting-house. Their tide of popularity is spent, and the natural current of obedience is in spite of them at last prevalent: in which, my Lord, after the merciful providence of God, the unshaken resolution and prudent carriage of the King, and the inviolable duty and manifest innocence of his Royal Highness, the prudent management of the ministers is also most conspicuous. I am not particular in this commendation, because I am unwilling to raise envy to your

Lordship, who are too just not to desire that praise should be communicated to others, which was the common endeavour and co-operation of all. It is enough, my Lord, that your own part was neither obscure in it, nor unhazardous. And if ever this excellent government, so well established by the wisdom of our forefathers, and so much shaken by the folly of this age, shall recover its ancient splendour, posterity cannot be so ungrateful as to forget those, who, in the worst of times, have stood undaunted by their King and Country; and for the safeguard of both, have exposed themselves to the malice of false patriots, and the madness of an headstrong rabble. But since this glorious work is yet unfinished, and though we have reason to hope well of the success, yet the event depends on the unsearchable providence of Almighty God, it is no time to raise trophies while the victory is in dispute; but every man, by your example, to contribute what is in his power to maintain so just a cause, on which depends the future settlement and prosperity of three nations. The pilot's prayer to Neptune was not amiss in the middle of the storm: *Thou may'st do with me, O Neptune, what thou pleasest; but I will be sure to hold fast the rudder.* We are to trust firmly in the Deity, but so as not to forget that he commonly works by second causes, and admits of our endeavours with his concurrence.

For our own parts we are sensible, as we ought, how little we can contribute with our weak assist-

ance. The most we can boast of is, that we are not so inconsiderable as to want enemies, whom we have raised to ourselves on no other account than that we are not of their number; and since that is their quarrel, they shall have daily occasion to hate us more. It is not, my Lord, that any man delights to see himself pasquined and affronted by their inveterate scribblers; but on the other side it ought to be our glory, that themselves believe not of us what they write. Reasonable men are well satisfied for whose sakes the venom of their party is shed on us, because they see that at the same time our adversaries spare not those to whom they owe allegiance and veneration. Their despair has pushed them to break those bonds; and it is observable, that the lower they are driven, the more violently they write; as Lucifer and his companions were only proud when angels, but grew malicious when devils. Let them rail, since it is the only solace of their miseries, and the only revenge which we hope they now can take. The greatest and the best of men are above their reach; and for our meanness, though they assault us like foot-padders, in the dark, their blows have done us little harm: we yet live to justify ourselves in open day, to vindicate our loyalty to the government, and to assure your Lordship, with all submission and sincerity, that we are

Your LORDSHIP's most obedient,
faithful servants,
JOHN DRYDEN,—NAT. LEE.

THE

VINDICATION:

OR

THE PARALLEL

OF

THE FRENCH HOLY LEAGUE

AND THE

ENGLISH LEAGUE AND COVENANT

TURNED INTO A SEDITIOUS LIBEL AGAINST THE KING AND HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS;

BY THOMAS HUNT, AND THE AUTHORS OF THE REFLECTIONS UPON THE PRETENDED PARALLEL IN THE PLAY CALLED

THE DUKE OF GUISE.

FIRST PRINTED IN QUARTO, IN 1683.

THE

VINDICATION

OF

THE DUKE OF GUISE.[1]

In the year of his Majesty's happy Restoration, the first play I undertook was The Duke of Guise, as the fairest way which the Act of Indemnity had then left us of setting forth the rise of the late rebellion; and by exploding the villainies

[1] The Duke of Guise, soon after its representation, was attacked in two pamphlets, one of which was entitled —"A Defence of the Charter and Municipal Rights of the City of London, and the Rights of other Municipal Cities and Towns of England. Directed to the Citizens of London." By Thomas Hunt. The title of the other was—"Some Reflections on the pretended Parallel in the Play called The Duke of Guise." These attacks gave rise to the following Advertisement, which was annexed to the play:

"There was a Preface intended to this play in vindication of it, against two scurrilous libels lately printed; but it was judged that a defence of this nature would require more room than a Preface reasonably could allow. For this cause, and for the importunities of the stationers,

of it upon the stage, to precaution posterity against the like errours.

As this was my first essay, so it met with the fortune of an unfinished piece; that is to say, it was damned in private by the advice of some friends to whom I shewed it, who freely told me, that it was an excellent subject, but not so artificially wrought as they could have wished; and now let my enemies make their best of this confession.

The scene of the Duke of Guise's return to Paris, against the King's positive command,[3] was then written; I have the copy of it still by me, almost the same which it now remains, being taken *verbatim* out of Davila: for where the action is remarkable, and the very words related, the poet is not at liberty to change them much; and if he will be adding any thing for ornament, it

who hastened their impression, it is deferred for some little time, and will be printed by itself. Most men are already of opinion that neither of the pamphlets deserve an Answer, because they are stuffed with open falsities, and sometimes contradict each other. But for once they shall have a day or two thrown away upon them, though I break an old custom, for their sakes, which was to scorn them."—Soon afterwards the present Vindication was published.

[3] This scene (Act iv. sc. i.) was supposed to allude to the Duke of Monmouth's return from beyond seas without the permission of Charles the Second, in the year 1680, soon after the return of the Duke of York from Scotland (Feb. 24, 1679-80).

ought to be wholly of a piece. This do I take for a sufficient justification of that scene, unless they will make the pretended parallel to be a prophecy, as well as a parallel, of accidents that were twenty years after to come. Neither do I find that they can suggest the least colour for it in any other part of the tragedy.

But now comes the main objection, *Why was it stopped, then?* To which I shall render this just account, with all due respects to those who were the occasion of it.

Upon a wandering rumour (which I will divide betwixt malice and mistake) that some great persons were represented or personated in it, the matter was complained of to my Lord Chamberlain,[4] who thereupon appointed the play to be brought to him, and prohibited the acting of it till further order; commanding me, after this, to wait upon his Lordship; which I did, and humbly desired him to compare the play with the history from whence the subject was taken, referring to the first scene of the fourth act,[5] whereupon the exception was grounded, and leaving Davila (the original) with his Lordship. This was before Midsummer, and about two months after I received the play back again from his Lordship, but without any positive order whether it should be acted or not; neither was Mr. Lee or myself any

[4] Henry, Earl of Arlington.

[5] See note g.

way solicitous about it: but this indeed I ever said, that it was intended for the King's service, and his Majesty was the best judge whether it answered that end or no; and that I reckoned it my duty to submit, if his Majesty, for any reason whatever, should deem it unfit for the stage. In the interim a strict scrutiny was made, and no Parallel of the great person designed could be made out. But this push failing, there were immediately started some terrible insinuations, that the person of his Majesty was represented under that of Henry the Third; which, if they could have found out, would have concluded, perchance, not only in the stopping of the play, but in the hanging up of the poets. But so it was, that his Majesty's wisdom and justice acquitted both the one and the other; and when the play itself was almost forgotten, there were orders given for the acting of it.

This is matter of fact; and I have the honour of so great witnesses to the truth of what I have delivered, that it will need no other appeal. As to the exposing any person living, our innocency is so clear, that it is almost unnecessary to say—it was not in my thought; and as far as any one man can vouch for another, I do believe it was as little in Mr. Lee's. And now since some people have been so busy as to cast out false and scandalous surmises, how far we two agreed upon the writing of it, I must do a common right both to Mr. Lee and myself, to declare publickly, that it

was at his earnest desire, without any solicitation of mine, that this play was produced betwixt us. After the writing of OEDIPUS, I passed a promise to join with him in another; and he happened to claim the performance of that promise just upon the finishing of a poem,[6] when I would have been glad of a little respite before the undertaking of a second task. The person that passed betwixt us knows this to be true; and Mr. Lee himself, I am sure, will not disown it: so that I did not *seduce him to join with me*, as the malicious authors of the Reflections are pleased to call it; but Mr. Lee's loyalty is above so ridiculous a slander. I know very well that the town did ignorantly call and take this to be my play; but I shall not arrogate to myself the merits of my friend. Two-thirds of it belonged to him; and then to me only the first scene of the play, the whole fourth act, and the first half or somewhat more of the fifth.

The pamphleteers, I know, do very boldly insinuate, that *before the acting of it, I took the whole play to myself; but finding afterwards how ill success it had upon the stage, I threw as much of it as possibly I could upon my fellow.* Now here are three damned lies crowded together into a very little room: first, that I assumed any part of it to myself which I had not written; wherein I appeal, not only to my particular acquaintance, but to

[6] Probably RELIGIO LAICI, which was first published in 1682.

the whole company of actors, who will witness for me, that in all the rehearsals I never pretended to any one scene of Mr. Lee's, but did him all imaginable right in his title to the greater part of it. I hope I may without vanity affirm to the world, that I never stood in need of borrowing another man's reputation; and I have been as little guilty of the injustice of laying claim to any thing which was not my own. Nay, I durst almost refer myself to some of the angry poets on the other side, whether I have not rather countenanced and assisted their beginnings, than hindered them from rising. The two other falsities are, the *ill success of the play*, and *my disowning it*. The former is manifestly without foundation, for it succeeded beyond my very hopes, having been frequently acted, and never without a considerable audience: and then it is a thousand to one, that having no ground to disown it, I did not disown it; but the universe to a nut-shell that I did not disown it for want of success, when it succeeded so much beyond my expectation. But my malignant adversaries are the more excusable for this coarse method of breaking in upon truth and good manners, because it is the only way they have to gratify the genius and interest of the faction together; and never so much pains taken neither to so very, very little puspose. They decry the play, but in such a manner, that it has the effect of a recommendation. They call it a *dull entertainment*; and that is a dangerous word, I

must confess, from one of the greatest masters in human nature of that faculty.[7] Now I can forgive them this reproach too, after all the rest; for this play does openly discover the original and root of the practices and principles both of their party and cause; and they are so well acquainted with all the trains and mazes of rebellion, that there is nothing new to them in the whole history. Or what if it were a little insipid,—there was no conjuring that I remember in POPE JOAN; and the LANCASHIRE WITCHES[8] were without doubt the most insipid jades that ever flew upon a stage; and yet even these, by the favour of a party, made a shift to hold up their heads. Now if we have outdone these plays in their own dull way, their authors have some sort of privilege to throw the first stone; but we shall rather choose to yield

[7] The person meant was Thomas Shadwell, by whom, as we shall presently find, Dryden supposed the rough draft of "The Defence," &c. to be drawn. This writer and our author were now at open war, Shadwell having attacked him in 1682, (in consequence of his having written ABSALOM AND ACHITOPHEL,) in a Satire entitled THE TORY POETS, which was levelled at Dryden and Otway, and gave birth probably to our author's MAC FLECNOE, of which the first edition, I believe, was published in 1682.

[8] THE FEMALE PRELATE, being the History of the Life and Death of POPE JOAN, a tragedy by Elkanah Settle, was acted at the Theatre Royal, and published in 1680. THE LANCASHIRE WITCHES, a comedy by Shadwell, was printed in 1682.

the point of dulness, than contend for it against so indisputable a claim.

But *matters of state* (it seems) *are canvassed on the stage, and things of the gravest concernment there managed:* and who were the aggressors, I beseech you, but a few factious, popular hirelings, that by tampering the theatres, and by poisoning the people, made a playhouse more seditious than a conventicle; so that the loyal party crave only the same freedom of defending the government, which the other took beforehand of exposing and defaming it. There was no complaint of any disorders of the stage in the bustle that was made (even to the forming of a party) to uphold a farce of theirs.[9] Upon the first day the whole faction, in a manner, appeared; but after one sight of it, they sent their proxies of serving-men and porters to clap in the right of their patrons; and it was

[9] Probably Shadwell's play already mentioned. In that comedy there is a character of an Irish Priest, called TEAGUE O'DIVELLY, which gave great offence to the Papists. "They came resolved (says the author) to hiss it, right or wrong, and had gotten mercenary fellows, who were such fools that they did not know when to hiss; and this was evident to all the audience. It was wonderful to see men of great quality, and gentlemen, in so mean a combination. But to my great satisfaction, they came off as meanly as I could wish. I had so numerous an assembly of the best sort of men, who stood so generously in my defence for the three first days, they quashed all the vain attempts of my enemies; the inconsiderable party of hissers yielded, and the play lived in spite of them."

impossible ever to have gotten off the nonsense of three hours for half a crown,[1] but for the providence of so congruous an audience. Thus far, I presume, the reckoning is even, for bad plays on both sides, and for plays written for a party. I shall say nothing of their poets' affection to the government, unless upon an absolute and an odious necessity.—But to return to the pretended Parallel.

I have said enough already to convince any man of common sense, that there neither was nor could be any Parallel intended; and it will farther appear from the nature of the subject, there being no relation betwixt Henry the Third and the Duke of Guise, except that of the King's marrying into the family of Lorraine. If a comparison had been designed, how easy had it been either to have found a story, or to have invented one, where the ties of nature had been nearer? If we consider their actions or their persons, a much less proportion will be yet found betwixt them; and if we bate the popularity, perhaps none at all. If we consider them in reference to their parties, the one was manifestly the leader; the other, at the worst, is but misled. The designs of the one tended openly to usurpation; those of the other may yet be interpreted more fairly; and I hope from the natural candour and probity of his temper, that it

[1] The price, at this time, of admission into the boxes of the theatre.

will come to a perfect submission and reconcilement at last. But that which perfectly destroys this pretended Parallel is, that our picture of the Duke of Guise is exactly according to the original in the history: his actions, his manners, nay, sometimes his very words are so justly copied, that whoever has read him in Davila, sees him the same here. There is no going out of the way, no dash of a pen to make any by-feature resemble him to any other man; and indeed, excepting his ambition, there was not in France, or perhaps in any other country, any man vain enough to hope he could be mistaken for him; so that if we would have made a Parallel, we could not. And yet I fancy, that where I make it my business to draw likeness, it will be no hard matter to judge who sat for the picture.

For the Duke of Guise's return to Paris contrary to the King's order, enough already has been said. It was too considerable in the story to be omitted, because it occasioned the mischiefs that ensued; but in this likeness, which was only casual, no danger followed. I am confident there was none intended; and am satisfied that none was feared. But the argument drawn from our evident design is yet, if possible, more convincing. The first words of the Prologue spake the play to be a Parallel, and then you are immediately informed how far that Parallel extended, and of what it is so:—"the Holy League begot the Covenant, Guisards got the Whig," &c. So then it is

not, as the snarling authors of the Reflections tell you, a Parallel of the men, but of the times; a Parallel of the factions and of the leaguers. And every one knows that this Prologue was written before the stopping of the play. Neither was the name altered[2] on any such account as they insinuate, but laid aside long before, because a book called the Parallel had been printed, resembling the French League to the English Covenant; and therefore we thought it not convenient to make use of another man's title. The chief person in the tragedy, or he whose disasters are the subject of it, may in reason give the name; and so it was called THE DUKE OF GUISE. Our intention therefore was to make the play a Parallel betwixt the Holy League plotted by the house of Guise and its adherents, with the Covenant plotted by the Rebels in the time of King Charles the First, and those of the new Association,[3] which was the spawn of the old Covenant.

[2] The title originally intended was, THE PARALLEL.

[3] A paper was found in Lord Shaftesbury's study, and supposed to have been framed by him, containing a plan of an ASSOCIATION, which may be found at length in Eachard's History of England, p. 1015; one object of which was the exclusion of the Duke of York from the throne. One of the clauses contained a curious engagement—to obey the orders of the *present* parliament during its sitting; and if it should be prorogued or dissolved, then to yield obedience *to the orders of the major part of the Associators*. Along with this paper was found another, containing alphabetical lists of persons in the

But this parallel is plain, that the exclusion of the lawful heir was the main design of both parties; and that the endeavours to get the lieutenancy of France established on the head of the league, is in effect the same with offering to get the militia out of the King's hands, (as declared by parliament,) and consequently that the power of peace and war should be wholly in the people. It is also true that the tumults in the city, in the choice of their officers, have had no small resemblance with a Parisian rabble: and I am afraid that both their faction and ours had the same good lord. I believe also, that if Julian[4] had been written and calculated for the Parisians, as it was for our sectaries, one of their Sheriffs might have mistaken too, and called him Julian the Apostle. I suppose I need not push this point any further; where the parallel was intended, I am certain it will reach: but a larger account of the proceedings in the

several counties of England, under the heads of *Worthy Men*, and *Men worthy*. By *Worthy Men* were meant all the staunch Republicans. The others were the Royalists, —*Men worthy* TO BE HANGED. A bill of indictment for High Treason against Lord Shaftesbury, grounded on this and other evidence, being presented to the Grand Jury at the Old Baily, Nov. 24, 1681, they returned the bill *Ignoramus*. The city Sheriffs, Shute and Pilkington, were active partisans in behalf of Shaftesbury.

[4] JULIAN, THE APOSTATE, &c, by Samuel Johnson, 8vo. 1682; a tract written against the doctrine of passive obedience and non-resistance. The learned Dr. George Hickes published an answer to it, entitled JOVIAN, 8vo, 1683.

city may be expected from a better hand, and I have no reason to forestall it. In the mean time, because there has been no actual rebellion, the faction triumph in their loyalty; which if it were out of principle, all our divisions would soon be ended, and we the happy people which God and the constitution of our government have put us in condition to be; but so long as they take it for a maxim, that the King is but an officer in trust, that the people, or their representatives, are superior to him, judges of miscarriages, and have power of revocation, it is a plain case that whenever they please they may take up arms; and according to their doctrine, lawfully too. Let them jointly renounce this one opinion, as in conscience and law they are bound to do, because both scripture and acts of parliament oblige them to it, and we will then thank their obedience for our quiet; whereas now we are only beholding to them for their fear. The miseries of the last war are yet too fresh in all men's memory; and they are not rebels, only because they have been so too lately. An author of theirs has told us roundly the West Country proverb: *Chad eat more cheese, and chad it*; their stomach is as good as ever it was, but the mischief on't is, they are either muzzled, or want their teeth. If there were as many fanaticks now in England as there were Christians in the empire when Julian reigned, I doubt we should not find them much inclined to passive obedience; and, *Curse ye Meroz* would be

oftener preached upon than *Give to Cæsar*, except in the sense Mr. Hunt means it.

Having clearly shewn wherein the parallel consisted, which no man can mistake, who does not wilfully, I need not justify myself in what concerns the sacred person of his Majesty. Neither the French history nor our own could have supplied me, nor Plutarch himself, were he now alive, could have found a Greek or Roman to have compared to him in that eminent virtue of his clemency; even his enemies must acknowledge it to be superlative, because they live by it. Far be it from flattery, if I say,—that there is nothing under heaven which can furnish me with a parallel; and that in his mercy he is of all men the truest image of his Maker.

Henry the Third was a prince of a mixed character; he had, as an old historian says of another,* *magnas virtutes, nec minora vitia*: but amongst those virtues I do not find his forgiving qualities to be much celebrated. That he was deeply engaged in the bloody massacre of St. Bartholomew is notoriously known; and if the relation printed in the Memoirs of Villeroy be true, he confesses there that the Admiral having brought him and the Queen Mother into suspicion with his brother then reigning, for endeavouring to lessen his authority, and draw it to themselves, he first designed his accuser's death by Maurevel, who shot him

* Said of Alexander, I forget by what historian.

with a carbine, but failed to kill him; after which, he pushed on the King to that dreadful revenge which immediately succeeded. It is true the provocations were high; there had been reiterated rebellions, but a peace was now concluded; it was solemnly sworn to by both parties, and as great an assurance of safety given to the Protestants as the word of a King and publick instruments could make it. Therefore the punishment was execrable; and it pleased GOD, (if we may dare to judge of his secret providence,) to cut off that King in the very flower of his youth, to blast his successor in his undertakings, to raise against him the Duke of Guise, the complotter and executioner of that inhuman action, (who by the Divine Justice fell afterwards into the same snare which he had laid for others,) and finally, to die a violent death himself, murdered by a priest, an enthusiast of his own religion. From these premises let it be concluded, if reasonably it can, that we could draw a parallel, where the lines were so diametrically opposite. We were indeed obliged by the laws of poetry to cast into shadows the vices of this prince; for an excellent critick[5] has lately told us, that when a King is named, a Hero is supposed: it is a reverence due to majesty to make the virtues as conspicuous, and the vices as obscure as we can possibly; and this we own we have either performed, or at least endeavoured. But if we were

[5] Rymer, in his Essay "on the Tragedies of the last Age", p. 61.

more favourable to that character than the exactness of history would allow, we have been far from diminishing a *greater*, by drawing it into comparison. You may see through the whole play a King naturally severe, and a resolution carried on to revenge himself to the uttermost on the rebellious conspirators. That this was sometimes shaken by reasons of policy and pity, is confessed; but it always returned with greater force, and ended at last in the ruin of his enemies. In the mean time we cannot but observe the wonderful loyalty on the other side; that the play was to be stopped, because the King was represented. May we have many such proofs of their duty and respect! but there was no occasion for them here. It is to be supposed that his Majesty himself was made acquainted with this objection; if he were so, he was the supreme and only judge of it, and then the event justifies us: if it were inspected only by those whom he commanded, it is hard if his own officers and servants should not see as much ill in it as other men, and be as willing to prevent it, especially when there was no solicitation used to have it acted. It is known that noble person to whom it was referred is a severe critick on good sense, decency, and morality; and I can assure the world, that the rules of Horace are more familiar to him than they are to me. He remembers too well that the *vetus comædia* was banished from the Athenian theatre for its too much licence in representing persons,

and would never have pardoned it in this or any play.

What opinion Henry the Third had of his successor, is evident from the words he spoke upon his death-bed: "He exhorted the nobility (says Davila) to acknowledge the King of Navarre, to whom the kingdom of right belonged, and that they should not stick at the difference of religion; for both the King of Navarre, a man of a sincere noble nature, would in the end return into the bosom of the church, and the Pope being better informed, would receive him into his favour, to prevent the ruin of the whole kingdom." I hope I shall not need in this quotation to defend myself, as if it were my opinion that the Pope has any right to dispose of kingdoms; my meaning is evident, that the King's judgment of his brother-in-law was the same which I have copied; and I must farther add from Davila, that the arguments I have used in defence of that succession were chiefly drawn from the King's answer to the Deputies, as they may be seen more at large in page 730 and 731 of the first edition of that history in English. There the three Estates, to the wonder of all men, jointly concurred in cutting off the succession; the Clergy, who were managed by the Archbishop of Lyons and Cardinal of Guise, were the first who promoted it; and the Commons and Nobility afterwards consented, as referring themselves (says our author) to the Clergy; so that there was only the King to stand

in the gap; and he by artifice diverted that storm which was breaking upon posterity.

The crown was then reduced to the lowest ebb of its authority, and the King, in a manner, stood single, and yet preserved his negative entire; but if the Clergy and Nobility had been on his part of the balance, it might reasonably be supposed that the meeting of those Estates at Blois had healed the breaches of the nation, and not forced him to the *ratio ultima regum*; which is never to be praised, nor is it here, but only excused as the last result of his necessity. At for the parallel betwixt the King of Navarre, and any other prince now living,[6] what likeness the God of Nature and the descent of virtues in the same channel have produced, is evident; I have only to say, that the nation certainly is happy where the royal virtues of the progenitors are derived on their descendants.

In that scene, it is true, there is but one of the three Estates mentioned, but the other two are virtually included; for the Archbishop and Cardinal are at the head of the deputies; and that the rest are mute persons every critick understands the reason,—*ne quarta loqui persona laboret.* I am never willing to cumber the stage with many speakers, when I can reasonably avoid it, as here I might. And what if I had a mind to pass over the Clergy and Nobility of France in silence, and

[6] Charles II. grandson of Henry IV. of France.

to excuse them from joining in so illegal and so ungodly a decree? Am I tied in poetry to the strict rules of history? I have followed it in this play more closely than suited with the laws of the drama; and a great victory they will have who shall discover to the world this wonderful secret, that I have not observed the unities of place and time; but are they better kept in the farce of THE LIBERTINE DESTROY'D?[7] It was our common business here to draw the parallel of the times, and not to make an exact tragedy. For this once we were resolved to err with honest Shakspeare; neither can CATILINE or SEJANUS, (written by the great master of our art,) stand excused any more than we from this exception; but if we must be criticised, some plays of our adversaries may be exposed, and let them reckon their gains when the dispute is ended.

I am accused of ignorance, for speaking of the third Estate as not sitting in the same house with the other two. Let not those gentlemen mistake themselves; there are many things in plays to be accommodated to the country in which we live; I spoke to the understanding of an English audience. Our three Estates now sit, and have long done so, in two houses; but our records bear witness that they, according to the French custom, have sat in one; that is, the lords spiritual and temporal within the bar, and the commons without

[7] Shadwell's tragedy entitled THE LIBERTINE, printed in 1676.

it. If that custom had been still continued here, it should have been so represented; but being otherwise, I was forced to write so as to be understood by our own countrymen. If these be errours, a *bigger* poet than either of us two has fallen into greater; and the proofs are ready whenever the suit shall be recommenced.

Mr. Hunt, the Jehu of the party, begins very furiously with me, and says, I have already condemned the charter and city, and have executed the magistrates in effigy upon the stage, in a play called THE DUKE OF GUISE, frequently acted and applauded, &c.

Compare the latter end of this sentence with what the two authors of the Reflections, or perhaps the associating club of the Devil Tavern write in the beginning of their libel:—"Never was mountain delivered of such a mouse; the fiercest tories have been ashamed to defend this piece; they who have any sparks of wit among them are so true to their pleasure, that they will not suffer dulness to pass upon them for wit, nor tediousness for diversion; which is the reason that this piece has not met with the expected applause: I never saw a play more deficient in wit, good characters or entertainment, than this is."

For shame, gentlemen, pack your evidence a little better against another time. You see, my Lord Chief Baron has delivered his opinion, that the play was frequently acted and applauded; but you of the jury have found *Ignoramus* on the wit and the success of it. Oates, Dugdale, and Tur-

berville,[8] never disagreed more than you do: let us know at last which of the witnesses are true protestants, and which are Irish. But it seems your authors had contrary designs: Mr. Hunt thought fit to say, it was frequently acted and applauded, because, says he, it was intended to provoke the rabble into tumults and disorder. Now if it were not seen frequently, this argument would lose somewhat of its force. The Reflector's business went another way; it was to be allowed no reputation, no success, but to be damned root and branch, to prevent the prejudice it might do their party: accordingly, as much as in them lay, they have drawn a bill of exclusion for it on the stage. But what rabble was it to provoke? Are the audience of a playhouse, which are generally persons of honour, noblemen, and ladies, or at worst, as one of your authors calls his gallants, men of wit and pleasure about the town,* are these the rabble of Mr. Hunt? I have seen a rabble at Sir Edmondbury Godfrey's night,[9] and

[8] Infamous witnesses in the business of the Popish Plot. Sir Edmondbury Godfrey, who, as a Justice of Peace, had taken the information of Titus Oates concerning the Popish Plot, was murdered in October 1678.

* In Shadwell's EPSOM WELLS, a comedy, 1673, three of the *gallants* are called *men of wit and pleasure.*

[9] For some years after the Popish Plot, it was customary on the 17th of Nov. (Q. Elizabeth's birth-day,) to make a mock-procession of Friars, Nuns, &c. in which the effigies of Sir Edmondbury Godfrey and the Pope were borne, and the latter was burnt. See p. 93.

have heard of such a name as true Protestant Meeting-houses; but a rabble is not to be provoked, where it never comes. Indeed, we had one in this tragedy, but it was upon the stage; and that is the reason why your Reflectors would break the glass which has shewed them their own faces. The business of the theatre is to expose vice and folly; to dissuade men by examples from one, and to shame them out of the other. And however you may pervert our good intentions, it was here particularly to reduce men to loyalty, by shewing the pernicious consequences of rebellion and popular insurrections. I believe no man, who loves the government, would be glad to see the rabble in such a posture as they were represented in our play. But if the tragedy had ended on your side, the play had been a loyal witty poem; the success of it should have been recorded by immortal Og or Doeg,[1] and the rabble-scene should have been true protestant, though a whig devil were at the head of it.

In the mean time, pray, where lies the relation betwixt the tragedy of the DUKE OF GUISE and the charter of London? Mr. Hunt has found a rare connection, for he tacks them together by the kicking of the sheriffs. That chain of thought was a little ominous, for something like a kicking

[1] In the Second Part of ABSALOM AND ACHITOPHEL, printed in 1682, Shadwell is lashed under the character of OG. DOEG in the same poem is Elkanah Settle.

has succeeded the printing of his book; and the charter of London was the quarrel. For my part I have not law enough to state that question, much less decide it; let the charter shift for itself in Westminster Hall; the government is somewhat wiser than to employ my ignorance on such a subject. My promise to honest Nat. Lee was the only bribe I had to engage me in this trouble; for which he has the good fortune to escape scot-free, and I am left in pawn for the reckoning, who had the least share in the entertainment. But the rising, it seems, should have been on the true Protestants' side; for he has tried, says ingenious Mr. Hunt, what he could do towards making the charter forfeitable, by some extravagancy and disorder of the people. A wise man I had been doubtless for my pains, to raise the rabble to a tumult, where I had been certainly one of the first men whom they had limbed, or dragged to the next convenient signpost.

But on second thought, he says, this ought not to move the citizens. He is much in the right; for the rabble scene was written on purpose to keep his party of them in the bounds of duty. It is the business of factious men to stir up the populace; Sir Edmond on horseback, attended by a swinging Pope in effigy, and forty thousand true Protestants for his guard to execution, are a shew more proper for that design than a thousand stage-plays.

Well, he has fortified his opinion with a reason, however, why the people should not be moved;

because I have so maliciously and mischievously represented the King and the King's son; nay, and his favourite, (saith he,) the Duke too; to whom I give the worst strokes of my unlucky fancy.

This need not be answered; for it is already manifest, that neither the King nor the King's son are represented,—neither that son he means, nor any of the rest; GOD bless them all! What strokes of my unlucky fancy I have given to his Royal Highness, will be seen; and it will be seen also who strikes him worst and most unluckily.

"The Duke of Guise (he tells us) ought to have represented a great prince, that had inserved to some most detestable villany, to please the rage or lust of a tyrant; such great courtiers have been often sacrificed, to appease the furies of the tyrant's guilty conscience; to expiate for his sin, and to atone the people: for a tyrant naturally stands in fear of such wicked ministers, is obnoxious to them, awed by them; and they drag him to greater evils, for their own impunity, than they perpetrated for his pleasure and their own ambition."

Sure he said not all this for nothing. I would know of him on what persons he would fix the sting of this sharp satire? What two they are, whom, to use his own words, he "so maliciously and mischievously would represent?" For my part, I dare not understand the villany of his meaning; but somebody was to have been shewn

a tyrant, and some other "a great prince, inserving to some detestable villany, and to that tyrant's rage and lust;" this great prince or courtier ought to be sacrificed to atone the people, and the tyrant is persuaded, for his own interest, to give him up to publick justice. I say no more, but that he has studied the law to good purpose. He is dancing on the rope without a metaphor; his knowledge of the law is the staff that poizes him, and saves his neck. The party indeed speaks out sometimes; for wickedness is not always so wise as to be secret, especially when it is driven to despair. By some of their discourses we may guess at whom he points; but he has fenced himself in with so many evasions, that he is safe in his sacrilege; and he who dares to answer him may become noxious. It is true, he breaks a little out of the clouds within two paragraphs; for there he tells you, that "Caius Cæsar (to give unto Cæsar the things that were Cæsar's) was in the Catiline conspiracy:" a fine insinuation this, to be sneered at by his party, and yet not to be taken hold of by publick justice. They would be glad, now, that I or any man should bolt out their covert-treason for them; for their loophole is ready, that the Cæsar here spoken of was a private man. But the application of the text declares the author's to be another Cæsar; which is so black and so infamous an aspersion, that nothing less than the highest clemency can leave it unpunished. I could reflect on his ignorance in this place, for attributing

these words to Cæsar, "he that is not with us is against us:" he seems to have mistaken them out of the New Testament, and that is the best defence I can make for him; for if he did it knowingly, it was impiously done, to put our Saviour's words into Cæsar's mouth. But his law and our gospel are two things; this gentleman's knowledge is not of the Bible, any more than his practice is according to it. He tells you, he will give the world a taste of my atheism and impiety; for which he quotes these following verses in the second or third act of THE DUKE OF GUISE:

"For conscience or heaven's fear, religious rules,
"Are all state-bells to toll in pious fools."

In the first place, he is mistaken in his man, for the verses are not mine, but Mr. Lee's: I asked him concerning them, and have this account—that they were spoken by the devil; now, what can either whig or devil say more proper to their character, than that religion is only a name, a stalking-horse, as errant a property as godliness and property themselves are amongst their party? yet for these two lines, which in the mouth that speaks them are of no offence, he halloos on the whole pack against me: judge, justice, surrogate, and official, are to be employed at his suit, to direct process; and boring through the tongue for blasphemy is the least punishment his charity will allow me.

I find it is happy for me that he was not made

a judge; and yet I had as lieve have him my judge as my council, if my life were at stake. My poor Lord Stafford[1] was well helped up with this gentleman for his solicitor: no doubt he gave that unfortunate nobleman most admirable advice toward the saving of his life; and would have rejoiced exceedingly to have seen him cleared. I think I have disproved his instance of my atheism; it remains for him to justify his religion, in putting the words of Christ into a heathen's mouth; and much more in his profane allusion to the Scripture in the other text,—"Give unto Cæsar the things that are Cæsar's;" which, if it be not a profanation of the Bible, for the sake of a silly witticism, let all men but his own party judge. I am not malicious enough to return him the names which he has called me; but of all sins, I thank God I have always abhorred atheism; and I had need be a better Christian than Mr. Hunt has shewn himself, if I forgive him so infamous a slander.

But as he has mistaken our Saviour for Julius Cæsar, so he would Pompey too, if he were let alone; to him and to his cause, or to the like cause, it belonged, he says, to use these words:—"he that is not for us is against us." I find he cares not whose the expression is, so it be not Christ's. But how comes Pompey the Great to be a whig? He was, indeed, a defender of the

[1] William Howard, Viscount Stafford, who most cruelly and unjustly was executed on a charge of being concerned in the (fictitious) Popish Plot, Dec. 29, 1680.

ancient established Roman government; but Cæsar was the whig, who took up arms unlawfully to subvert it. Our liberties and our religion both are safe; they are secured to us by the laws, and those laws are executed under an established government, by a lawful King. The Defender of our Faith is the defender of our common freedom: to cabal, to write, to rail against this administration, are all endeavours to destroy the government; and to oppose the succession in any private man, is a treasonable practice against the foundation of it. Pompey very honourably maintained the liberty of his country, which was governed by a commonwealth; so that there lies no parallel betwixt his cause and Mr. Hunt's, except in the bare notion of a commonwealth, as it is opposed to monarchy; and that's the thing he would obliquely slur upon us. Yet on these premises, he is for ordering my Lord Chief Justice to grant out warrants against all those who have applauded THE DUKE OF GUISE; as if they committed a riot when they clapped. I suppose they paid for their places, as well as he and his party did, who hissed. If he were not half distracted for not being Lord Chief Baron, methinks he should be lawyer enough to advise my Lord Chief Justice better. To clap and hiss are the privileges of a freeborn subject in a playhouse; they buy them with their money, and their hands and mouths are their own property. It belongs to the Master of the Revels to see that no treason or immorality

be in the play; but when it is acted, let every man like or dislike freely: not but that respect should be used too, in the presence of the King, for by his permission the actors are allowed: it is due to his person, as he is sacred, and to the successors, as being next related to him: there are opportunities enow for men to hiss, who are so disposed, in their absence; for when the King is in sight, though but by accident, a malefactor is reprieved from death. Yet such is the duty and good manners of these good subjects, that they forbore not some rudeness in his Majesty's presence; but when his Royal Highness and his court were only there, they pushed it as far as their malice had power; and if their party had been more numerous, the affront had been greater.

The next paragraph of our author's is a panegyrick on the Duke of Monmouth, which concerns not me, who am very far from detracting from him. The obligations I have had to him were those of his countenance, his favour, his good word, and his esteem; all which I have likewise had in a greater measure from his excellent Duchess, the patroness of my poor unworthy poetry. If I had not greater, the fault was never in their want of goodness to me, but in my own backwardness to ask; which has always, and I believe will ever keep me from rising in the world. Let this be enough, with reasonable men, to clear me from the imputation of an ungrateful man, with which my enemies have most unjustly taxed me. If I

am a mercenary scribbler, the Lords Commissioners of the Treasury best know: I am sure they have found me no importunate solicitor; for I know myself I deserved little, and therefore have never desired much. I return that slander with just disdain on my accusers: it is for men who have ill consciences to suspect others; I am resolved to stand or fall with the cause of my God, my King, and Country; never to trouble myself for any railing aspersions which I have not deserved; and to leave it as a portion to my children—that they had a father who durst do his duty, and was neither covetous nor mercenary.

As little am I concerned at that imputation of my back-friends, that I have confessed myself to be put on to write as I do. If they mean—this play in particular, that is notoriously proved against them to be false. For the rest of my writings, my hatred of their practices and principles was cause enough to expose them, as I have done, and will do more. I do not think as they do, for if I did, I must think treason; but I must in conscience write as I do, because I know, which is more than thinking, that I write for a lawful established government, against anarchy, innovation, and sedition: but "these lies (as Prince Harry said to Falstaff) are as gross as he that made them." More I need not say, for I am accused without witness. I fear not any of their evidences, not even him of Salamanca; who, though he has disowned his doctorship in Spain, yet there are

some allow him to have taken a certain degree in Italy; a climate, they say, more proper for his masculine constitution.[3] To conclude this ridiculous accusation against me,—I know but four men in their whole party to whom I have spoken for above this year last past; and with them neither but casually and cursorily. We have been acquaintance of a long standing, many years before this accursed plot divided men into several parties; I dare call them to witness, whether the most I have at any time said will amount to more than this,—that I hoped the time would come when these names of Whig and Tory would cease among us; and that we might live together as we had done formerly. I have since this pamphlet met accidentally with two of them, and I am sure they are so far from being my accusers, that they have severally owned to me, that all men who espouse a party must expect to be blackened by the contrary side; that themselves knew nothing of it, nor of the authors of the Reflections. It remains therefore to be considered, whether, if I were as much a knave as they would make me, I am fool enough to be guilty of this charge; and whether they who raised it would have made it publick, if they had thought I was theirs inwardly; for it is plain they are glad of worse scribblers than I am, and maintain them too, as I could prove, if I envied them

[3] Titus Oates. He was tried at the Old Baily for an unnatural crime in Nov. 1679, but acquitted.

their miserable subsistence. I say no more, but let my actions speak for me: *spectemur agendo*,—that's the trial.

Much less am I concerned at the noble name of Bays: that is a brat so like his own father,[4] that he cannot be mistaken for any other body; they might as reasonably have called Tom Sternhold, Virgil, and the resemblance would have held as well.

As for knave, and sycophant, and rascal, and impudent, and devil, and old serpent, and a thousand such good-morrows, I take them to be only names of parties; and could return murtherer, and cheat, and whig-napper, and sodomite; and in short, the goodly number of the seven deadly sins, with all their kindred and relations, which are names of parties too; but saints will be saints in spite of villany. I believe they would pass themselves upon us for such a compound as mithridate, or Venice-treacle; as if whiggism were an admirable cordial in the mass, though the several ingredients are rank poisons.

But if I think either Mr. Hunt a villain, or know any of my Reflectors to be ungrateful rogues, I do not owe them so much kindness as to call them so; for I am satisfied that to prove them either would but recommend them to their own party. Yet if some will needs make a merit of their infamy,

[4] The Duke of Buckingham.—By Tom Sternhold he means Tom Shadwell.

and provoke a legend of their sordid lives, I think they must be gratified at last; and though I will not take the scavenger's employment from him, yet I may be persuaded to point at some men's doors, who have heaps of filth before them. But this must be when they have a little angered me; for hitherto I am provoked no further than to smile at them. And indeed, to look upon the whole faction in a lump, never was a more pleasant sight than to behold these builders of a new Babel, how ridiculously they are mixed, and what a rare confusion there is amongst them. One part of them is carrying stone and mortar for the building of a meeting-house; another sort understand not that language; they are for snatching away their work-fellows' materials to set up a bawdy-house: some of them blaspheme, and others pray, and both, I believe, with equal godliness at bottom: some of them are atheists, some sectaries, yet all true protestants. Most of them love all whores, but her of Babylon. In few words, any man may be what he will, so he be one of them. It is enough to despise the King, to hate the Duke, and rail at the succession: after this, it is no matter how a man lives; he is a saint by infection; he goes along with the party, has their mark upon him; his wickedness is no more than frailty; their righteousness is imputed to him: so that, as ignorant rogues go out doctors when a prince comes to an University, they hope at the last day to

take their degree in a crowd of true protestants, and thrust unheeded into heaven.

It is a credit to be railed at by such men as these. The charter-man in the very title-page, where he hangs out the cloth of the city before his book, gives it for his motto, *Si populus vult decipi, decipiatur*; as if he should have said, "you have a mind to be cozened, and the devil give you good on't:" if I cry a sirreverence, and you take it for honey, make the best of your bargain. For shame, good Christians, can you suffer such a man to starve, when you see his design is upon your purses? He is contented to expose the ears representative of your party on a pillory, and is in a way of doing you more service than a worn-out witness, who can hang nobody hereafter but himself. He tells you, "the papists clap their hands in the hopes they conceive of the ruin of your government." Does not this single syllable *your* deserve a pension, if he can prove the government to be yours, and that the King has nothing to do in your republick? he continues, as if that were as sure and certain to them as it is to us, without doubt, that they (the papists) once fired the city, just as certain in your own consciences. I wish the papists had no more to answer for than that accusation; pray let it be put to the vote, and resolved upon the question by your whole party, that the north-east wind is not only ill-affected to man and beast, but is also a tory or tantivy-

papist[5] in masquerade. I am satisfied, not to have "so much art left me as to frame any thing agreeable or verisimilar;" but it is plain that he has, and therefore, as I ought in justice, I resign my laurel, and my bays too, to Mr. Hunt; it is he sets up for the poet now, and has the only art to amuse and to deceive the people. You may see how profound his knowledge is in poetry; for he tells you just before, that "my heroes are commonly such monsters as Theseus and Hercules, renowned throughout all ages for destroying." Now Theseus and Hercules, you know, have been the heroes of all poets, and have been renowned through all ages for destroying monsters, for succouring the distressed, and for putting to death inhuman arbitrary tyrants. Is this your oracle? If he were to write the acts and monuments of whig heroes, I find they should be quite contrary to mine: destroyers indeed,—but of a lawful government; murtherers,—but of their fellow-subjects; lovers, as Hercules was of Hylas; with a journey at last to hell, like that of Theseus.

But mark the wise consequences of our author. I have not, he says, "so much art left me, to make any thing agreeable or verisimilar, wherewith to amuse or deceive the people;" and yet in the very next paragraph, "my province is to corrupt

[5] A *tantivy*-papist was one who was a furious bigot, and, like a huntsman, pursued his object with great speed, and inarticulate clamour. *Tantivi* is a note on the hunting-horn.

the manners of the nation, and lay waste their morals; and my endeavours are more happily applied to extinguish the little remainders of the virtue of the age." Now I am to perform all this, it seems, without making any thing verisimilar or agreeable! Why, Pharaoh never set the Israelites such a task, to build pyramids without brick or straw. If the fool knows it not, verisimilitude and agreeableness are the very tools to do it; but I am willing to disclaim them both, rather than to use them to so ill purpose as he has done.

Yet even this their celebrated writer knows no more of style and English, than the northern dedicator; as if dulness and clumsiness were fatal to the name of *Tom*. It is true, he is a fool in three languages more than the poet, for they say he understands Latin, Greek, and Hebrew; from all which, to my certain knowledge, I acquit the other. Og may write against the King if he pleases, so long as he drinks for him; and his writings will never do the government so much harm as his drinking does it good; for true subjects will not be much perverted by his libels; but the wine-duties rise considerably by his claret.[6]

[6] Shadwell lived much in taverns, and was equally noted for his love of eating and drinking, and the coarseness of his manners and conversation.

In a SESSION OF THE POETS, written about this time, he is thus delineated:

" Next into the crowd Tom Shadwell does wallow,
" And swears by his guts, his paunch, and his tallow,

He has often called me an atheist in print; I would believe more charitably of him, and that he only goes the broad way, because the other is too narrow for him. He may see by this, I do not delight to meddle with his course of life and his immoralities, though I have a long bead-roll of them. I have hitherto contented myself with the ridiculous part of him, which is enough in all conscience to employ one man; even without the story of his late fall at the Old Devil, where he broke no ribs, because the hardness of the stairs could reach no bones; and for my part, I do not wonder how he came to fall, for I have always known him heavy: the miracle is, how he got up again. I have heard of a sea-captain as fat as he, who, to escape arrests, would lay himself flat upon the ground, and let the bailiffs carry him to prison if they could. If a messenger or two, nay, we may put in three or four, should come, he has friendly advertisement how to escape them. But to leave him, who is not worth any further consideration, now I have done laughing at him,—

" 'Tis he that alone best pleases the age;
" Himself and his wife have supported the stage.
" Apollo well pleas'd with so bonny a lad,
" To oblige him, he told him, he should be huge glad,
" Had he half so much wit as he fancied he had.
" However, to please so jovial a wit,
" And to keep him in humour, Apollo thought fit
" To bid him *drink on*, and to keep his old trick
" Of railing at poets,—" - - -

would every man knew his own talent, and that they who are only born for drinking, would let both poetry and prose alone!

I am weary with tracing the absurdities and mistakes of our great lawyer, some of which indeed are wilful; as where he calls the *Trimmers*[7] "the more moderate sort of tories." It seems those politicians are odious to both sides, for neither own them to be theirs. We know them, and so does he too in his conscience, to be secret whigs, if they are any thing; but now the designs of whiggism are openly discovered, they tack about to save a stake; that is, they will not be villains to their own ruin. While the government was to be destroyed, and there was probability of compassing it, no men were so violent as they; but since their fortunes are in hazard by the law, and their places at court by the King's displeasure, they pull in their horns, and talk more peaceably; in order, I suppose, to their vehemence on the right side, if they were to be believed. For in laying of colours, they observe a medium; black and white are too far distant to be placed directly by one another, without some shadowings to soften their contrarieties. It is Mariana, I think, (but am not certain,) that makes the following relation; and let the noble family of Trimmers read their own fortune in it:—"Don Pedro, King of Castile,

[7] The *Trimmers* were a small political party, at the head of which was the Marquis of Halifax.

" surnamed the Cruel, who had been restored by
" the valour of our Edward the Black Prince, was
" finally dispossessed by Don Henry the Bastard,
" and he enjoyed the kingdom quietly till his
" death; which when he felt approaching, he
" called his son to him, and gave him this his last
" counsel: 'I have (said he) gained this kingdom,
" which I leave you, by the sword; for the right
" of inheritance was in Don Pedro; but the fa-
" vour of the people, who hated my brother for
" his tyranny, was to me instead of title. You
" are now to be the peaceable possessor of what I
" have unjustly gotten; and your subjects are
" composed of these three sorts of men. One
" party espoused my brother's quarrel, which was
" the undoubted lawful cause; those, though they
" were my enemies, were men of principle and
" honour: cherish them, and exalt them into
" places of trust about you, for in them you may
" confide safely, who prized their fidelity above
" their fortune. Another sort are they who fought
" my cause against Don Pedro; to those you are
" indeed obliged, because of the accidental good
" they did me; for they intended only their private
" benefit, and helped to raise me, that I might
" afterwards promote them: you may continue
" them in their offices, if you please; but trust
" them no farther than you are forced, for what
" they did was against their conscience. But
" there is a third sort, which, during the whole
" wars, were neuters; let them be crushed on

" all occasions, for their business was their own " security. They had neither courage enough to " engage on my side, nor conscience enough to " help their lawful sovereign : *therefore, let them* " *be made examples, as the worst sort of interessed* " *men, which certainly are enemies to both, and would* " *be profitable to neither.*"

I have only a dark remembrance of this story, and have not the Spanish author by me, but I think I am not much mistaken in the main of it; and whether true or false, the counsel given, I am sure, is such as ought in common prudence to be practised against Trimmers, whether the lawful or unlawful cause prevail. Loyal men may justly be displeased with this party, not for their moderation, as Mr. Hunt insinuates, but because, under that mask of seeming mildness there lies hidden either a deep treachery or at best an interessed lukewarmness. But he runs riot into almost treasonable expressions, as if " Trimmers were hated because they are not perfectly wicked, or perfectly deceived; of the Catiline make, bold, and without understanding; that can adhere to men that publickly profess murthers, and applaud the design :" by all which villanous names he opprobriously calls his Majesty's most loyal subjects; as if men must be perfectly wicked who endeavour to support a lawful government, or perfectly deceived who on no occasion dare take up arms against their Sovereign : as if acknowledging the right of succession, and resolving to maintain it in the line, were to be

in a Catiline conspiracy; and at last, (which is ridiculous enough, after so much serious treason,) as if "to clap the DUKE OF GUISE" were to adhere to men that publickly profess murthers, and applaud the design of the assassinating poets.

But together with his villanies, pray let his incoherences be observed. He commends the Trimmers (at least tacitly excuses them) for men of some moderation; and this in opposition to the instruments of wickedness of the Catiline make, that are resolute and forward, and without consideration. But he forgets all this in the next twenty lines; for there he gives them their own, and tells them roundly, *in internecino bello medii pro hostibus habentur*. Neutral men are traitors, and assist by their indifferency to the destruction of the government. The plain English of his meaning is this; while matters are only in dispute, and in machination, he is contented they should be moderate; but when once the faction can bring about a civil war, then they are traitors, if they declare not openly for them.

"But it is not (he says) the Duke of Guise who is to be assassinated, a turbulent, wicked, and haughty courtier, but an innocent and gentle prince." By his favour, our Duke of Guise was neither innocent nor gentle, nor a prince of the blood royal, though he pretended to descend from Charlemagne, and a genealogy was printed to that purpose, for which the author was punished as he deserved; witness Davila, and the Journals

of Henry the Third, where the story is at large related. Well, who is it then? why, "it is a prince who has no fault, but that he is the King's son:" then he has no fault by consequence; for I am certain that is no fault of his. The rest of the compliment is so silly, and so fulsome, as if he meant it all in ridicule; and to conclude the jest, he says, that "the best people of England have no other way left to shew their loyalty to the King, their religion and government, in long intervals of parliament, than by prosecuting his son for the sake of the King, and his own merit, with all the demonstrations of the highest esteem." Yes, I can tell them one other way to express their loyalty, which is, to obey the King, and to respect his brother as the next lawful successor: their religion commands them both, and the government is secured in so doing. But why in intervals of parliament? How are they more obliged to honour the King's son out of parliament, than in it? And why this prosecution of love for the King's sake? Has he ordered more love to be shewn to one son than to another? Indeed, his own quality is cause sufficient for all men to respect him, and I am of their number who truly honour him, and who wish him better than this miserable sycophant; for I wish him, from his father's royal kindness, what justice can make him, which is a greater honour than the rabble can confer upon him

But our author finds that commendation is no

more his talent than flattery was that of Æsop's ass; and therefore falls immediately from pawing with his fore-feet, and grinning upon one prince, to downright braying against another.

He says, I have not used "my patron Duke much better; for I have put him under a most dismal and unfortunate character of a successor excluded from the crown by act of state, for his religion; who fought his way to the crown, changed his religion, and died by the hand of a Roman assassinate."

If it please his Royal Highness to be my patron, I have reason to be proud of it; because he never yet forsook any man whom he has had the goodness to own for his. But how have I put him under an unfortunate character? The authors of the Reflections, and our John a Nokes, have not laid their noddles together about this accusation; for it is their business to prove the King of Navarre to have been a most successful, magnanimous, gentle, and grateful prince; in which character they have followed the stream of all historians. How then happens this jarring amongst friends, that the same man is put under such dismal circumstances on one side, and so fortunate on the other, by the writers of the same party? The answer is very plain; that they take the cause by several handles. They who will not have the Duke resemble the King of Navarre, have magnified the character of that prince, to debase his Royal Highness; and therein done what they can

to shew the disparity. Mr. Hunt, who will have it to be the Duke's character, has blackened that King as much as he is able, to shew the likeness. Now this would be ridiculous pleading at a bar; by lawyers retained for the same cause; and both sides would call each other fools, because the jury betwixt them would be confounded, and perhaps the judges too.

But this it is to have a bad cause, which puts men, of necessity, upon knavery; and that knavery is commonly found out. Well,—Mr. Hunt has in another place confessed himself to be in passion, and that is the reason he is so grossly mistaken in opening of the cause. For first, the King of Navarre was neither under dismal nor unfortunate circumstances: before the end of that very sentence, our lawyer has confessed that he fought his way to the crown; that is, he gloriously vanquished all his rebels, and happily possessed his inheritance many years after he had regained it. In the next place, he was never excluded from the crown by act of state. He changed his religion, indeed, but not till he had almost weathered the storm, recovered the best part of his estate, and gained some glorious victories in pitched battles; so that his changing cannot without injustice be attributed to his fear. Monsieur Chiverny, in his Memoirs of those times, plainly tells us, that he solemnly promised to his predecessor Henry the Third, then dying, that he would become a Romanist; and Davila, though he says not this

directly, yet denies it not. By whose hands Henry the Fourth died, is notoriously known; but it is invidiously urged both by Mr. Hunt and the Reflectors: for we may to our shame remember, that a King of our own country was barbarously murthered by his subjects, who professed the same religion, though I believe that neither Jaques Clement nor Ravillac were better papists, than the independents and presbyterians were protestants; so that their argument only proves that there are rogues of all religions: *Iliacos intra muros peccatur, et extra.* But Mr. Hunt follows his blow again, that I have "offered a justification of an act of exclusion against a popish successor in a protestant kingdom, by remembering what was done against the King of Navarre, who was *de facto* excluded by an act of state." My gentleman, I perceive, is very willing to call that an Act of Exclusion, and an Act of State, which is only in our language called a bill; for Henry the Third could never be gained to pass it, though it was proposed by the three Estates at Blois. The Reflectors are more modest; for they profess (though I am afraid it is somewhat against the grain) that a vote of the House of Commons is not an act; but the times are turned upon them, and they dare speak no other language. Mr. Hunt indeed is a bold republican, and tells you the bottom of their meaning. Yet why should it make the "courage of his Royal Highness quail, to find himself under this representation," which, by our author's fa-

vour, is neither dismal nor disastrous? Henry the Fourth escaped this dreadful machine of the League; I say dreadful, for the three Estates were at that time composed generally of Guisards, factious, hot-headed, rebellious, interessed men: the King in possession was but his brother-in-law, and at that time publickly his enemy; for the King of Navarre was then in arms against him; and yet the sense of common justice, and the good of his people so prevailed, that he withstood the project of the States, which he also knew was levelled at himself; for had the exclusion proceeded, he had been immediately laid by, and the lieutenancy of France conferred on Guise; after which the rebel would certainly have put up his title for the crown. In the case of his Royal Highness, only one of the three Estates have offered at the Exclusion, and have been constantly opposed by the other two, and by his Majesty. Neither is it any way probable that the like will ever be again attempted; for the fatal consequences, as well as the illegality, of that design, are seen through already by the people; so that instead of offering a justification of an act of exclusion, I have exposed a rebellious, impious, and fruitless contrivance, tending to it. If we look on the parliament of Paris when they were in their right wits, before they were intoxicated by the League, (at least wholly,) we shall find them addressing to King Henry the Third in another key concerning the King of Navarre's succession; though he was at that time, as they

called it, a relapsed heretick. And to this purpose I will quote a passage out of the Journals of Henry the Third, so much magnified by my adversaries.

Towards the end of September, 1585, there was published at Paris a bull of excommunication against the King of Navarre, and the Prince of Condé; the parliament of Paris made their remonstrance to the King upon it, which was both grave, and worthy of the place they held, and of the authority they have in this kingdom; saying, for conclusion, that "their court had found the style of this bull so full of innovation, and so distant from the modesty of ancient Popes, that they could not understand in it the voice of an Apostle's successor; forasmuch as they found not in their records, nor in the search of all antiquity, that the princes of France had ever been subject to the justice or jurisdiction of the Pope; and they could not take it into consideration, till first he made appear the right which he pretended in the translation of kingdoms, established and ordained by Almighty GOD, before the name of Pope was heard of in the world." It is plain by this, that the parliament of Paris acknowledged an inherent right of succession in the King of Navarre, though of a contrary religion to their own. And though after the Duke of Guise's murther at Blois, the city of Paris revolted from their obedience to their King, pretending that he was fallen from the crown, by reason of that and other actions with

which they charged him, yet the sum of all their power to renounce him, and create the Duke of Mayenne lieutenant-general, depended ultimately on the Pope's authority; which, as you see, but three years before they had peremptorily denied.

The College of Sorbonne began the dance by their determination, that the kingly right was forfeited; and stripping him of all his dignities, they called him plain Henry de Valois: after this, says my author, "sixteen rascals (by which he means the council of that number) having administered the oath of government to the Duke of Mayenne, to take in quality of lieutenant-general of the estate and crown of France, the same ridiculous dignity was confirmed to him by an imaginary parliament, the true parliament being detained prisoners in diverse of the city gaols; and two new seals were ordered to be immediately made, with this inscription,—the Seal of the Kingdom of France." I need not enlarge on this relation; it is evident from hence, that the Sorbonists were the original, and our schismaticks in England were the copiers of rebellion; that Paris began, and London followed.

The next lines of my author are, that "a gentleman of Paris made the Duke of Mayenne's picture to be drawn with a crown imperial on his head;" and I have heard of an English nobleman who has at this day the picture of old Oliver, with this motto underneath it,—*utinam vixeris*. All this while this cannot be reckoned an act of

state, for the deposing King Henry the Third, because it was an act of overt rebellion in the Parisians; neither could the holding of the three Estates at Paris afterwards, by the same Duke of Mayenne, devolve any right on him in prejudice of King Henry the Fourth, though those pretended States declared his title void on the account of his religion; because those Estates could neither be called nor holden but by and under the authority of the lawful King. It would take more time than I have allowed for this Vindication, or I could easily trace from the French history what misfortunes attended France, and how near it was to ruin, by the endeavours to alter the succession. For first, it was actually dismembered, the Duke of Mercœur setting up a principality in the duchy of Bretagne, independent of the crown. The Duke of Mayenne had an evident design to be elected King, by the favour of the people and the pope: the young Dukes of Guise and of Nemours aspired, with the interest of the Spaniards, to be chosen, by their marriage with the Infanta Izabella. The Duke of Lorraine was for cantling out some part of France, which lay next his territories; and the Duke of Savoy had, before the death of Henry the Third, actually possessed himself of the marquisate of Saluces. But above all, the Spaniards fomented these civil wars, in hopes to reduce that flourishing kingdom under their own monarchy. To as many and as great mischiefs should we be evidently subject, if we should madly

engage ourselves in the like practices of altering the succession, which our gracious King in his royal wisdom well foresaw, and has cut up that accursed project by the roots; which will render the memory of his justice and prudence immortal and sacred to future ages, for having not only preserved our present quiet, but secured the peace of our posterity.

It is clearly manifest that no Act of State passed to the exclusion of either the King of Navarre, or of Henry the Fourth, consider him in either of the two circumstances; but Oracle Hunt, taking this for granted, would prove *à fortiori*, that "if a protestant prince were actually excluded from a popish kingdom, then a popish successor is more reasonably to be excluded from a protestant kingdom; because (says he), a protestant prince is under no obligation to destroy his popish subjects, but a popish prince is, to destroy his protestant subjects:" upon which bare supposition, without farther proof, he calls him insufferable tyrant, and the worst of monsters.

Now I take the matter quite otherwise, and bind myself to maintain, that there is not nor can be any obligation for a King to destroy his subjects of a contrary persuasion to the established religion of his country; for *quatenus* subjects, of what religion soever, he is infallibly bound to preserve and cherish, and not to destroy, them; and this is the first duty of a lawful sovereign, as such, antecedent to any tie or consideration of

his religion. Indeed, in those countries where the Inquisition is introduced, it goes harder with protestants, and the reason is manifest; because the protestant religion has not gotten footing there, and severity is the means to keep it out; but to make this instance reach England, our religion must not only be changed, (which in itself is almost impossible to imagine,) but the council of Trent received, and the Inquisition admitted, which many popish countries have rejected. I forget not the cruelties which were exercised in Queen Mary's time against the protestants; neither do I any way excuse them; but it follows not that every popish successor should take example by them, for every one's conscience of the same religion is not guided by the same dictates in his government; neither does it follow that if one be cruel, another must, especially when there is a stronger obligation and greater interest to the contrary: for if a popish King in England should be bound to destroy his protestant people, I would ask the question, over whom he meant to reign afterwards? and how many subjects would be left?

In Queen Mary's time, the protestant religion had scarcely taken root; and it is reasonable to be supposed, that she found the number of papists equalling that of the protestants at her entrance to the kingdom, especially if we reckon into the account those who were the Trimmers of the times; I mean, such who privately were papists,

though under her protestant predecessor they appeared otherwise; therefore her difficulties in persecuting her reformed subjects were far from being so insuperable as ours now are, when the strength and number of the papists is so very inconsiderable. They who cast in the church of England as ready to embrace popery, are either knaves enough to know they lie, or fools enough not to have considered the tenets of that church, which are diametrically opposite to popery, and more so than any of the sects.

Not to insist on the quiet and security which protestant subjects at this day enjoy in some parts of Germany under popish princes, where I have been assured that mass is said and a Lutheran sermon preached in different parts of the same church, on the same day, without disturbance on either side; nor on the privileges granted by Henry the Fourth of France to his party, after he had forsaken their opinions, which they quietly possessed for a long time after his death.

The French histories are full of examples, manifestly proving, that the fiercest of their popish princes have not thought themselves bound to destroy their protestant subjects; and the several edicts granted under them, in favour of the reformed religion, are pregnant instances of this truth. I am not much given to quotations, but Davila lies open for every man to read. Tolerations and free exercise of religion, granted more amply in some, more restrainedly in others, are

no sign that those princes held themselves obliged in conscience to destroy men of a different persuasion. It will be said, those tolerations were gained by force of arms. In the first place, it is no great credit to the protestant religion, that the protestants in France were actually rebels; but the truth is, they were only Geneva protestants, and their opinions were far distant from those of the church of England, which teaches passive obedience to all her sons, and not to propagate religion by rebellion. But it is further to be considered, that those French Kings, though papists, thought the preservation of their subjects, and the publick peace, were to be considered before the gratification of the court of Rome; and though the number of the papists exceeded that of the protestants in the proportion of three to one, though the protestants were always beaten when they fought, and though the pope pressed continually with exhortations and threatenings to extirpate Calvinism, yet Kings thought it enough to continue in their own religion themselves, without forcing it upon their subjects, much less destroying them who professed another. But it will be objected, those edicts of toleration were not kept on the papists' side: they would answer, because the protestants stretched their privileges further than was granted, and that they often relapsed into rebellion; but whether or no the protestants were in fault, I leave history to determine. It is matter of fact, that they were

barbarously massacred, under the protection of the publick faith; therefore, to argue fairly, either an oath from protestants is not to be taken by a popish prince, or if taken, ought inviolably to be preserved. For when we oblige ourselves to any one, it is not his person we so much consider, as that of the Most High GOD, who is called to witness this our action; and it is to him we are to discharge our conscience. Neither is there or can be any tie on human society, when that of an oath is no more regarded; which being an appeal to GOD, he is immediate judge of it; and Chronicles are not silent, how often he has punished perjured Kings. The instance of Vladislaus, King of Hungary, breaking his faith with Amurath the Turk, at the instigation of Julian, the pope's legate, and his miserable death ensuing it, shews that even to infidels, much more to Christians, that obligation ought to be accounted sacred; and I the rather urge this, because it is an argument taken almost *verbatim* from a papist, who accuses Catharine de Medicis for violating her word given to the protestants during her regency of France. What securities in particular we have that our own religion and liberties would be preserved, though under a popish successor, any one may inform himself at large in a book lately written by the reverend and learned Doctor Hickes, called JOVIAN, in answer to Julian the Apostate; in which that truly Christian author has satisfied all scruples which reasonable men can make, and

proved that we are in no danger of losing either; and wherein also, if those assurances should all fail, (which is almost morally impossible,) the doctrine of passive obedience is unanswerably demonstrated; a doctrine delivered with so much sincerity and resignation of spirit, that it seems evident the assertor of it is ready, if there were occasion, to seal it with his blood.

I have done with mannerly Mr. Hunt, who is only *magni nominis umbra*; the most malicious, and withal, the most incoherent ignorant scribbler of the whole party. I insult not over his misfortunes, though he has himself occasioned them; and though I will not take his own excuse, that he is in passion, I will make a better for him, for I conclude him cracked; and if he should return to England, am charitable enough to wish his only prison might be Bedlam. This apology is truer than that he makes for me; for writing a play, as I conceive, is not entering into the Observator's province;[8] neither is it the Observator's manner to confound truth with falsehood, to put out the eyes of people, and leave them without understanding. The quarrel of the party to him is, that he has undeceived the ignorant, and laid open the shameful contrivances of the new vamped Association; that though he is "on the wrong side of life," as he calls it, yet he pleads not his age to be

[8] THE OBSERVATOR was a periodical paper written by Sir Roger L'Estrange. It commenced soon after the Popish Plot, and was continued for some years.

meritus: that in short, he has left the faction as bare of arguments as Æsop's bird of feathers, and plumed them of all those fallacies and evasions which they borrowed from jesuits and presbyterians.

Now for my templar and poet in association for a libel, like the conjunction of Saturn and Jupiter in a firy sign. What the one wants in wit the other must supply in law. As for malice, their quotas are indifferently well adjusted; the rough draught, I take for granted, is the poet's, the finishings the lawyer's. They begin,—that in order to one Mr. Friend's commands, one of them went to see the play. This was not the poet, I am certain; for nobody saw him there, and he is not of a size to be concealed. But the mountain, they say, was delivered of a mouse. I have been gossip to many such labours of a dull fat scribbler, where the mountain has been bigger, and the mouse less. The next sally is on the city elections, and a charge is brought against my Lord Mayor, and the two Sheriffs, for excluding true electors. I have heard that a whig gentleman of the Temple hired a livery-gown, to give his voice among the companies at Guildhall; let the question be put, whether or no he were a true elector?—Then their own juries are commended from several topicks; they are the wisest, richest, and most conscientious: to which is answered, *ignoramus*. But our juries give most prodigious and unheard-of damages. Hitherto there is nothing but boys'

play in our authors: *My mill grinds pepper and spice, your mill grinds rats and mice.* They go on, "—if I may be allowed to judge;" (as men that do not poetize may be judges of wit, human nature, and common decencies;) so then the sentence is began with *I*; there is but one of them puts in for a judge's place, that is, he in the grey; but presently it is—*men*; two more in buckram would be judges too. Neither of them, it seems, poetize; that is true, but both of them are in at rhyme doggrel; witness the song against the bishops, and the Tunbridge ballad. By the way, I find all my scribbling enemies have a mind to be judges and chief barons. Proceed, gentlemen:—"This play, as I am informed by some who have a nearer communication with the poets and the players than I have,—". Which of the two Sosias is it that now speaks? If the lawyer, it is true he has but little communication with the players; if the poet, the players have but little communication with him; for it is not long ago he said to somebody, "By G—, my lord, those tory rogues will act none of my plays." Well, but the accusation,—that this play was once written by another, and then it was called THE PARISIAN MASSACRE. Such a play I have heard indeed was written, but I never saw it. Whether this be any of it or no, I can say no more than for my own part of it. But pray, who denies the unparalleled villany of the papists in that bloody massacre? I have enquired, why it was not acted, and heard it was stopped by

the interposition of an ambassador, who was willing to save the credit of his country, and not to have the memory of an action so barbarous revived; but that I tempted my friend to alter it, is a notorious whiggism, to save the broader word. THE SICILIAN VESPERS I have had plotted by me above these seven years: the story of it I found under borrowed names in Giraldi Cinthio; but the rape in my tragedy of AMBOYNA was so like it, that I forbore the writing. But what had this to do with protestants? for the massacrers and the massacred were all papists.

But it is observable, they say, that "though the Massacre could not be acted, as it was first written against papists, yet when it was turned upon protestants, it found reception."

Now all is come out; the scandal of the story turns at last upon the government: that patronizes popish plays, and forbids protestant. Ours is to be a popish play; why? because it exposes the villany of sectaries and rebels. Prove them first to be protestants, and see what you will get by it when you have done. Your party are certainly the men whom the play attacks, and so far I will help you; the designs and actions represented in the play are such as you have copied from the League; for though you have wickedness enough, yet you wanted the wit to make a new contrivance. But for shame, while you are carrying on such palpable villany, do not assume the name of protestants. You will tell us, you are friends to the government,

and the King's best subjects; but all the while you are aspersing both it and him. Who shall be judges whether you are friends or not? the government or you? Have not all rebels always sung the same song? Was ever thief or murderer fool enough to plead guilty? For your love and loyalty to the King, they who mean him best amongst you are no better subjects than Duke Trinculo; they would be content he should be viceroy, so they may be viceroys over him.[9]

The next accusation is particular to me,—"that I the said Bays would falsely and feloniously have robbed Nat. Lee of his share in the representation of OEDIPUS." Now I am culprit; I writ the first and third acts of OEDIPUS, and drew the scenery of the whole play: whenever I have owned a farther proportion, let my accusers speak: this was meant mischievously, to set us two at variance. Who is the old Serpent and Satan now? When my friends help my barren fancy, I am thankful for it: I do not use to receive assistance, and afterwards ungratefully disown it.

Not long after, "exemplary punishment" is due to me for this most "devilish parallel." It is a devilish one indeed; but who can help it, if I draw devils like one another? the fault is in themselves for being so; I neither made their horns, nor claws, nor cloven feet. I know not what I should have

[9] These words are not in Shakspeare's TEMPEST, as many have supposed, but in the alteration of that play made by Dryden and D'Avenant.

done, unless I had drawn the devil a handsome proper gentleman, like the painter in the fable, to have made a friend of him; but I ought to be exemplarily punished for it: when the devil gets uppermost, I shall expect it. "In the mean time let magistrates (that respect their oaths and office)"—which words, you see, are put into a parenthesis, as if (GOD help us) we had none such now,—let them put the law in execution against lewd scribblers; the mark will be too fair upon a pillory for a turnip or a rotten egg to miss it. But for my part, I have not malice enough to wish him so much harm, not so much as to have a hair of his head perish, much less that one whole side of it should be dismantled. I am no informer who writ such a song, or such a libel; if the dulness betrays him not, he is safe for me. And may the same dulness preserve him ever from publick justice; it is a sufficient thick mud-wall betwixt him and law; it is his guardian-angel, that protects him from punishment, because in spite of him he cannot deserve it. It is that which preserves him innocent when he means most mischief, and makes him a saint when he intends to be a devil. He can never offend enough to need the mercy of government, for it is beholding to him that he writes against it; and he never offers at a satire, but he converts his readers to the contrary opinion.

Some of the succeeding paragraphs are intended for very Ciceronian: there the lawyer flourishes in the pulpit, and the poet stands in socks amongst

the crowd to hear him. Now for narration, refutation, calumniation, aggravation, and the whole artillery of tropes and figures, to defend the proceedings at Guildhall; the most minute circumstances of the elections are described so lively, that a man who had not heard he was there in a livery-gown might suspect there was a *quorum pars magna fui* in the case, and multitudes of electors, just as well qualified as himself, might give their party the greater number; but throw back their gilt shillings, which were told for guineas, and their true sum was considerably less. Well, there was no rebellion at this time; therefore, says my adversary, there was no parallel. It is true, there was no rebellion; but whoever told him that I intended this parallel so far? If the likeness had been throughout, I may guess by their goodwill to me, that I had never lived to write it. But to shew his mistake, which I believe wilful, the play was wholly written a month or two before the last election of the Sheriffs. Yet it seems, there was some kind of prophecy in the case, and till the faction gets clear of a riot, a part of the comparison will hold even there; yet, if he pleases to remember, there has been a King of England forced by the inhabitants from his imperial town. It is true, the son has had better fortune than the father; but the reason is, that he has now a stronger party in the city than his enemies; the government of it is secured in loyal and prudent hands, and the party is too weak to push their designs farther.

"They rescued not their beloved Sheriffs,[1] at a time (he tells you) when they had most important use of them." What the importancy of the occasion was, I will not search; it is well if their own consciences will acquit them. But let them be never so much beloved, their adherents knew it was a lawful authority that sent them to the Tower, and an authority which, to their sorrow, they were not able to resist; so that if four men guarded them without disturbance, and to the contempt of their strength, at broad noon-day, and at full Exchange-time, it was no more their honesty to stand looking on with their hands in their pockets, than it is of a small band of robbers to let a caravan go by, which is too strong for them to assault.

After this, I am called after the old rate, "loose and infamous scribbler," and it is well I escape so cheap. Bear your good fortune moderately, Mr. Poet; for as loose and as infamous as I am, if I had written for your party, your pension would have been cut off as useless. But they must take up with Settle, and such as they can get; Bartholomew-Fair writers, and Bartholomew-Close printers: there is a famine of wit amongst them,

[1] The Sheriffs of London in 1680 and 1681, Bethell, Cornish, Shute, and Pilkington, were all independents, and republicans. After the publication of this tract, (May 8th,) the two latter were tried and found guilty of a riot, in continuing the poll at the election of Sheriffs, after the Lord Mayor had adjourned it. Bethell, Cornish, and others, were convicted at the same time.

they are forced to give unconscionable rates, and after all to have only carrion for their money.

Then, I am "an ignorant fellow, for not knowing there were no juries in Paris." I do not remember I have written any such thing; but whoever did, I am confident it was not his ignorance. Perhaps he had a mind to bring the case a little nearer home; if they had not juries in Paris, we had them from the Normans, who were Frenchmen; and as you managed them,* we had as good have had none in London. Let it satisfy you we have them now, and some of your loose and infamous scribblers may come to understand it a little better.

The next is, the justification of a noble peer, deceased.[a] The case is known, and I have no quarrel to his memory; let it sleep: he is now before another Judge. Immediately after, I am said to have intended "an abuse to the House of

* See p. 81, n. 3.

[a] Lord Shaftesbury. Finding that his associates in conspiracy were not so ardent or so desperate as himself, and that even his boast of being able to raise ten thousand *brisk* boys in the city, who on the motion of his finger would fly to arms, could not excite them to attempt immediately some bold and decisive enterprize, after lurking for a short time in some obscure part of London, on the evening of the day which had been appointed for insurrection, Nov. 19th, 1682, he fled to Amsterdam, where he died on the 22d of January, 1682-3.

"He died, says Sir John Dalrymple, (MEMOIRS, i. 24,) more of rage against his friends than his enemies,

Commons," which is called by our authors "the most august assembly of Europe." They are to prove I have abused that House; but it is manifest they have lessened the House of Lords, by owning the Commons to be the more august assembly. "It is an House chosen (they say) by every protestant who has a considerable inheritance in England;" which word *considerable* signifies forty shillings *per annum* of free land. For the interest of the loyal party, so much undervalued by our authors, they have long ago confessed in print that the nobility and gentry have disowned them; and the yeomanry have at last considered, *queis hæc consevimus arva?* They have had enough of unlawful and arbitrary power; and know to their cost what an august assembly they had once without a King and House of Peers.

But now they have me in a burning scent, and run after me full cry: "Was ever such licence connived at yet, in an impious libeller and scrib-

and more of either than of disease, in the arms of Walcot and Ferguson, who only of the many thousands who had sworn to share the same fate with him, adhered to his fortune to the last.

"There is (adds the same writer) in the Paper-Office, an account of his death from Holland, [addressed] to Sir Leolin Jenkins. He was full of suspicions and fears: he would not sleep except in his cloaths, to be ready to start up. The passions which agitated him must have made a strong impression upon those who saw him; for they imagined that even when he slept, he kept his eyes open."

bler, that the succession, so solemn a matter, that is not fit to be debated of but in parliament, should be profaned so far as to be played with on the stage?"

Hold a little, gentlemen, hold a little (as one of your fellow-citizens says in THE DUKE OF GUISE); is it so unlawful for me to argue for the succession in the right line upon the stage, and is it so very lawful for Mr. Hunt, and the scribblers of your party, to oppose it in their libels off the stage? Is it so sacred, that a parliament only is suffered to debate it, and dare you run it down both in your discourses and pamphlets out of parliament? In conscience what can you urge against me, which I cannot return an hundred times heavier on you? And by the way, you tell me, that to affirm the contrary to this, is a *præmunire* against the statute of the 13th of Elizabeth. If such a *præmunire* be, pray answer me, who has most incurred it? In the mean time, do me the favour to look into the Statute-Book, and see if you can find the statute. You know yourselves, or you have been told it, that this statute is virtually repealed by that of the first of King James, acknowledging his "immediate lawful and undoubted right to this imperial crown, as the next lineal heir:" those last words are an implicit anti-declaration to the statute in Queen Elizabeth, which for that reason is now omitted in our books. The lawful authority of an House of Commons I acknowledge, but without fear and trembling, as my Reflectors would have

it; for why should I fear my representatives? they are summoned to consult about the publick good, and not to frighten those who chose them. It is for you to tremble, who libel the supreme authority of the nation. But we knavish coxcombs and villains are to know, (say my authors,) that "a vote is the opinion of that House." Lord help our understandings, that know not this without their telling! What Englishman do you think does not honour his representatives, and wish a parliament void of heats and animosities, to secure the quiet of the nation? You cite his Majesty's last Declaration against those who dare trifle with parliaments; a Declaration, by the way, which you endeavoured not to have read publickly in churches, with a threatening to those that did it. "But we still declare (says his Majesty) that no irregularities of parliament shall make us out of love with them." Are not you unfortunate quoters? why now should you rub up the remembrance of those irregularities mentioned in that Declaration, which caused, as the King informs us, its dissolution?

The next paragraph is already answered; it is only a clumsy commendation of the Duke of Monmouth, copied after Mr. Hunt, and a proof that he is unlike the Duke of Guise.

After having done my drudgery for me, and having most officiously proved that the English Duke is no parallel for the French, which I am sure he is not, they are next to do their own

business, which is, that I meant a Parallel between Henry the Third and our most gracious Sovereign. But as fallacies are always couched in general propositions, they plead the whole course of the drama, which, they say, "seems" to insinuate my intentions. One may see to what a miserable shift they are driven, when, for want of any one instance, to which I challenge them, they have only to alledge that the play SEEMS to insinuate it. I answer, it does not seem, which is a bare negative to a bare affirmative, and then we are just where we were before. Fat Falstaff was never set harder by the Prince for a reason, when he answered, that "if reasons grew as thick as blackberries, he would not give one." Well, after long pumping, lest the lie should appear quite barefaced, they have found I said, that at King Henry's birth there shone a regal star; so there did at King Charles the Second's; therefore I have made a parallel betwixt Henry the Third and Charles the Second. A very concluding syllogism, if I should answer it no farther.

Now let us look upon the play; the words are in the fourth act. The Conjurer there is asking his Devil,—what fortune attended his master, the Guise, and what the King? The familiar answers concerning the King,—"He cannot be deposed, he may be killed; a violent fate attends him: but at his birth there shone a regal star."—*Conj.* "My master had a stronger."—*Devil.* "No, not a stronger, but more popular." Let the whole

scene (which is one of the best in the tragedy, though murdered in the acting,) be read together, and it will be as clear as daylight that the Devil gave an astrological account of the French King's horoscope; that the regal star, then culminating, was the sun in the tenth house, or mid-heaven, which, *cæteris paribus*, is a regal nativity in that art. The rest of the scene confirms what I have said; for the Devil has taken the position of the heavens, or scheme of the world, at the point of the sun's entrance into Aries. I dispute not here the truth or lawfulness of that art; but it is usual with poets, especially with the Italians, to mix astrology in their poems. Chaucer, amongst us, is frequent in it; but this revolution particularly I have taken out of Luigi Pulci, and there is one almost the same in Boiardo's ORLANDO INNAMORATO. Now if these poets knew that a star were to appear at our King's birth, they were better prophets than Nostradamus, who has told us nothing of it. Yet this, they say, "is treason with a witness," and one of the crimes for which they condemned me to be hanged, drawn, and quartered. I find they do not believe me to be one of their party at the bottom, by their charitable wishes to me; and am proud enough to think I have done them some little mischief, because they are so desirous to be rid of me. But if Jack Ketch must needs have the handling of us poets, let him begin first where he may take the deepest say; let me be hanged, but in my turn, for I am sure I am neither the fattest

scribbler, nor the worst; I will be judged by their own party. But for all our comforts, the days of hanging are a little out of date; and I hope there will be no more treason with a witness or witnesses; for now there is no more to be got by swearing, and the market is overstocked besides.

But are you in earnest, when you say I have made Henry the Third "fearful, weak, bloody, perfidious, hypocritical, and fawning, in the play?" I am sure an unbiassed reader will find a more favourable image of him in the tragedy, whatever he was out of it. You would not have told a lie so shameless, but that you were resolved to second it with a worse; that I made a parallel of that prince. And now it comes to my turn, pray let me ask you, why you spend three pages and a half in heaping up all the villanies, true or false, which you can rake together, to blast his memory? Why is all this pains taken to expose the person of King Henry the Third? Are you leaguers, or covenanters, or associators? What has the poor dead man done to nettle you? Were his rebels your friends or your relations? Were your Norman ancestors of any of those families which were conspirators in the play? I smell a rat in this business; Henry the Third is not taken thus to task for nothing. Let me tell you, this is little better than an implicit confession of the parallel which I intended. This gentleman of Valois sticks in your stomachs; and though I do not defend his proceedings in the States any otherwise than

by the inevitable necessity which caused them, yet acknowledging his crime does not extenuate their guilt that forced him to it. It was bad on both sides, but the revenge was not so wicked as the treason; for it was a voluntary act of theirs, and a compelled one of his. The short on't is, he took a violent course to cut up the Covenant by the roots; and there is your quarrel to him.

Now for a long-winded panegyrick of the King of Navarre; and here I am sure they are in earnest, when they take such over pains to prove there is no likeness where they say I intended it. The hero at whom their malice is levelled does but laugh at it, I believe; and amongst the other virtues of that predecessor, wants neither his justice nor his clemency to forgive all the heads of the League, as fast as they submit. As for obliging them, (which our authors would fain hook in for an ingredient,) let them be satisfied that no more enemies are to be bought off with places and preferments; the trial which has been made in two Kings' reigns will warn the family from so fruitless and dangerous an expedient. The rest is already answered in what I have said to Mr. Hunt; but I thank them by the way, for their instance of the fellow whom the King of Navarre had pardoned, and done good to, yet he would not love him; for that story reaches home somewhere.

I must make haste to get out of hearing from this Billingsgate oratory; and indeed, to make an end with these authors, except I could call rogue

and rascal as fast as they. Let us examine the little reason they produce concerning the Exclusion.

"Did the pope, the clergy, the nobility and commonalty of France, think it reasonable to exclude a prince for professing a different religion, and will the papists be angry, if the protestants be of the same opinion? No sure, they cannot have the impudence."

First, here is the difference of religion taken for granted, which was never proved on one side, though in the King of Navarre it was openly professed. Then the Pope and the three Estates of France had no power to alter the succession, neither did the King in being consent to it; or afterwards, did the greater part of the nobility, clergy, and gentry adhere to the exclusion, but maintained the lawful King successfully against it, as we are bound to do in England by the oaths of allegiance and supremacy, made for the benefit of our Kings and their successors; the objections concerning which oath are fully answered by Dr. Hickes, in his Preface to JOVIAN, and thither I refer the reader.

They tell us, that what it concerns protestants to do in that case, enough has been heard by us in parliament debates.

I answer, that debates coming not by an act to any issue, conclude that there is nothing to be done against a law established and fundamental of the monarchy. They dare not infer a right of

taking up arms by virtue of a debate or vote, and yet they tacitly insinuate this. I ask them, what it does concern protestants to do in this case, and whether they mean any thing by that expression? They have hampered themselves before they were aware; for they proceed in the very next lines to tell us, they believe, "the crown of England being hereditary, the next in blood have an undoubted right to succeed, unless GOD make them, or they make themselves, uncapable of reigning:" so that, according to them, if either of those two impediments shall happen, then it concerns the protestants of England to do that something, which, if they had spoken out, had been direct treason. Here is fine legerdemain amongst them: they have acknowledged a vote to be no more than the opinion of an house; and yet from a debate, which was abortive before it quickened into a vote, they argue after the old song, "that there is something more to be done which you cannot choose but guess." In the next place, there is no such thing as incapacity to be supposed in the immediate successor of the crown; that is, the rightful heir cannot be made uncapable on any account whatsoever to succeed. It may please GOD that he may be *inhabilis* or *inidoneus ad gerendam rempublicam*,—unfit or unable to govern the kingdom; but this is no impediment to his right of reigning: he cannot either be excluded or deposed for such imperfection; for the laws which have provided for private men in this case, have also made pro-

vision for the Sovereign and for the publick; and the council of state, or the next of blood, is to administer the kingdom for him. Charles the Sixth of France (for I think we have no English examples which will reach it) forfeited not his kingdom by his lunacy, though a victorious King of England was then knocking at his gates; but all things under his name, and by his authority, were managed. The case is the same betwixt a King *non compos mentis*, and one who is *nondum compos mentis*; a distracted or an infant King. Then the people cannot incapacitate the King, because he derives not his right from them, but from God only; neither can any action, much less opinion of a Sovereign, render him uncapable for the same reason, excepting only a voluntary resignation to his immediate heir, as in the case of Charles the Fifth; for that of our Richard the Second was invalid, because forced, and not made to the next successor.

Neither does it follow, as our authors urge, that "an unalterable succession supposes England to be the King's estate, and the people his goods and chattels on it;" for the preservation of his right destroys not our propriety, but maintains us in it. He has tied himself by law not to invade our possessions, and we have obliged ourselves as subjects to him, and all his lawful successors; by which irrevocable act of ours, both for ourselves and our posterity, we can no more exclude the successor, than we can depose the present King.

The estate of England is indeed the King's, and I may safely grant their supposition as to the government of England; but it follows not that the people are his goods and chattels on it, for then he might sell, alienate, or destroy them as he pleased; from all which he has tied himself by the liberties and privileges which he has granted us by laws.

There is little else material in this pamphlet: for to say "I would insinuate into the King a hatred to his capital city," is to say, he should hate his best friends, the last and the present Lord Mayor,[3] our two honourable Sheriffs, the Court of Aldermen, the worthy and loyal Mr. Common Serjeant, with the rest of the officers, who are generally well affected, and who have kept out their factious members from its government. To say I would insinuate a scorn of authority in the city, is in effect to grant the parallel in the play; for the authority of tumults and seditions is only scorned in it,—an authority which they derived not from the crown, but exercised against it. And for them to confess I exposed this, is to confess that London was like Paris.

They conclude with a prayer to Almighty GOD, in which I therefore believe the poet[4] did not club. To libel the King through all the pamphlet, and to pray for him in the conclusion, is an

[3] Sir John Moore, and Sir William Pritchard.

[4] Shadwell's conversation is represented by his contemporaries to have been extremely immoral and profane.

action of more prudence in them than of piety; perhaps they might hope to be forgiven, as one of their predecessors was by King James; who, after he had railed at him abundantly, ended his lampoon with these two verses:

"Now God preserve our King, Queen, Prince, and Peers,
"And grant the author long may wear his ears."

To take a short review of the whole.—It is manifest that there is no such parallel in the play as the faction have pretended; that the story would not bear one, where they have placed it; and that I could not reasonably intend one so contrary to the nature of the play, and so repugnant to the principles of the loyal party. On the other side, it is clear that the principles and practices of the publick enemies have both formerly resembled those of the League, and continue to hold the same resemblance. It appears by the outcry of the party before the play was acted, that they dreaded and foresaw the bringing of the faction upon the stage; and by the hasty printing of Mr. Hunt's libel, and the Reflections, before the tragedy was published, that they were infinitely concerned to prevent any farther operation of it. It appears from the general consent of the audiences, that their party were known to be represented; and themselves owned openly, by their hissing, that they were incensed at it, as an object which they could not bear. It is evident by their endeavours to shift off this parallel from their side,

that their principles are too shameful to be maintained. It is notorious that they, and they only, have made the parallel betwixt the Duke of Guise and the Duke of Monmouth, and that in revenge for the manifest likeness they find in the parties themselves, they have carried up the parallel to the heads of the parties, where there is no resemblance at all; under which colour, while they pretend to advert upon one libel, they set up another; for what resemblance could they suggest betwixt two persons so unlike in their descent, the qualities of their minds, and the disparity of their warlike actions, if they grant not that there is a faction here, which is like that other that was in France? So that if they do not first acknowledge one common cause, there is no foundation for a parallel. The dilemma therefore lies strong upon them, and let them avoid it if they can; that either they must avow the wickedness of their designs, or disown the likeness of those two persons. I do further charge those audacious authors, that they themselves have made the parallel which they call mine, and that under the covert of this parallel they have odiously compared our present King with King Henry the Third; and further, that they have forced this parallel expressly to wound his Majesty in the comparison: for since there is a parallel, (as they would have it,) it must be either theirs or mine. I have proved that it cannot possibly be mine; and in so doing, that it must be theirs by conse-

quence. Under this shadow all the vices of the French King are charged by those libellers (by a side-wind) upon ours; and it is indeed the bottom of their design to make the King cheap, his Royal Brother odious, and to alter the course of the succession.

Now after the malice of this sputtering triumvirate, (Mr. Hunt, and the two Reflectors,) against the person and dignity of the King, and against all that endeavour to serve him, (which makes their hatred to his cause apparent,) the very charging of our play to be a libel, and such a parallel as these ignoramuses would render it, is almost as great an affront to his Majesty as the libellous picture itself, by which they have exposed him to his subjects; for it is no longer our parallel, but the King's, by whose order it was acted, without any shuffling or importunity from the poets. The tragedy (cried the faction) is a libel against such and such illustrious persons. Upon this the play was stopped, examined, acquitted, and ordered to be brought upon the stage; not one stroke in it of a resemblance, to answer the scope and intent of the complaint. There were some features indeed, that the illustrious Mr. Hunt and his brace of beagles (the Reflectors) might see resembling theirs; and no other parallel either found or meant, but betwixt the French leaguers and ours; and so far the agreement held from point to point, as true as a couple of tallies. But when neither the King, nor my Lord Cham-

berlain, with other honourable persons of eminent faith, integrity, and understanding, upon a strict perusal of the papers, could find one syllable to countenance the calumny, up starts the defender of the charter, &c. opens his mouth, and says,—"what do ye talk of the King? he is abused, he is imposed upon. Is my Lord Chamberlain and the scrutineers that succeed him, to tell us when the King and the Duke of York are abused?" What says my Lord Chief Baron of Ireland[5] to the business? What says the liveryman templer? What says Og, the King of Basan, to it? "We are men that stand up for the King's supremacy in all causes, and over all persons, as well ecclesiastical as civil, next and immediately under GOD and the PEOPLE. We are for easing his Royal Highness of his title to the crown, and the cares that attend any such prospect; and shall we see the King and the Royal Family paralleled at this rate, and not reflect upon it?"

But to draw to an end.—Upon the laying of matters fairly together, what a King have these balderdash scribblers given us, under the resemblance of Henry the Third? How scandalous a character again of his Majesty, in telling the world that he is libelled and affronted to his face, told

[5] Mr. Hunt was a lawyer, but could hardly have entertained any hopes of attaining this office, as parties were then circumstanced. Perhaps it had been promised to him by Shaftesbury, when he thought he should have been able to overturn the government.

on't, pointed to it, and neither he nor those about him can be brought to see or understand it. There needs no more to expound the meaning of these people than to compare them with themselves, when it will evidently appear, that their lives and conversations, their writings and their practices, do all take the same bias; and when they dare not any longer revile his Majesty or his government point-blank, they have an intention to play the libellers in masquerade, and do the same thing in a way of mystery and parable. This is truly the case of the pretended parallel. They lay their heads together, and compose the lewdest character of a prince that can be imagined, and then exhibit that monster to the people as the picture of the King, in the Duke of Guise; so that the libel passes for current with the multitude, whoever was the author of it: and it will be but common justice to give the devil his due. But the truth is, their contrivances are now so manifest, that their party moulders both in town and country; for I will not suspect that there are any of them left in court. Deluded well-meaners come over out of honesty, and small offenders out of common discretion or fear. None will shortly remain with them but men of desperate fortunes, or enthusiasts; those who dare not ask pardon, because they have transgressed beyond it, and those who gain by confusion, as thieves do by fires; to whom forgiveness were as vain as a reprieve to condemned beggars, who must hang without it, or starve with it.

PREFACE

TO

ALBION AND ALBANIUS.[6]

If wit has truly been defined a propriety of thoughts and words,[7] then that definition will extend to all sorts of poetry; and amongst the rest, to this present entertainment of an Opera. Propriety of thought is that fancy which arises

[6] This Opera, which was performed at the Queen's Theatre in Dorset Gardens, (as that playhouse was called after the accession of King James II.) was first printed in folio, in 1685.

It appears from Mr. Bindley's copy of the Prologue, that the first night of its representation was the third of June, 1685. Unfortunately for its success, the Duke of Monmouth landed in the west on the *eleventh* of that month; which so occupied every one's attention, that the piece, after being represented six times, was discontinued, and probably the theatre was closed for the season. The six representations not having produced to the theatre half the charge which it occasioned, it involved the company (as Downes the prompter informs us) in a considerable debt.

[7] Our author has already given us this definition of wit, as he calls it, in the Preface to his STATE OF INNOCENCE;

naturally from the subject, or which the poet adapts to it. Propriety of words is the clothing of those thoughts with such expressions as are naturally proper to them; and from both these, if they are judiciously performed, the delight of poetry results. An Opera is a poetical tale or fiction, represented by vocal and instrumental

and Pope, in one of his letters to Mr. Cromwell, has adopted it. It is however certainly not only no definition, but not even a description of wit.—"It may be expected," says Addison, (SPECT. N° 62.) "since I am upon this subject, that I should take notice of Mr. Dryden's definition of wit; which, with all the deference that is due to the judgment of so great a man, is not so properly a definition of wit, as of good writing in general. Wit, as he defines it, is a propriety of words and thoughts adapted to the subject. If this be a true definition of wit, I am apt to think that Euclid is the greatest wit that ever set pen to paper. It is certain, there never was a greater propriety of words and thoughts adapted to the subject, than what that author has made use of in his ELEMENTS. I shall only appeal to any reader, if this definition agrees with any notion he has of wit: if it be a true one, I am sure Mr. Dryden was not only a better poet, but a greater wit, than Mr. Cowley, and Virgil a much more facetious man than either Ovid or Martial."

Perhaps the following definition of wit by Mr. Corbyn Morris, is the best that has hitherto been given of this subtle exercise of the fancy:—"It is (says that writer) the lustre resulting from the quick elucidation of one subject, by a just and unexpected arrangement of it with another subject." ESSAY ON WIT, HUMOUR, RAILLERY, &c. 8vo. 1744.

musick, adorned with scenes, machines, and dancing. The supposed persons of this musical drama are generally supernatural, as gods, and goddesses, and heroes, which at least are descended from them, and are in due time to be adopted into their number. The subject, therefore, being extended beyond the limits of human nature, admits of that sort of marvellous and surprising conduct, which is rejected in other plays. Human impossibilities are to be received as they are in faith; because where gods are introduced, a Supreme Power is to be understood, and second causes are out of doors; yet propriety is to be observed even here. The gods are all to manage their peculiar provinces; and what was attributed by the heathens to one power ought not to be performed by any other. Phœbus must foretel, Mercury must charm with his caduceus, and Juno must reconcile the quarrels of the marriage-bed. To conclude, they must all act according to their distinct and peculiar characters.

If the persons represented were to speak upon the stage, it would follow of necessity that the expressions should be lofty, figurative, and majestical; but the nature of an Opera denies the frequent use of those poetical ornaments: for vocal musick, though it often admits a loftiness of sound, yet always exacts an harmonious sweetness; or to distinguish yet more justly, the recitative part of the Opera requires a more masculine beauty of expression and sound. The other, which

for want of a proper English word, I must call *the songish part*, must abound in the softness and variety of numbers, its principal intention being to please the hearing, rather than to gratify the understanding. It appears indeed preposterous at first sight, that rhyme, on any consideration, should take place of reason; but in order to resolve the problem, this fundamental proposition must be settled,—that the first inventors of any art or science, provided they have brought it to perfection, are, in reason, to give laws to it; and, according to their model, all after-undertakers are to build. Thus, in epick poetry, no man ought to dispute the authority of Homer, who gave the first being to that masterpiece of art, and endued it with that form of perfection in all its parts, that nothing was wanting to its excellency. Virgil, therefore, and those very few who have succeeded him, endeavoured not to introduce or innovate any thing in a design already perfected, but imitated the plan of the inventor; and are only so far true heroick poets, as they have built on the foundations of Homer. Thus Pindar, the author of those odes, which are so admirably restored by Mr. Cowley in our language, ought for ever to be the standard of them; and we are bound, according to the practice of Horace and Mr. Cowley, to copy him.

Now, to apply this axiom to our present purpose. Whosoever undertakes the writing of an Opera, (which is a modern invention, though built

indeed on the foundations of ethnick worship,) is obliged to imitate the design of the Italians, who have not only invented, but brought to perfection, this sort of dramatick musical entertainment. I have not been able, by any search, to get any light either of the time when it began, or of the first author; but I have probable reasons which induce me to believe, that some Italians having curiously observed the gallantries of the Spanish Moors at their zambras, or royal feasts, where musick, songs, and dancing, were in perfection; together with their machines, which are usual at their sortija's, or running at the ring, and other solemnities, may possibly have refined upon those Moresque divertisements, and produced this delightful entertainment, by leaving out the warlike part of the carousals, and forming a poetical design for the use of the machines, the songs, and dances. But however it began,[s] (for this is only conjec-

[s] Dr. Burney, in his excellent HISTORY OF MUSICK, (iv. 17,) says, that "no musical drama similar to those that were afterwards known by the name of *Operas* and *Oratorios*, had existence in Italy before the beginning of the seventeenth century. ----We are often told, however, of musical dramas performed at Rome and Venice long before this period; and every writer on the subject informs us that Sulpitius, in his Dedication of VITRUVIUS, speaks of a tragedy that was recited and *sung* at Rome under the auspices of Cardinal Riario, 1480; that Alfonso della Viola set a drama to musick in 1560, for the Court of Ferrara; and that at Venice there was an

tural,) we know that for some centuries the knowledge of musick has flourished principally in Italy, the mother of learning and of arts; that poetry and painting have been there restored, and so cultivated by Italian masters, that all Europe has been enriched out of their treasury; and the other parts of it, in relation to those delightful arts, are still as much provincial to Italy as they were in the

Opera performed for the entertainment of Henry III. of France, at his return from Poland, on the death of his brother, Charles IX. 1574, which was set by the famous Zarlino. These and more have been confounded by father Ménestrier with the musical dramas of later times, after the invention of *recitative*, which alone should distinguish the Opera and Oratorio from every other species of theatrical exhibition; but these early attempts at singing were no more dramatick than a *mass*, *service*, *full anthem*, or *madrigal*, would be, if sung on a stage. Indeed, some of the dramas, which preceded the year 1600, had choruses and intermezzi in measured musick, and incidental songs, like our Masques in the reign of Queen Elizabeth and James I. in which, however, the dialogue was all spoken."

The first Opera, properly so called, that was ever exhibited was DAFNE, which was set to musick by Ottavio Rinuccini, and Jacobo Peri, both Florentines, and performed in the house of Signor Corsi in Florence, in 1597, with great applause; "and this (adds Dr. Burney) seems the true era whence the Opera, or drama, *wholly set to musick*, and in which the dialogue was neither sung in measure, nor declaimed without musick, but *recited* in simple musical tones, which amounted not to singing, and yet was different from speech, should be dated.

time of the Roman empire. Their first operas seem to have been intended for the celebration of the marriages of their princes; or for the magnificence of some general time of joy. Accordingly the expences of them were from the purse of the Sovereign, or of the Republick, as they are still practised at Venice, Rome, and other places, at their carnivals. Savoy and Florence have often used them in their courts at the weddings of their dukes; and at Turin particularly, was performed the PASTOR FIDO, written by the famous Guarini, which is a pastoral opera made to solemnize the marriage of a Duke of Savoy. The Prologue of it has given the design to all the French, which is a compliment to the sovereign power by some god or goddess; so that it looks no less than a kind of embassy from heaven to earth.

I said in the beginning of this Preface, that the persons represented in operas are generally gods, goddesses, and heroes descended from them, who

After this successful experiment, Rinuccini wrote EURIDICE and ARIANNA, two other dramas for the same kind of musick.

"In the same year, however, that ARIADNE, set to musick by Jacobo Peri, was performed at Florence, there was a sacred drama, *Oratorio*, morality, or mystery in musick, of the same kind, by Emilio del Cavaliere, performed at Rome; which makes it difficult to determine who was the original inventor of that peculiar species of melody or chant, which is called *recitative*, and which has ever since been the true characteristick of the Opera and Oratorio."

are supposed to be their peculiar care; which hinders not but that meaner persons may sometimes gracefully be introduced, especially if they have relation to those first times, which poets call the Golden Age; wherein, by reason of their innocence, those happy mortals were supposed to have had a more familiar intercourse with superiour beings; and therefore shepherds might reasonably be admitted, as of all callings the most innocent, the most happy, and who, by reason of the spare time they had in their almost idle employment, had most leisure to make verses, and to be in love; without somewhat of which passion no opera can possibly subsist.

It is almost needless to speak any thing of that noble language, in which this musical drama was first invented and performed. All who are conversant in the Italian cannot but observe, that it is the softest, the sweetest, the most harmonious, not only of any modern tongue, but even beyond any of the learned. It seems indeed to have been invented for the sake of poetry and musick; the vowels are so abounding in all words, especially in the terminations of them, that excepting some few monosyllables, the whole language ends in them. Then the pronunciation is so manly and so sonorous, that their very speaking has more of musick in it than Dutch poetry and song. It has withal derived so much copiousness and eloquence from the Greek and Latin, in the composition of words, and the formation of them, that, if after

all we must call it barbarous, it is the most beautiful and most learned of any barbarism in modern tongues: and we may, at least, as justly praise it, as Pyrrhus did the Roman discipline and martial order,—that it was of barbarians, (for so the Greeks called all other nations,) but had nothing in it of barbarity. This language has in a manner been refined and purified from the Gothick, ever since the time of Dante, which is above four hundred years ago; and the French, who now cast a longing eye to their country, are not less ambitious to possess their elegance in poetry and musick, in both which they labour at impossibilities. It is true indeed, they have reformed their tongue, and brought both their prose and poetry to a standard; the sweetness as well as the purity is much improved, by throwing off the unnecessary consonants, which made their spelling tedious, and their pronunciation harsh; but after all, as nothing can be improved beyond its own species, or farther than its original nature will allow, (as an ill voice, though never so thoroughly instructed in the rules of musick, can never be brought to sing harmoniously, nor many an honest critick ever arrive to be a good poet,) so neither can the natural harshness of the French, or their perpetual ill accent, be ever refined into perfect harmony like the Italian. The English has yet more natural disadvantages than the French: our original Teutonick, consisting most in monosyllables, and those encumbered with consonants, cannot

possibly be freed from those inconveniencies. The rest of our words, which are derived from the Latin chiefly, and the French, with some small sprinklings of Greek, Italian, and Spanish, are some relief in poetry, and help us to soften our uncouth numbers; which, together with our English genius, incomparably beyond the trifling of the French, in all the nobler parts of verse, will justly give us the pre-eminence. But on the other hand, the effeminacy of our pronunciation, (a defect common to us and to the Danes,) and our scarcity of female rhymes, have left the advantage of musical composition for songs, though not for recitative, to our neighbours.

Through these difficulties I have made a shift to struggle, in my part of the performance of this Opera; which, as mean as it is, deserves at least a pardon, because it has attempted a discovery beyond any former undertaker of our nation. Only remember, that if there be no north-east passage to be found, the fault is in nature, and not in me; or, as Ben Jonson tells us in THE ALCHEMIST, when projection had failed, and the glasses were all broken, there was enough however in the bottoms of them to cure the itch; so I may thus be positive, that if I have not succeeded as I desire, yet there is something still remaining to satisfy the curiosity or itch of sight and hearing. Yet I have no great reason to despair, for I may without vanity own some advantages which are not common to every writer; such as are the knowledge

of the Italian and French language, and the being conversant with some of their best performances in this kind, which have furnished me with such variety of measures as have given the composer Monsieur Grabut[9] what occasions he could wish, to shew his extraordinary talent in diversifying the recitative, the lyrical part, and the chorus; in all which, (not to attribute any thing to my own opinion,) the best judges, and those too of the best quality, who have honoured his rehearsals with their presence, have no less commended the happiness of his genius than his skill. And let me have the liberty to add one thing; that he has so exactly expressed my sense in all places where I intended to move the passions, that he seems to have entered into my thoughts, and to have been the poet as well as the composer. This I say, not to flatter him, but to do him right; because amongst some English musicians and their scholars, (who are sure to judge after them,) the imputation of being a Frenchman is enough to make a party, who maliciously endeavour to decry him. But the knowledge of Latin and Italian poets, both which he possesses, besides his skill in musick, and his being acquainted with all the

[9] Grabut was an obscure French musician. Some of the eulogium bestowed by Dryden on this composer, Dr. Burney thinks "must be placed to the account of flattery to his royal master Charles II., as well as to this artist, who had been set over the King's band at the decease of Cambert [in 1677]."

performances of the French Operas, adding to these the good sense to which he is born, have raised him to a degree above any man who shall pretend to be his rival on our stage. When any of our countrymen excel him, I shall be glad, for the sake of old England, to be shewn my errour; in the mean time, let virtue be commended, though in the person of a stranger.

If I thought it convenient, I could here discover some rules which I have given to myself in writing of an opera in general, and of this opera in particular; but I consider, that the effect would only be to have my own performance measured by the laws I gave, and consequently to set up some little judges, who, not understanding thoroughly, would be sure to fall upon the faults, and not to acknowledge any of the beauties; an hard measure, which I have often found from false criticks. Here therefore, if they will criticize, they shall do it out of their own *fond*; but let them be first assured, that their ears are nice, for there is neither writing nor judging on this subject without that good quality. It is no easy matter in our language to make words so smooth, and numbers so harmonious, that they shall almost set themselves; and yet there are rules for this in nature, and as great a certainty of quantity in our syllables as either in the Greek or Latin; but let poets and judges understand those first, and then let them begin to study English. When they have chewed awhile upon these preliminaries, it may be they

will scarce adventure to tax me with want of thought and elevation of fancy in this work; for they will soon be satisfied, that those are not of the nature of this sort of writing. The necessity of double rhymes, and ordering of the words and numbers for the sweetness of the voice, are the main hinges on which an opera must move; and both of these are without the compass of any art to teach another to perform, unless Nature in the first place has done her part, by enduing the poet with that nicety of hearing, that the discord of sounds in words shall as much offend him as a seventh in musick would a good composer. I have therefore no need to make excuses for meanness of thought in many places; the Italians, with all the advantages of their language, are continually forced upon it, or rather they affect it. The chief secret is in the choice of words; and by this choice I do not here mean elegancy of expression, but propriety of sound, to be varied according to the nature of the subject. Perhaps a time may come, when I may treat of this more largely, out of some observations which I have made from Homer and Virgil, who, amongst all the poets, only understood the art of numbers, and of that which was properly called *ryhthmus* by the ancients.

The same reasons which depress thought in an opera, have a stronger effect upon the words, especially in our language; for there is no maintaining the purity of English in short measures,

where the rhyme returns so quick, and is so often female, or double rhyme, which is not natural to our tongue, because it consists too much of monosyllables, and those too most commonly clogged with consonants; for which reason I am often forced to coin new words, revive some that are antiquated, and botch others, as if I had not served out my time in poetry, but was bound apprentice to some doggrel rhymer, who makes songs to tunes, and sings them for a livelihood. It is true I have not been often put to this drudgery; but where I have, the words will sufficiently shew that I was then a slave to the composition, which I will never be again: it is my part to invent, and the musician's to humour that invention. I may be counselled, and will always follow my friend's advice where I find it reasonable, but will never part with the power of the militia.

I am now to acquaint my reader with somewhat more particular concerning this opera, after having begged his pardon for so long a Preface to so short a work. It was originally intended only for a prologue to a play,[1] of the nature of THE TEMPEST, which is a tragedy mixed with opera, or a drama written in blank verse, adorned with scenes, machines, songs, and dances, so that the fable of it is all spoken and acted by the best of the come-

[1] The drama here alluded to is KING ARTHUR, which was performed about six years afterwards in 1691. See the Preface to that piece.

dians; the other part of the entertainment to be performed by the same singers and dancers who are introduced in this present opera. It cannot properly be called a play, because the action of it is supposed to be conducted sometimes by supernatural means, or magick; nor an opera, because the story of it is not sung.—But more of this at its proper time.—But some intervening accidents having hitherto deferred the performance of the main design, I proposed to the actors to turn the intended prologue into an entertainment by itself, as you now see it, by adding two acts more to what I had already written. The subject of it is wholly allegorical; and the allegory itself is so very obvious, that it will no sooner be read than understood.[2] It is divided according to the plain

[2] In the last scene, "Fame rises out of the middle of the stage, standing on a globe, on which is the Arms of England. The globe rests on a pedestal: on the front of the pedestal is drawn a man, with a long, lean, pale face, with fiend's wings, and snakes twisted round his body. He is encompassed by several fanatical rebellious heads, who suck poison from him, which runs out of a tap in his side."—The man on the pedestal, &c. (as Langbaine has mentioned) was meant to represent Lord Shaftesbury and his adherents.

Shaftesbury in his journey to Breda, previous to the Restoration, had been overturned, and received a contusion in his side, that occasioned some years afterwards an abscess, which was opened, or *tapped*. With allusion to this circumstance, and his being supposed to have had thoughts of attaining the crown of Poland, in the lampoons of the time he is sometimes called TAPSKY.

and natural method of every action, into three parts; for even Aristotle himself is contented to say simply,—that in all actions there is a beginning, a middle, and an end; after which model all the Spanish plays are built.

The descriptions of the scenes, and other decorations of the stage, I had from Mr. Betterton, who has spared neither for industry nor cost to make this entertainment perfect, nor for invention of the ornaments to beautify it.

To conclude.—Though the enemies of the composer are not few, and that there is a party formed against him of his own profession, I hope, and am persuaded, that this prejudice will turn in the end to his advantage; for the greatest part of an audience is always uninteressed, though seldom knowing; and if the musick be well composed, and well performed, they who find themselves pleased will be so wise as not to be imposed upon, and fooled out of their satisfaction. The newness of the undertaking is all the hazard. When operas were first set up in France,[3] they were not followed over eagerly; but they gained daily upon their hearers, till they grew to that height of reputation which they now enjoy. The English, I

[3] The first Italian opera sung at Paris, according to Ricoboni, was exhibited in 1645 in the little Bourbon, by order of Cardinal Mazarine, who had caused musicians, an architect, and all necessary workmen to come on purpose from Italy. The first *French* opera was exhibited in 1672.

confess, are not altogether so musical as the French; and yet they have been pleased already with THE TEMPEST, and some pieces that followed, which were neither much better written, nor so well composed as this. If it finds encouragement, I dare promise myself to mend my hand, by making a more pleasing fable; in the mean time, every loyal Englishman cannot but be satisfied with the moral of this, which so plainly represents the double restoration of his sacred Majesty.*

POSTSCRIPT.

This Preface being wholly written before the death of my late royal master, *(quem semper acerbum, semper honoratum, sic Dii voluistis, habebo,)* I have now lately reviewed it, as supposing I should find many notions in it that would require correction on cooler thoughts. After four months lying by me, I looked on it as no longer mine, because I had wholly forgotten it; but I confess with some satisfaction, and perhaps a little vanity, that I found myself entertained by it; my own judgment was new to me, and pleased me when I looked on it as another man's. I see no opinion that I would retract or alter, unless it be, that

* The discomfiture of Shaftesbury and his adherents in 1682, our author considered as a *second* restoration of his royal master.

possibly the Italians went not so far as Spain for the invention of their operas. They might have it in their own country; and that by gathering up the shipwrecks of the Athenian and Roman theatres, which we know were adorned with scenes, musick, dances, and machines,—especially the Grecian. But of this the learned Monsieur Vossius, who has made our nation his second country, is the best, and perhaps the only judge now living. As for the opera itself, it was all composed, and was just ready to have been performed, when he in honour of whom it was principally made, was taken from us.

He had been pleased twice or thrice to command that it should be practised before him, especially the first and third acts of it; and publickly declared more than once, that the composition and choruses were more just, and more beautiful, than any he had heard in England. How nice an ear he had in musick is sufficiently known; his praise, therefore, has established the reputation of it above censure, and made it in a manner sacred; it is therefore humbly and religiously dedicated to his memory.

It might reasonably have been expected, that his death must have changed the whole fabrick of the opera, or at least a great part of it; but the design of it originally was so happy, that it needed no alteration, properly so called; for the addition of twenty or thirty lines in the apotheosis of

Albion, has made it entirely of a piece. This was the only way which could have been invented to save it from a botched ending, and it fell luckily into my imagination; as if there were a kind of fatality even in the most trivial things concerning the succession: a change was made, and not for the worse, without the least confusion or disturbance; and those very causes which seemed to threaten us with troubles, conspired to produce our lasting happiness.

DEDICATION

OF

DON SEBASTIAN,

KING OF PORTUGAL.[1]

TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE

PHILIP, EARL OF LEICESTER, &c.[2]

FAR be it from me, my most noble Lord, to think that any thing which my meanness can produce, should be worthy to be offered to your patronage, or that aught which I can say of you

[1] This tragedy, which was acted by the King's Servants at the Theatre Royal, with great applause, (as Langbaine, who wrote soon afterwards, tells us he had heard,) was first printed in 1690. Between 1682 and this period, our author had discontinued writing for the stage.

"DON SEBASTIAN (says Dr. Johnson, contrasting, it should seem, this play with ALL FOR LOVE,) is commonly esteemed either the first or second of Dryden's dramatick performances. It is too long to be all acted, and has many characters and many incidents; and though it is not without sallies of frantick dignity, and more noise than meaning, yet as it makes approaches to the possibilities of real life, and has some sentiments which leave a strong impression, it continued long to attract attention. Amidst

should recommend you farther to the esteem of good men in this present age, or to the veneration which will certainly be paid you by posterity. On

the distresses of princes, and the vicissitudes of empire, are inserted several scenes which the writer intended for comick; but which, I suppose, that age did not much commend, and this would not endure. There are, however, passages of excellence universally acknowledged: the dispute and the reconciliation of Dorax and Sebastian has always been admired."

[a] Philip Sydney, third Earl of Leicester, was the eldest son of Robert, Earl of Leicester, and Lady Dorothy Percy, eldest daughter of Henry, ninth Earl of Northumberland. He was brother of the celebrated Algernon Sydney, and of Waller's Sacharissa; and if elder than that lady, must have been born in (or before) the year 1616, which was probably the time of his birth, for Collins says that he died March 6th, 1696-7, "aged more than eighty years." Having taken an active part in the rebellion, he was nominated one of the Judges to try Charles the First; but never sat in the pretended Court of Justice. After the murder of his Sovereign, however, he did not scruple to act with the Regicides, for he was one of the executive Council of State, appointed by them Feb. 14th, 1648-9. In 1653 he was one of Oliver's Council of twenty-one; and on his going in state to his mock-parliament, Lord Viscount L'Isle, as he was then called, (for his father was yet living,) stood with his sword drawn close to the Earl of Warwick, who carried the sword of state before the Usurper. He afterwards brought indelible disgrace on the name of Sydney, by sitting with Desborough the clown, Pride the drayman, and Hewson the cobler, in Cromwell's House of Lords, in December, 1657.

the other side, I must acknowledge it a great presumption in me to make you this address; and so much the greater, because, by the common suffrage even of contrary parties, you have been always regarded as one of the first persons of the age, and yet no one writer has dared to tell you so; whether we have been all conscious to ourselves that it was a needless labour to give this notice to mankind, as all men are ashamed to tell stale news, or that we were justly diffident of our own performances, as even Cicero is observed to be in awe when he writes to Atticus; where, knowing himself overmatched in good sense and truth of knowledge, he drops the gawdy train of words, and is no longer the vain-glorious orator. From whatever reason it may be, I am the first bold offender of this kind; I have broken down the fence, and ventured into the Holy Grove. How I may be punished for my profane attempt, I know not; but I wish it may not be of ill omen to your Lordship, and that a crowd of bad writers do not rush into the quiet of your recesses after me. Every man in all changes of government which have been, or may possibly arrive, will agree, that I could not have offered my incense where it could be so well deserved; for you, my Lord, are secure in your own merit, and all parties, as they rise uppermost, are sure to court you in their turns. It is a tribute which has ever been paid your virtue; the leading men still bring their bullion to your mint, to receive the stamp of their intrin-

sick value, that they may afterwards hope to pass with human kind. They rise and fall in the variety of revolutions, and are sometimes great, and therefore wise, in men's opinions, who must court them for their interest; but the reputation of their parts most commonly follows their success; few of them are wise but as they are in power, because indeed, they have no sphere of their own, but like the moon in the Copernican system of the world, are whirled about by the motion of a greater planet. This it is to be ever busy, neither to give rest to their fellow-creatures, nor which is more wretchedly ridiculous, to themselves; though truly, the latter is a kind of justice, and giving mankind a due revenge, that they will not permit their own hearts to be at quiet, who disturb the repose of all beside them. Ambitious meteors! how willing they are to set themselves upon the wing, and taking every occasion of drawing upward to the sun! not considering that they have no more time allowed them for their mounting, than the short revolution of a day; and that when the light goes from them, they are of necessity to fall.

How much happier is he, (and who he is I need not say, for there is but one phœnix in an age,) who centering on himself, remains immoveable, and smiles at the madness of the dance about him. He possesses the midst, which is the portion of safety and content; he will not be higher, because he needs it not; but by the prudence of that

choice, he puts it out of fortune's power to throw him down. It is confessed, that if he had not so been born, he might have been too high for happiness; but not endeavouring to ascend, he secures the native height of his station from envy, and cannot descend from what he is, because he depends not on another. What a glorious character was this once in Rome,—I should say, in Athens, when in the disturbances of a state as mad as ours, the wise Pomponius transported all the remaining wisdom and virtue of his country into the sanctuary of peace and learning. But I would ask the world, (for you, my Lord, are too nearly concerned to judge this cause,) whether there may not yet be found a character of a noble Englishman, equally shining with that illustrious Roman; whether I need to name a second Atticus; or whether the world has not already prevented me, and fixed it there without my naming: not a second, with a *longo sed proximus intervallo*, not a young Marcellus, flattered by a poet into a resemblance of the first, with a *frons læta parum, et dejecto lumina vultu*, and the rest that follows,—*si qua fata aspera rumpas, Tu Marcellus eris*; but a person of the same stamp and magnitude, who owes nothing to the former besides the word Roman, and the superstition of reverence devolving on him by the precedency of eighteen hundred years: one who walks by him with equal paces, and shares the eyes of beholders with him; one who had been first, had he first lived, and in spite of doting veneration is still his equal: both

of them born of noble families in unhappy ages of change and tumult; both of them retiring from affairs of state, yet not leaving the commonwealth till it had left itself; but never returning to publick business when they had once quitted it, though courted by the heads of either party. But who would trust the quiet of their lives with the extravagancies of their countrymen, when they were just in the giddiness of their turning, when the ground was tottering under them at every moment, and none could guess whether the next heave of the earthquake would settle them on the first foundation, or swallow it? Both of them knew mankind exactly well, for both of them began that study in themselves, and there they found the best part of human composition; the worst they learned by long experience of the folly, ignorance, and immorality of most beside them. Their philosophy on both sides was not wholly speculative; for that is barren, and produces nothing but vain ideas of things which cannot possibly be known, or if they could, yet would only terminate in the understanding; but it was a noble, vigorous, and practical philosophy, which exerted itself in all the offices of pity to those who were unfortunate, and deserved not so to be. The friend was always more considered by them than the cause; and an Octavius or an Antony in distress were relieved by them, as well as a Brutus or a Cassius; for the lowermost party, to a noble mind, is ever the fittest object of good will. The

eldest of them, I will suppose for his honour, to have been of the academick sect, neither dogmatist nor stoick; if he were not, I am sure he ought in common justice to yield the precedency to his younger brother. For stiffness of opinion is the effect of pride, and not of philosophy; it is a miserable presumption of that knowledge which human nature is too narrow to contain; and the ruggedness of a stoick is only a silly affectation of being a god,—to wind himself up by pullies to an insensibility of suffering, and at the same time to give the lie to his own experience, by saying he suffers not what he knows he feels. True philosophy is certainly of a more pliant nature, and more accommodated to human use:—*Homo sum, humani à me nihil alienum puto.* A wise man will never attempt an impossibility; and such it is, to strain himself beyond the nature of his being, either to become a deity, by being above suffering, or to debase himself into a stock or stone, by pretending not to feel it. To find in ourselves the weaknesses and imperfections of our wretched kind, is surely the most reasonable step we can make towards the compassion of our fellow-creatures. I could give examples of this kind in the second Atticus. In every turn of state, without meddling on either side,[1] he has always been

[1] To praise Lord Leicester for *not meddling on either side*, who had acted such a conspicuous and disgraceful part in the Rebellion, is surely a high strain of panegyrick.

favourable and assisting to oppressed merit. The praises which were given by a great poet[4] to the

After the Restoration indeed, as the historian of his family mentions, he always "declined being concerned in publick affairs." He had no appetite, it seems, for a regular or lawful government: nothing but pillage and usurpation had any charms for him. What was said therefore of the third Earl of Essex, on his divorce from Lady Frances Howard, may be justly applied to this nobleman in his political capacity: "he could digest every thing but *Bagshot mutton*."

[4] Cowley, in his poem "on the Queen's repairing Somerset House." Waller has a poem on the same subject.

Henrietta Maria, the Queen Mother, made a short visit to the King, her son, in November, 1660. In 1662 she again visited England, landing at Greenwich on the 28th of July in that year; and she resided in London till June 29, 1665, when she finally quitted England. During her stay here, her residence was at Somerset House, which she beautified, and, according to Mr. Fenton, "added all those buildings that fronted the river;" which a few years since were demolished, to make room for a much more sumptuous edifice.

Our author has made a slight alteration in Cowley's lines, which are these:

"If any prouder virtuoso's sense
"At that part of my prospect take offence,
"By which the meaner cabanes are descried
"Of my imperial river's humbler side,
"If they call that a blemish, let them know,
"GOD, and my Godlike mistress, think not so;
"For the distress'd and the afflicted lie
"Most in *their care*, and always in *their* eye."

late Queen Mother, on her rebuilding Somerset Palace, one part of which was fronting to the mean houses on the other side of the water, are as justly his:

" For the distress'd and the afflicted lie
" Most in his thoughts, and always in his eye."

Neither has he so far forgotten a poor inhabitant of his suburbs,[2] whose best prospect is on the garden of Leicester-House, but that more than once he has been offering him his patronage to reconcile him to a world, of which his misfortunes have made him weary. There is another Sidney still remaining, though there can never be another Spencer to deserve the favour. But one Sidney gave his patronage to the applications of a poet; the other offered it unasked. Thus, whether as a second Atticus, or a second Sir Philip Sidney, the latter in all respects will not have the worse of the comparison; and if he will take up with the second place, the world will not so far flatter his modesty as to seat him there, unless it be out of a deference of manners, that he may place himself where he pleases at his own table.

I may therefore safely conclude, that he, who by the consent of all men, bears so eminent a character, will out of his inborn nobleness forgive the presumption of this address. It is an unfinished picture, I confess, but the lines and features are so like, that it cannot be mistaken for

[2] Our author, who lived in Gerrard-street.

any other; and without writing any name under it, every beholder must cry out, at the first sight, —this was designed for Atticus; but the bad artist has cast too much of him into shades. But I have this excuse, that even the greatest masters commonly fall short of the best faces. They may flatter an indifferent beauty, but the excellencies of nature can have no right done to them; for there both the pencil and the pen are overcome by the dignity of the subject; as our admirable Waller has expressed it,

"The hero's race transcends the poet's thought." [6]

There are few in any age who can bear the load of a Dedication, for where praise is undeserved, it is satire;[7] though satire on folly is now no longer a scandal to any person, where a whole age is dipped together. Yet I had rather undertake a

[6] Our author, as usual, quotes from memory. Waller's line is,

"The hero's race *excels* the poet's thought."

It is the concluding line of some verses which were written in the TASSO of her Royal Highness Mary D'Este, the second Duchess of York. Fenton, in his remarks on them, mentions a very curious circumstance, which was communicated to him by John Sheffield, Duke of Buckinghamshire; that Waller employed *the greatest part of a summer* in composing and correcting this poem, which, on examination, I find, consists of *only ten lines!*

[7] So Pope:

"Praise undeserv'd is scandal in disguise."

multitude one way, than a single Atticus the other; for it is easier to descend, than it is to climb. I should have gone ashamed out of the world, if I had not at least attempted this address, which I have long thought owing; and if I had never attempted, I might have been vain enough to think I might have succeeded in it. Now I have made the experiment, and have failed through my own unworthiness, I may rest satisfied, that either the adventure is not to be atchieved, or that it is reserved for some other hand.

Be pleased, therefore, since the family of the Attici is, and ought to be, above the common forms of concluding letters, that I may take my leave in the words of Cicero to the first of them: *Me, O Pomponi, valdè pœnitet vivere: tantùm te oro, ut quoniam me ipse semper amàsti, ut eodem amore sis; ego nimirum, idem sum. Inimici mei mea mihi non meipsum ademerunt. Cura, Attice, ut valeas.*[8]

Dabam Cal. Jan. 1690. [Jan. 1, 1690-91.]

[8] Of all our author's Dedications this appears to me to have been the most laboured, and to be the least happy. Having caught the idea of a comparison between Lord Leicester and Atticus, he seems to be so fond of the notion, that he recurs to it again and again, and at last quits it with reluctance. Perhaps indeed, if he had recollected a passage which he quoted on a former occasion from a Spanish historian with great satisfaction, and had wished to preserve consistency, he would have been more moderate in his eulogy of this celebrated Roman: "There is a third sort, which during the whole wars were

neuters: let them be crushed on all occasions; for their business was their own security. They had neither courage enough to engage on my side, nor conscience enough to help their lawful Sovereign; therefore let them be made examples, as the worst sort of interessed men, which certainly are enemies to both, and would be profitable to neither.

PREFACE

TO

DON SEBASTIAN.

Whether it happened through a long disuse of writing, that I forgot the usual compass of a play, or that by crowding it with characters and incidents, I put a necessity upon myself of lengthening the main action, I know not; but the first day's audience sufficiently convinced me of my errour; and that the poem was insupportably too long. It is an ill ambition of us poets to please an audience with more than they can bear; and supposing that we wrote as well, as vainly we imagine ourselves to write, yet we ought to consider that no man can bear to be long tickled. There is a nauseousness in a city feast, when we are to sit four hours after we are cloyed. I am therefore, in the first place, to acknowledge with all manner of gratitude, their civility, who were pleased to endure it with so much patience, to be weary with so much good nature and silence, and not to explode an entertainment which was designed to please them; or discourage an author whose misfortunes have once more brought him, against his will, upon the stage. While I con-

tinue in these bad circumstances,* (and truly I see very little probability of coming out,) I must be obliged to write; and if I may still hope for the same kind usage, I shall the less repent of that hard necessity. I write not this out of any expectation to be pitied, for I have enemies enow to wish me yet in a worse condition; but give me leave to say, that if I can please by writing, as I shall endeavour it, the town may be somewhat obliged to my misfortunes for a part of their diversion. Having been longer acquainted with the stage than any poet now living, and having observed how difficult it was to please; that the humours of comedy were almost spent; that love and honour, (the mistaken topicks of tragedy,) were quite worn out; that the theatres could not support their charges; that the audience forsook them; that young men without learning set up for judges, and that they talked loudest who understood the least; all these discouragements had not only weaned me from the stage, but had also given me a loathing of it. But enough of this: the difficulties continue; they increase, and I am still condemned to dig in those exhausted mines.

Whatever fault I next commit, rest assured it shall not be that of too much length. Above twelve hundred lines have been cut off from this tragedy, since it was first delivered to the actors. They

* Our author, on the Revolution, had been deprived of the offices of Poet Laureate, and Historiographer.

were indeed so judiciously lopped by Mr. Betterton, to whose care and excellent action I am equally obliged, that the connection of the story was not lost; but on the other side, it was impossible to prevent some part of the action from being precipitated, and coming on without that due preparation which is required to all great events: as in particular, that of raising the mobile,[8] in the beginning of the fourth act, which a man of Benducar's cool character could not naturally attempt, without taking all those precautions which he foresaw would be necessary to render his design successful. On this consideration, I have replaced those lines through the whole poem, and thereby restored it to that clearness of conception, and (if I may dare to say it) that lustre and masculine vigour, in which it was first written. It is obvious to every understanding reader, that the most poetical parts, which are descriptions, images, similitudes, and moral sentences, are those which of necessity were to be pared away, when the body was swollen into too large a bulk for the representation of the stage. But there is a vast difference betwixt a publick entertainment on the theatre, and a private reading in the closet: in the first

[8] The word *mobile* [mobile *vulgus*] was first introduced into our language about this time, and was soon abbreviated into *mob*. T. Brown, in 1690, uses both the Latin word at length, and the abbreviation; and in the Preface to CLEOMENES, two years afterwards, our author uses *mob* with a kind of apology,—"*as they call it.*"

we are confined to time, and though we talk not by the hour-glass, yet the watch often drawn out of the pocket warns the actors, that their audience is weary; in the last, every reader is judge of his own convenience; he can take up the book, and lay it down at his pleasure, and find out those beauties of propriety in thought and writing, which escaped him in the tumult and hurry of representing. And I dare boldly promise for this play, that in the roughness of the numbers and cadences, (which I assure was not casual, but so designed,) you will see somewhat more masterly arising to your view than in most, if not any, of my former tragedies. There is a more noble daring in the figures, and more suitable to the loftiness of the subject; and besides this, some newnesses of English, translated from the beauties of modern tongues, as well as from the elegancies of the Latin; and here and there some old words are sprinkled, which, for their significance and sound, deserved not to be antiquated; such as we often find in Sallust amongst the Roman authors, and in Milton's PARADISE amongst ours; though perhaps the latter, instead of sprinkling, has dealt them with too free a hand, even sometimes to the obscuring of his sense.

As for the story or plot of the tragedy, it is purely fiction; for I take it up where the history has laid it down. We are assured by all writers of those times, that Sebastian, a young prince of great courage and expectation, undertook that war

partly upon a religious account, partly at the solicitation of Muley-Mahumet, who had been driven out of his dominions by Abdelmelech, or as others call him, Muley-Moluch, his nigh kinsman, who descended from the same family of the Xeriff's, whose fathers, Hamet and Mahomet, had conquered that empire with joint forces, and shared it betwixt them after their victory; that the body of Don Sebastian was never found in the field of battle, which gave occasion for many to believe that he was not slain; that some years after, when the Spaniards, with a pretended title, by force of arms had usurped the crown of Portugal from the house of Braganza, a certain person who called himself Don Sebastian, and had all the marks of his body and features of his face, appeared at Venice, where he was owned by some of his countrymen; but being seized by the Spaniards, was first imprisoned, then sent to the gallies, and at last put to death in private. It is most certain, that the Portuguese expected his return for almost an age together after that battle, which is at least a proof of their extreme love to his memory; and the usage they had from their new conquerors might possibly make them so extravagant in their hopes and wishes for their old master.

This groundwork the history afforded me, and I desire no better to build a play upon it; for where the event of a great action is left doubtful, there the poet is left master. He may raise what he pleases on that foundation, provided he makes

it of a piece, and according to the rule of probability. From hence I was only obliged, that Sebastian should return to Portugal no more; but at the same time I had him at my own disposal, whether to bestow him in Africk or in any other corner of the world, or to have closed the tragedy with his death; and the last of these was the most easy, but for the same reason, the least artful; because, as I have somewhere said,[9] the poison and the dagger are still at hand to butcher a hero, when a poet wants the brains to save him. It being therefore only necessary, according to the laws of the drama, that Sebastian should no more be seen upon the throne, I leave it for the world to judge whether or no I have disposed of him according to art, or have bungled up the conclusion of his adventure. In the drawing of his character I forgot not piety, which any one may observe to be one principal ingredient of it, even so far as to be a habit in him; though I shew him once to be transported from it by the violence of a sudden passion, to endeavour a self-murder. This being presupposed—that he was religious, the horrour of his incest, though innocently committed, was the best reason which the stage could give for hindering his return. It is true I have no right to blast his memory with such a crime; but declaring it to be fiction, I desire my audience

[9] See the Dedication of THE SPANISH FRYAR, p. 60.

to think it no longer true, than while they are seeing it represented; for that once ended, he may be a saint for aught I know; and we have reason to presume he is. On this supposition, it was unreasonable to have killed him; for the learned Mr. Rymer has well observed, that in all punishments we are to regulate ourselves by poetical justice; and according to those measures, an involuntary sin deserves not death; from whence it follows, that to divorce himself from the beloved object, to retire into a desert, and deprive himself of a throne, was the utmost punishment which a poet could inflict, as it was also the utmost reparation which Sebastian could make.

For what relates to Almeyda, her part is wholly fictitious. I know it is the surname of a noble family in Portugal, which was very instrumental in the restoration of Don John de Braganza, father to the most illustrious and most pious Princess, our Queen Dowager. The French author of a novel called DON SEBASTIAN, has given that name to an African lady of his own invention, and makes her sister to Muley-Mahumet; but I have wholly changed the accidents, and borrowed nothing but the supposition—that she was beloved by the King of Portugal. Though, if I had taken the whole story, and wrought it up into a play, I might have done it exactly according to the practice of almost all the Ancients; who were never accused of being plagiaries for building their

tragedies on known fables. Thus Augustus Cæsar wrote an AJAX, which was not the less his own, because Euripides had written a play before him on that subject. Thus of late years Corneille writ an OEDIPUS after Sophocles, and I have designed one after him, which I wrote with Mr. Lee; yet neither the French poet stole from the Greek, nor we from the Frenchman. It is the contrivance, the new turn, and new characters, which alter the property, and make it ours. The *Materia Poetica* is as common to all writers, as the *Materia Medica* to all physicians. Thus, in our Chronicles, Daniel's History is still his own, though Matthew Paris, Stowe, and Hollinshead writ before him; otherwise we must have been content with their dull relations, if a better pen had not been allowed to come after them, and write his own account after a new and better manner.

I must farther declare freely, that I have not exactly kept to the three mechanick rules of unity. I knew them, and had them in my eye, but followed them only at a distance; for the genius of the English cannot bear too regular a play: we are given to variety, even to a debauchery of pleasure. My scenes are therefore sometimes broken, because my under-plot required them so to be, though the general scene remains of the same castle; and I have taken the time of two days, because the variety of accidents which are here represented could not naturally be supposed

to arrive in one: but to gain a greater beauty, it is lawful for a poet to supersede a less.

I must likewise own, that I have somewhat deviated from the known history in the death of Muley-Moluch, who, by all relations, died of a fever in the battle, before his army had wholly won the field; but if I have allowed him another day of life, it was because I stood in need of so shining a character of brutality as I have given him; which is indeed the same with that of the present Emperor Muley-Ishmael, as some of our English officers, who have been in his court, have credibly informed me.

I have been listening[1]—what objections had been made against the conduct of the play; but found them all so trivial, that if I should name them, a true critick would imagine that I played booty, and only raised up phantoms for myself to conquer. Some are pleased to say—the writing is

[1] Our author, in various Prefaces, takes notice of objections that had been made by Criticks to his plays; which one naturally expects to find in some of the pamphlets published in his time. But the passage before us inclines me to believe, that most of the criticisms which he has noticed, were made at his favourite haunt, Will's Coffee-House. He had been *listening* to learn what objections were made by those who were unacquainted with his person; who might there occasionally deliver their sentiments on theatrical subjects, and after they had smoked the second pipe, probably thought themselves at least as wise as any of the poets of the day, not excepting the Laureate himself.

dull,—but *ætatem habet, de se loquatur*; others, that the double poison is unnatural: let the common received opinion, and Ausonius his famous Epigram,[2] answer that. Lastly, a more ignorant sort of creatures than either of the former maintain, that the character of Dorax is not only unnatural, but inconsistent with itself: let them read the play, and think again; and if yet they are not satisfied, cast their eyes on that chapter of the wise Montagne, which is entitled *De l'Inconstance des Actions Humaines*. A longer reply is what those cavillers deserve not; but I will give them and their fellows to understand, that the Earl of Dorset was pleased to read the tragedy twice over before it was acted; and did me the favour to send me word, that I had written beyond any of my former

[2] Our author alludes to the tenth Epigram of Ausonius:

" Toxica zelotypo dedit uxor mæcha marito,
" Nec satis ad mortem credidit esse datum.
" Micuit argenti letalia pondera vivi;
" Cogeret ut celerem vis geminata necem.
" Dividat hæc si quis, faciunt discreta venenum:
" Antidotum sumet, qui sociata bibet.
" Ergo inter sese dum noxia pocula certant,
" Cessit letalis noxa salutiferæ.
" Protinus et vacuos alvi petiere recessus
" Lubrica dejectis quà via nota cibis.
" Quàm pia cura dêum! prodest crudelior uxor,
" Et quum fata volunt, bina venena juvant."

On this principle, I have been informed, an eminent chemist has lately attempted to cure the hydrophobia by the use of mercury; with what success I know not.

plays, and that he was displeased any thing should be cut away. If I have not reason to prefer his single judgment to a whole faction, let the world be judge; for the opposition is the same with that of Lucan's hero against an army; *concurrere bellum atque virum.*

I think I may modestly conclude, that whatever errours there may be, either in the design or writing of this play, they are not those which have been objected to it. I think also, that I am not yet arrived to the age of doting, and that I have given so much application to this poem, that I could not probably let it run into many gross absurdities; which may caution my enemies from too rash a censure, and may also encourage my friends, who are many more than I could reasonably have expected, to believe their kindness has not been very undeservedly bestowed on me. This is not a play that was huddled up in haste; and to shew it was not, I will own, that beside the general moral of it, which is given in the four last lines,* there is also another moral, couched under every one of the principal parts and characters; which a judicious critick will observe, though I point not to it in this Preface. And there may be also some secret beauties in the decorum of

* Some of our most correct English writers have fallen into this inaccuracy. There can be but *one last* line. Our author should have written—*the last four lines.*

parts, and uniformity of design, which my puny judges will not easily find out: let them consider in the last scene of the fourth act, whether I have not preserved the rule of decency in giving all the advantage to the royal character, and in making Dorax first submit. Perhaps too, they may have thought that it was through indigence of characters, that I have given the same to Sebastian and Almeyda, and consequently made them alike in all things but their sex; but let them look a little deeper into the matter, and they will find that this identity of character in the greatness of their souls, was intended for a preparation of the final discovery; and that the likeness of their nature was a fair hint to the proximity of their blood.

To avoid the imputation of too much vanity, (for all writers, especially poets, will have some,) I will give but one other instance in relation to the uniformity of the design. I have observed that the English will not bear a thorough tragedy, but are pleased that it should be lightened with underparts of mirth. It had been easy for me to have given my audience a better course of comedy; I mean a more diverting than that of Antonio and Morayma: but I dare appeal even to my enemies, if I or any man could have invented one which had been more of a piece, and more depending on the serious part of the design. For what could be more uniform, than to draw from out of the members of a captive court the subject

of a comical entertainment? To prepare this episode, you see Dorax giving the character of Antonio, in the beginning of the play, upon his first sight of him at the lottery; and to make the dependence, Antonio is engaged in the fourth act for the deliverance of Almeyda, which is also prepared, by his being first made a slave to the captain of the rabble.

I should beg pardon for these instances; but perhaps they may be of use to future poets, in the conduct of their plays. At least, if I appear too positive, I am growing old, and thereby in possession of some experience, which men in years will always assume for a right of talking. Certainly, if a man can ever have reason to set a value on himself, it is when his ungenerous enemies are taking the advantage of the times upon him, to ruin him in his reputation; and therefore for once, I will make bold to take the counsel of my old master Virgil:

Tu, ne cede malis, sed contrà audentior ito.

DEDICATION

OF

AMPHITRYON,

OR, THE TWO SOSIAS.[3]

TO THE HONOURABLE

SIR WILLIAM LEVESON GOWER, BART.[4]

THERE is one kind of virtue which is inborn in the nobility, and indeed in most of the ancient families of this nation; they are not apt to insult on the misfortunes of their countrymen. But you,

[3] This comedy was performed at the Theatre Royal in Drury-Lane by the King's Servants, and first printed in 1690. It is arranged in our author's chronological list of his plays after DON SEBASTIAN, which was printed in the same year.—"It seems (says Dr. Johnson) to have succeeded at its first appearance, and was, I think, long considered as a very diverting entertainment."

[4] Sir William Leveson Gower (ancestor of the present Marquis of Stafford,) was the second son of Sir Thomas Gower, Bart. by Frances, daughter and coheir of Sir John Leveson of Haling, in Kent. On the death of his nephew, Sir Edward Gower, in December 1689, he succeeded to the title and estate; and afterwards, by the will of his maternal uncle, Sir Richard Leveson, of Trentham, in Staffordshire, Knight, became possessed of that estate also. He died in December, 1691.

Sir, I may tell it you without flattery, have grafted on this natural commiseration, and raised it to a nobler virtue. As you have been pleased to honour me, for a long time, with some part of your esteem and your good will, so in particular, since the late Revolution, you have increased the proofs of your kindness to me; and not suffered the difference of opinions,[5] which produce such hatred and enmity in the brutal part of human kind, to remove you from the settled basis of your good nature and good sense. This nobleness of yours, had it been exercised on an enemy, had certainly been a point of honour, and as such I might have justly recommended it to the world; but that of constancy to your former choice, and the pursuance of your first favours, are virtues not over common amongst Englishmen. All things of honour have, at best, somewhat of ostentation in them, and self-love; there is a pride of doing more than is expected from us, and more than others would have done; but to proceed in the same tract of goodness, favour, and protection, is to shew that a man is actuated by a thorough principle: it carries somewhat of tenderness in it, which is humanity in a heroical degree; it is a a kind of unmoveable good-nature; a word which is commonly despised, because it is so seldom

[5] Sir William Leveson Gower had been one of the Duke of Monmouth's sureties in 1683, and had taken an active part in promoting the Revolution.

practised. But after all, it is the most generous virtue, opposed to the most degenerate vice, which is that of ruggedness and harshness to our fellow-creatures.

It is upon this knowledge of you, Sir, that I have chosen you, with your permission, to be the patron of this poem; and as since this wonderful Revolution, I have begun with the best pattern of humanity, the Earl of Leicester, I shall continue to follow the same method in all to whom I shall address, and endeavour to pitch on such only as have been pleased to own me in this ruin of my small fortune; who, though they are of a contrary opinion themselves, yet blame not me for adhering to a lost cause, and judging for myself, what I cannot choose but judge, so long as I am a patient sufferer, and no disturber of the government; which if it be a severe penance, as a great wit[6] has told the world, it is at least enjoined me by myself; and Sancho Pança, as much a fool as I, was observed to discipline his body no farther than he found he could endure the smart.

You see, Sir, I am not entertaining you, like Ovid, with a lamentable epistle from Pontus: I suffer no more than I can easily undergo; and so long as I enjoy my liberty, which is the birthright of an Englishman, the rest shall never go near

[6] I have not been able to discover this *great wit*, but I suspect our author ironically alludes to some trite observation of his antagonist, the *facetious* Thomas Brown.

my heart. The merry philosopher is more to my humour than the melancholick; and I find no disposition in myself to cry, while the mad world is daily supplying me with such occasions of laughter.

The more reasonable sort of my countrymen have shewn so much favour to this piece, that they give me no doubt of their protection for the future. As you, Sir, have been pleased to follow the example of their goodness, in favouring me, so give me leave to say, that I follow yours in this Dedication to a person of a different persuasion. Though I must confess withal, that I have had a former encouragement from you for this address; and the warm remembrance of your noble hospitality to me at Trentham, when some years ago I visited my friends and relations in your country, has ever since given me a violent temptation to this boldness.

It is true, were this comedy wholly mine, I should call it a trifle, and perhaps not think it worth your patronage; but when the names of Plautus and Moliere are joined in it, that is, the two greatest names of ancient and modern comedy, I must not presume so far on their reputation to think their best and most unquestioned productions can be termed little. I will not give you the trouble of acquainting you what I have added or altered in either of them, so much it may be for the worse; but only that the difference of our stage from the Roman and the French did so

require it. But I am afraid, for my own interest, the world will too easily discover that more than half of it is mine; and that the rest is rather a lame imitation of their excellencies, than a just translation. It is enough that the reader know by you, that I neither deserve nor desire any applause from it. If I have performed any thing, it is the genius of my authors that have inspired me; and if it has pleased in representation, let the actors share the praise amongst themselves. As for Plautus and Moliere, they are dangerous people; and I am too weak a gamester to put myself into their form of play. But what has been wanting on my part, has been abundantly supplied by the excellent composition of Mr. Purcell; in whose person we have at length found an Englishman equal with the best abroad. At least my opinion of him has been such, since his happy and judicious performances in the late opera,[7] and the experience I have had of him in the setting my three songs for this AMPHITRYON: to all which, and particularly to the composition of the pastoral dialogue, the numerous choir of fair ladies gave so just an applause on the third day.[8] I am only sorry, for my own sake, that there was one star

[7] THE PROPHETESS, OR THE HISTORY OF DIOCLESIAN, altered from Fletcher by Betterton, and acted at the theatre in Dorset Gardens, in 1690.

[8] We here find that it was formerly customary for ladies to applaud the performers at the theatre, a practice still used abroad.—The profits of the third day then, as at present, belonged to the author.

wanting, as beautiful as any in our hemisphere; that young Berenice,[9] who is misemploying all her charms on stupid country souls, that can never know the value of them, and losing the triumphs which are ready prepared for her in the court and town. And yet I know not whether I am so much a loser by her absence, for I have reason to apprehend the sharpness of her judgment, if it were not allayed by the sweetness of her nature; and after all, I fear she may come time enough to discover a thousand imperfections in my play, which might have passed on vulgar understandings. Be pleased to use the authority of a father over her on my behalf; enjoin her to keep her own thoughts of AMPHITRYON to herself, or at least not to compare him too strictly with Moliere's. It is true I have an interest in this partiality of her's; but withal, I plead some sort of merit for it, in being so particularly as I am,

SIR,

Your most obedient, humble servant,

JOHN DRYDEN.

October 24, 1690.

[9] Young *Berenice*, (as appears from the Dedication of CLEOMENES,) was Sir William Gower's youngest daughter, Jane, who was married to Henry Lord Hyde, eldest son of our author's patron, Laurence, Earl of Rochester. Lord Hyde afterwards became Earl of Clarendon and Rochester. Sir William's eldest daughter, Catharine, was the wife of Sir Edward Wyndham, Bart. ancestor of the present Earl of Egremont.

DEDICATION

OF

KING ARTHUR,

OR, THE BRITISH WORTHY.[1]

TO THE

MARQUIS OF HALIFAX.[2]

MY LORD,

THIS poem was the last piece of service which I had the honour to do for my gracious master, King Charles the Second; and though he lived not to see the performance of it on the stage,

[1] This dramatick opera was performed at the Queen's Theatre in Dorset Gardens, in the middle of the year 1691, and was printed in the same year. From THE GENTLEMAN'S JOURNAL for January 1691-2, by P. Motteux, it appears that it was frequently represented in the preceding December. The two Companies, called the King's and the Duke's Servants, were united in 1682, and acted afterwards together in Drury-Lane: but they appear to have occasionally performed in Dorset Gardens, the theatre there being more suited to exhibitions in which the scenes, dances, and machinery, were the principal objects of attraction.

Dr. Johnson has fallen into a slight errour concerning this opera. "It does not (he says) seem to have been brought on the stage."—Afterwards he adds,—"When this was brought upon the stage, news that the Duke of

yet the prologue to it, which was the opera of ALBION AND ALBANIUS, was often practised before

Monmouth had landed was told in the theatre, upon which the company departed, and ARTHUR was exhibited no more."

This story, thus related, is a good specimen of the manner in which traditional tales are usually handed down from age to age; which, if closely examined and compared with authentick documents, are hardly ever found correct in all their parts. The truth is, a rumour had reached Dr. Johnson, that an opera of Dryden's had been acted at the time of the Duke of Monmouth's landing in the west; and he has applied to KING ARTHUR what was true only of ALBION AND ALBANIUS. This tale, however, as usual, gathered some additional circumstances as it rolled along; for ALBION AND ALBANIUS, as has been already mentioned, was performed *six times*, and on the sixth night of its representation an account reached London of the Duke of Monmouth's invasion; so that if the company rose up in confusion, it must have been *then*, and not on its first representation. As for KING ARTHUR, instead of being never acted, it was frequently performed with considerable success.—"It was, says Downes, (ROSCIUS ANGLICANUS, 8vo. 1708, p. 42,) excellently adorned with scenes and machines; the musical part set by famous Mr. Henry Purcell, and dances by Mr. Jo. Priest. The play and musick pleased the court and city, and being well performed, 'twas very gainful to the company."

The last paragraph quoted from Johnson's LIFE OF DRYDEN was an *addition* to his original work, and his memory, or that of his informer, deceived him.

[a] Sir George Saville was the son of Sir William Saville, Bart. and Anne, daughter of Thomas, Lord

him at Whitehall, and encouraged by his royal approbation. It was indeed a time which was

Coventry, Lord Keeper of the Great Seal. In January 1667-8, he was created Viscount, 16th of July 1672, Earl, and 17th of August 1682, Marquis, of Halifax; and soon afterwards he was made Lord Privy Seal. He appears to have been rather a dextrous political intriguer, than a wise or virtuous statesman, and to have affected in every period of his life the character of a man of wit. Several of his BON-MOTS have been recorded. When Charles II. had issued his Declaration in 1681, relative to the conduct of the last three parliaments, it became a general fashion throughout England to address or petition the crown. The petitioners being urgent for a new parliament, and not very respectful in their language, and the addresses on the other hand containing the strongest approbation of the late measures of government, Lord Halifax, though then one of the ministry, said,—"that the Petitioners spit in the King's face, but the Addressers spit in his mouth;" a saying which Burnet tells us was much repeated.

Though he strenuously opposed the Bill of Exclusion, and was very instrumental in its being thrown out in the House of Lords, it was then remembered that he had made an hereditary monarchy the subject of his mirth, and had often said, "Who takes a coachman to drive him, because his father was a good coachman?"—an argument so well suited to the capacities of the lowest of the people, whom the demagogues of the present day are in the habit of haranguing, that it is extraordinary it has never been urged by them, against our present happy establishment; being full as sound, comprehensive and convincing, as any of the topicks which have been employed by these modern REFORMERS, since the new order of things burst

proper for triumph, when he had overcome all those difficulties which for some years had per-

with such baleful splendour upon mankind, and the example and practices of republican France, instead of inspiring her partizans in this country with disgust and horrour, seem only, in their eyes, to have invested the demon of democracy with additional and irresistible attraction.

When Lord Rochester was driven from the office of First Lord of the Treasury, and accepted that of President of the Council, Lord Halifax, who had been instrumental in displacing him, observed,—that he had heard of many men being kicked down stairs, but never of any man being kicked up stairs, before.

Soon after the Revolution, several persons of high rank, who had been very zealous and serviceable in bringing about that happy event, but at the same time had no great abilities, applied for some of the most considerable employments in the government. The Marquis of Halifax, being consulted upon this, answered, "I remember to have read in history that Rome was saved by geese, but I do not remember that these geese were made Consuls."—This anecdote is recorded by Dr. Maty, who probably derived his information from Dr. Chenevix, Bishop of Waterford, and a friend of Lord Chesterfield, who was grandson to the Marquis.—The others are told by Burnet.

"He was a man (says Burnet) of a great and ready wit; full of life, and very pleasant; much turned to satire. He let his wit run much on matters of religion, so that he passed for a bold and determined atheist; though he often protested to me, he was not one, and said, he believed there was not one in the world. - - - - - He was always talking of morality and friendship. He was punctual in all payments, and just in all private dealings;

plexed his peaceful reign; but when he had just restored his people to their senses, and made the

but with relation to the publick, he went backwards and forwards, and changed sides so often, that in conclusion no side trusted him. Yet he went into the worst part of King Charles's reign. The liveliness of his imagination was always too hard for his judgment. A severe jest was preferred by him to all arguments whatsoever; and he was endless in consultations; for when after much discourse a point was settled, if he could find a new jest, to make even that which was suggested by himself ridiculous, he could not hold, but would study to raise the credit of his wit, though it made others call his judgment in question. When he talked to me, as a philosopher, of his contempt of the world, I asked him what he meant by getting so many new titles, which I called the hanging himself about with bells and tinsel. He had no excuse for it but this; —" that since the world were such fools as to value these matters, a man must be a fool for company: he considered them but as rattles; yet rattles please children; so these might be of use to his family."

The Marquis of Halifax died in April, 1695. At his death, " he professed himself a sincere Christian, and lamented the former part of his life, with solemn resolutions of becoming in all respects another man, if GOD should raise him up. And so (adds the Bishop of Salisbury) I hope he died a better man than he lived."

By his first wife, Dorothy, daughter of Henry Spencer, Earl of Sunderland, he had a son, William, who succeeded him; and by a second wife, the daughter of William Pierrepoint, second son of Robert, Earl of Kingston, he had a daughter, Gertrude, who was married to Philip Stanhope, the third Earl of Chesterfield.—William, the second Marquis of Halifax, died in 1699; leaving by his

latter end of his government of a piece with the happy beginning of it, he was on the sudden snatched away from the blessings and acclamations of his subjects; who arrived so late to the knowledge of him, that they had but just time enough to desire him longer, before they were to part with him for ever. Peace be with the ashes of so good a King! Let his human frailties be forgotten, and his clemency and moderation, the inherent virtues of his family, be remembered with a grateful veneration by three kingdoms, through which he spread the blessings of them. And as your Lordship held a principal place in his esteem, and perhaps the first in his affection, during his latter troubles, the success which accompanied those prudent counsels cannot but reflect an honour on those few who managed them; and wrought out, by their faithfulness and diligence, the publick safety. I might dilate on the difficulties which attended that undertaking,—the temper of the people, the power, arts, and interest of the contrary party; but those are all of them invidious topicks; they are too green in our remembrance; and he who touches on them, *incedit per ignes, suppositos cineri doloso.* But without reproaching one side, to praise another, I may justly recom-

wife, Mary, the eldest daughter of Daniel the second Earl of Nottingham, three daughters; Anne, married to Charles Bruce, Earl of Aylesbury; Dorothy, to Richard Boyle, the last Earl of Burlington; and Mary, to Sackville Tufton, Earl of Thanet.

mend to both those wholesome counsels, which, wisely administered, and as well executed, were the means of preventing a civil war, and of extinguishing a growing fire which was just ready to have broken forth among us. So many wives, who have yet their husbands in their arms; so many parents, who have not the number of their children lessened; so many villages, towns, and cities, whose inhabitants are not decreased, their property violated, or their wealth diminished, are yet owing to the sober conduct and happy results of your advice. If a true account may be expected by future ages, from the present, your Lordship will be delivered over to posterity[3] in a fairer character than I have given; and be read, not in the Preface of a play, (whose author is not vain enough to promise immortality to others, or

[3] The Marquis of Halifax "delivered himself over to posterity," having left behind him Memoirs of his own Times. He kept a journal every day of all the conversations which he had with Charles II. and the most distinguished men of his time. Of these MEMOIRS two fair copies were made, one of which fell into the hands of Daniel, Earl of Nottingham, and was destroyed by him. The other devolved to the Marquis's grand-daughter, Lady Burlington, in whose possession it long remained; but Pope (as the late Horace, Earl of Orford, informed me) finding on a perusal of these Memoirs, that the papists of those days were represented in an unfavourable light, prevailed on her to burn them, and thus the publick have been deprived of probably a curious and valuable work.

to hope for it himself,) but in many pages of a chronicle, filled with praises of your administration. For if writers be just to the memory of King Charles the Second, they cannot deny him to have been an exact knower of mankind, and a perfect distinguisher of their talents. It is true, his necessities often forced him to vary his counsellors and counsels, and sometimes to employ such persons in the management of his affairs who were rather fit for his present purpose, than satisfactory to his judgment; but where it was choice in him, not compulsion, he was master of too much good sense to delight in heavy conversation; and whatever his favourites of state might be, yet those of his affection were men of wit. He was easy with these; and complied only with the former. But in the latter part of his life, which certainly required to be most cautiously managed, his secret thoughts were communicated but to few; and those selected of that sort, who were *amici omnium horarum*,[4] able to advise him in a serious consult, where his honour and safety were concerned, and afterwards capable of entertaining him with pleasant discourse as well as profitable. In this maturest part of his age, when he had been long seasoned with difficulties and dangers, and

[3] "——illa potius urbana esse dixerim, quæ sunt generis ejusdem, quæ ridicula dicuntur et tamen ridicula non sunt; ut de Pollione Asinio seriis jocisque pariter accommodato dictum est, *esse cum omnium horarum*." Quintil. lib. vi. c. 3.

was grown to a niceness in his choice, as being satisfied how few could be trusted; and of those who could be trusted, how few could serve him, he confined himself to a small number of bosom friends, amongst whom the world is much mistaken if your Lordship was not first.

If the rewards which you received for those services were only honours, it rather shewed the necessities of the times, than any want of kindness in your royal master. And as the splendour of your fortune stood not in need of being supported by the crown, so likewise in being satisfied without other recompense, you shewed yourself to be above a mercenary interest, and strengthened that power which bestowed those titles on you; which, truly speaking, were marks of acknowledgment more than favour.

But, as a skilful pilot will not be tempted out to sea in suspected weather, so have you wisely chosen to withdraw yourself from publick business, when the face of heaven grew troubled, and the frequent shifting of the winds foreshewed a storm. There are times and seasons when the best patriots are willing to withdraw their hands from the commonwealth, as Phocion in his latter days was observed to decline the management of affairs; or as Cicero (to draw the similitude more home) left the pulpit for Tusculum, and the praise of oratory for the sweet enjoyments of a private life; and in the happiness of those retirements, has more obliged posterity by his moral precepts than

he did the republick in quelling the conspiracy of Catiline.* What prudent man would not rather follow the example of his retreat, than stay like Cato, with a stubborn unseasonable virtue, to oppose the torrent of the people, and at last be driven from the market-place by a riot of a multitude, uncapable of counsel, and deaf to eloquence? There is likewise a portion of our lives, which every wise man may justly reserve to his own peculiar use, and that without defrauding his native country. A Roman soldier was allowed to plead the merit of his services for his dismission at such an age;[5] and there was but one exception to that rule, which was an invasion from the Gauls. How far that may work with your Lordship, I am not certain; but I hope it is not coming to the trial.

In the mean time, while the nation is secured from foreign attempts by so powerful a fleet, and we enjoy not only the happiness, but even the ornaments of peace in the divertisement of the town, I humbly offer you this trifle, which, if it succeed upon the stage, is like to be the chiefest entertainment of our ladies and gentlemen this summer. When I wrote it, seven years ago, I employed some reading about it, to inform myself

* Vide Cic. de Officiis, lib. ii. c. 1.

[5] i. e. at a certain age.—The Roman foot-soldier was entitled to his discharge at the end of twenty years; at which time he received a donative equal to about one hundred pounds sterling.

out of Beda, Bochartus, and other authors, concerning the rites and customs of the heathen Saxons; as I also used the little skill I have in poetry to adorn it. But not to offend the present times, nor a government which has hitherto protected me, I have been obliged so much to alter the first design, and take away so many beauties from the writing, that it is now no more what it was formerly, than the present ship of the Royal Sovereign, after so often taking down and altering, is the vessel it was at the first building. There is nothing better than what I intended, but the musick, which has since arrived to a greater perfection in England than ever formerly; especially passing through the artful hands of Mr. Purcell, who has composed it with so great a genius, that he has nothing to fear but an ignorant, ill-judging audience. But the numbers of poetry and vocal musick are sometimes so contrary, that in many places I have been obliged to cramp my verses, and make them rugged to the reader, that they may be harmonious to the hearer; of which I have no reason to repent me, because these sorts of entertainments are principally designed for the ear and eye; and therefore, in reason, my art on this occasion ought to be subservient to his. And besides, I flatter myself with an imagination, that a judicious audience will easily distinguish betwixt the songs wherein I have complied with him, and those in which I have followed the rules of poetry in the sound and cadence of the words.

Notwithstanding all these disadvantages, there is somewhat still remaining of the first spirit with which I wrote it; and though I can only speak by guess of what pleased my first and best patroness the Duchess of Monmouth, in the reading, yet I will venture my opinion, by the knowledge I have long had of her Grace's excellent judgment, and true taste of poetry, that the parts of the airy and earthy spirits, and that fairy kind of writing which depends only upon the force of imagination, were the grounds of her liking the poem, and afterwards of her recommending it to the Queen. I have likewise had the satisfaction to hear, that her Majesty has graciously been pleased to peruse the manuscript of this opera, and given it her royal approbation. Poets, who subsist not but on the favour of sovereign princes, and of great persons, may have leave to be a little vain, and boast of their patronage who encourage the genius that animates them; and therefore I will again presume to guess, that her Majesty was not displeased to find in this poem the praises of her native country, and the heroick actions of so famous a predecessor in the government of Great Britain, as King Arthur.

All this, my Lord, I must confess looks with a kind of insinuation, that I present you with somewhat not unworthy your protection. But I may easily mistake the favour of her Majesty for her judgment: I think I cannot be deceived in thus addressing to your Lordship, whom I have had

the honour to know, at that distance which becomes me, for so many years. It is true that formerly I have shadowed some part of your virtues under another name;[6] but the character, though short and imperfect, was so true, that it broke through the fable, and was discovered by its native light. What I pretend by this Dedication, is an honour which I do myself to posterity, by acquainting them, that I have been conversant with the first persons of the age in which I lived; and thereby perpetuate my prose, when my verses may possibly be forgotten, or obscured by the fame of future poets. Which ambition, amongst my other faults and imperfections, be pleased to pardon in,

My LORD,

Your Lordship's most obedient servant,

JOHN DRYDEN.

[6] Under the name of Jotham, in ABSALOM AND ACHITOPHEL.

DEDICATION

OF

CLEOMENES,

THE SPARTAN HERO.[7]

TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE

THE EARL OF ROCHESTER,

KNIGHT OF THE MOST NOBLE ORDER OF THE GARTER, &c.[8]

IT is enough for your Lordship to be conscious to yourself of having performed a just and honourable action, in redeeming this play from the

[7] This tragedy was written in 1691; and, as appears from Motteux's GENTLEMAN'S JOURNAL, was first represented in April, 1692, and printed in that year. It was performed at the Theatre Royal in Drury-Lane.

[8] Of this nobleman some account has already been given in p. 63. After his being deprived of the office of Lord Treasurer, he was, as has been mentioned, made President of the Council. On the accession of King James, he was again made Lord Treasurer, but was soon a second time deprived of the Treasurer's staff. Having at the Revolution strenuously opposed the vote—that the throne had become vacant, though maternal uncle to the Queen, he could not expect any favour from King William. However, before the end of his reign, Lord Rochester was admitted into the Privy Council, and in 1701 was appointed Lord Lieutenant of Ireland.

persecution of my enemies; but it would be ingratitude in me not to publish it to the world. That it has appeared on the stage, is principally owing to you; that it has succeeded, is the approbation of your judgment by that of the publick. It is just the inversion of an act of parliament; your Lordship first signed it, and then it was passed amongst the lords and commons. The children of old men are generally observed to be short-lived, and of a weakly constitution; how this may prove I know not, but hitherto it has promised well; and if it survive to posterity, it will carry the noble name of its patron along with it, or rather, it will be carried by yours to after-ages. Ariosto, in his VOYAGE OF ASTOLPHO TO THE MOON, has given us a fine allegory of two swans, who, when Time had thrown the writings of many poets into the river of Oblivion, were ever in a readiness to secure the best, and beat them aloft into the Temple of Immortality.—Whether this poem be of that number, is left to the judgment of the swan who has preserved it; and though I can claim little from his justice, I may presume to value myself upon his charity.

It will be told me, that I have mistaken the Italian poet; who means only, that some excellent writers, almost as few in number as the swans, have rescued the memory of their patrons from forgetfulness and time, when a vast multitude of crows and vultures, that is, bad scribblers, parasites, and flatterers, oppressed by the weight of

the names which they endeavoured to redeem, were forced to let them fall again into Lethe, where they were lost for ever. If it be thus, my Lord, the table would be turned upon me; but I should only fail in my vain attempt; for either some other immortal swan will be more capable of sustaining such a weight, or you who have so long been conversant in the management of great affairs, are able with your own pen to do justice to yourself, and, at the same time, to give the nation a clearer and more faithful insight into those transactions, wherein you have worthily sustained so great a part. For to your experience in state affairs you have also joined no vulgar erudition, which all your modesty is not able to conceal; for to understand critically the delicacies of Horace, is a height to which few of our noblemen have arrived; and that this is your deserved commendation I am a living evidence, as far at least as I can be allowed a competent judge on that subject. Your affection to that admirable Ode which Horace writes to his Mæcenas, and which I had the honour to inscribe to you,[9] is not the only proof of this assertion. You may please to remember, that in the late happy conversation which I had with your Lordship at a noble relation's of yours, you took me aside, and pleased

[9] The 29th Ode of the third book. Our author's translation of this Ode first appeared in the Second Part of his MISCELLANIES, published in 1685.

yourself with repeating to me one of the most beautiful pieces in that author. It was the Ode to Barine, wherein you were so particularly affected with that elegant expression, *Juvenumque prodis publica cura.* There is, indeed, the virtue of a whole poem in those words; that *curiosa felicitas* which Petronius so justly ascribes to our author. The barbarity of our language is not able to reach it; yet, when I have leisure, I mean to try how near I can raise my English to his Latin; though in the mean time, I cannot but imagine to myself with what scorn his sacred manes would look on so lame a translation as I could make. His *recalcitrat undique tutus* might more reasonably be applied to me, than he himself applied it to Augustus Cæsar. I ought to reckon that day as very fortunate to me, and distinguish it, as the ancients did, with a whiter stone, because it furnished me with an occasion of reading my CLEOMENES to a beautiful assembly of ladies, where your Lordship's three fair daughters[1] were pleased to grace it with their presence; and, if I

[1] The Earl of Rochester had three daughters; Anne, the first wife of James, the second Duke of Ormond; Henrietta, the wife of James, Earl of Dalkeith, eldest son of James, Duke of Monmouth; and Mary, who was married to Francis, Lord Conway. But the Duchess of Ormond having died in 1685, could not be one of the ladies here alluded to. Lady Hyde, who is mentioned in the next sentence, must therefore have been taken into the account here.

may have leave to single out any one in particular, there was your admirable daughter-in-law,[2] shining not like a star, but a constellation of herself; a more true and brighter Berenice. Then it was, that whether out of your own partiality and indulgence to my writings, or out of complaisance to the fair company, who gave the first good omen to my success by their approbation, your Lordship was pleased to add your own; and afterwards to represent it to the Queen, as wholly innocent of those crimes which were laid unjustly to its charge.[3]

[2] Jane, the wife of Henry, Lord Hyde, and daughter of Sir William Gower. This is the second time of her appearance in the character of BERENICE. See p. 202, n. 9.

[3] What the objections were which were made to this tragedy, has not been recorded. Motteux, in his GENTLEMAN'S JOURNAL for April, 1692, says, "I was in hopes to have given you in this letter an account of the acting of Mr. Dryden's CLEOMENES: it was to have appeared upon the stage on Saturday last, and you need not doubt but that the town was big with the expectation of the performance; but orders came from her Majesty to hinder its being acted: so that none can tell when it shall be played."—In the following month, we find this further notice on the subject: "I told you in my last that none could then tell when Mr. Dryden's CLEOMENES would appear. Since that time the innocence and merit of the play have raised it several eminent advocates, who have prevailed to have it acted, and you need not doubt but it has been with great applause."

King William being at this time in the Netherlands, the order came from the Queen only. Her Majesty,

Neither am I to forget my charming patroness; though she will not allow my publick address to her in a Dedication, but protects me unseen, like my guardian angel, and shuns my gratitude, like a fairy who is bountiful by stealth; and conceals the giver when she bestows the gift. But my Lady Sylvius[4] has been juster to me, and pointed out the goddess at whose altar I was to pay my sacrifice and thanks-offering; and had she been silent, yet my Lord Chamberlain himself,[5] in restoring my play, without any alteration, avowed to me, that I had the most earnest solicitress, as well as the fairest, and that nothing could be refused to my Lady Hyde.

These favours, my Lord, received from yourself and your noble family, have encouraged me

two years before, had found herself greatly embarrassed at the representation of THE SPANISH FRYAR, which she had commanded to be performed; and hence, probably, was extremely apprehensive of any new piece being produced on the stage, that might admit of political applications to her own times. See a curious account of her distress during the performance of THE SPANISH FRYAR, in a letter written by Daniel, Earl of Nottingham; Dalrymple's MEMOIRS, second Appendix, p. 78, 4to.

[4] Lady Sylvius was the wife of Sir Gabriel Sylvius, who in 1679 was Envoy to the Duke of Brunswick, and at the time of the Revolution was Ambassador Extraordinary at the court of Denmark. The editors of the modern editions of this play have been content to read —my Lady *Sylvia*.

[5] Our author's patron, Charles, Earl of Dorset,

to this Dedication; wherein I not only give you back a play, which, had you not redeemed it, had not been mine, but also at the same time dedicate to you, the unworthy author, with my inviolable faith, and, how mean soever, my utmost service; and I shall be proud to hold my dependence on you in chief, as I do part of my small fortune in Wiltshire.[6] Your goodness has not been wanting to me during the reign of my two masters: and even from a bare treasury, my success has been contrary to that of Mr. Cowley; and Gideon's fleece has then been moistened, when all the ground has been dry about it.[7] Such and so many provocations of this nature have concurred

[6] I suspect this part of our author's fortune was the portion brought by his wife, whose father, Thomas, Earl of Berkshire, derived from his mother the lordship of Charlton, in Wiltshire.

[7] Our author here alludes to the following verses in Cowley's poem entitled THE COMPLAINT:

" As a fair morning of the blessed spring,
" After a tedious stormy night,
" Such was the glorious entry of our King;
" Enriching moisture dropp'd on every thing;
" Plenty he sow'd below, and cast about him light.
" But then, alas! to thee alone
" One of old Gideon's miracles was shewn,
" For every tree and every herb around
" With pearly dew was crown'd;
" And upon all the quicken'd ground
" The fruitful seed of heaven did brooding lie,
" And nothing but the Muses' fleece was dry."

to my invading of your modesty with this address. I am sensible that it is in a manner forced upon you. But your Lordship has been the aggressor in this quarrel, by so many favours, which you are not weary of conferring on me; though at the same time I own the ambition on my side, to be ever esteemed

Your Lordship's most thankful

And most obedient servant,

JOHN DRYDEN.

PREFACE

TO

CLEOMENES.

It is now seven or eight years since I designed to write this play of Cleomenes; and my Lord Falkland[8] (whose name I cannot mention without honour, for the many favours I have received from him,) is pleased to witness for me, that in a French book which I presented him about that time, there were the names of many subjects that I had thought on for the stage; amongst which this tragedy was one. This was out of my remembrance; but my Lord, on the occasion of stopping my play, took the opportunity of doing me a good office at court, by repre-

[8] Antony, fourth Viscount Falkland, who at this time was one of the Lords of the Admiralty, and died in 1694. He wrote the prologue spoken before Otway's comedy called The Soldier's Fortune, and another intended for Congreve's Old Bachelor, and prefixed to that play, but not spoken, probably on account of its indecency. This nobleman, who succeeded his father, Henry, Lord Falkland, in 1664, is frequently mentioned in the lampoons of Charles the Second's time.

senting it as it was, a piece long ago designed; which being judiciously treated, I thought was capable of moving compassion on the stage. The success has justified my opinion, and that at a time when the world is running mad after farce, the extremity of bad poetry, or rather the judgment that is fallen upon dramatick writing. Were I in the humour, I have sufficient cause to expose it in its true colours; but having for once escaped, I will forbear my satire, and only be thankful for my deliverance.

A great part of my good fortune, I must confess, is owing to the justice which was done me in the performance. I can scarcely refrain from giving every one of the actors their particular commendations; but none of them will be offended if I say what the town has generally granted, that Mrs. Barry, always excellent, has in this tragedy excelled herself, and gained a reputation beyond any woman whom I have ever seen on the theatre.* After all, it was a bold attempt of mine

* "Mrs. Barry (says Cibber) in characters of greatness had a presence of elevated dignity; her mien and motion superb, and gracefully majestick; her voice full, clear, and strong, so that no violence of passion could be too much for her; and when distress or tenderness possessed her, she subsided into the most affecting melody and softness. In the art of exciting pity she had a power beyond all the actresses I have yet seen, or what your imagination can conceive. Of the former of these two great excellencies she gave the most delightful proofs in

to write upon a single plot, unmixed with comedy; which, though it be the natural and true way, yet

all the heroick plays of Dryden and Lee; and of the latter, in the softer passions of Otway's Monimia and Belvidera. In scenes of anger, defiance, or resentment, while she was impetuous and terrible, she poured out the sentiment with an enchanting harmony; and it was this particular excellence for which Dryden made her the above-mentioned compliment [*that in the text,*] upon her acting Cassandra in his CLEOMENES. But here I am apt to think his partiality for that character may have tempted his judgment to let it pass for her masterpiece; when he could not but know, there were several other characters in which her action might have given her a fairer pretence to the praise he has bestowed on her for Cassandra; for in no part of that is there the least ground for compassion, as in Monimia; nor equal cause for admiration, as in the nobler love of Cleopatra, or the tempestuous jealousy of Roxana. 'Twas in these lights I thought Mrs. Barry shone with much brighter excellence than in Cassandra." APOLOGY, &c. p. 133.

"And yet (says Antony Aston, in his curious Supplement to Cibber's work,) this fine creature was not handsome, her mouth opening most on the right side, which she strove to draw t'other way, and at times composing her face, as if sitting to have her picture drawn.—Mrs. Barry was middle-sized, and had darkish hair, light eyes, dark eyebrows, and was indifferently plump. - - - - - She had a manner of drawing out her words, which became her, but not Mrs. Bradshaw and Mrs. Porter, her successors. - - - - Neither she, nor any of the actresses of those times had any tone in their speech, so much lately in use. —In tragedy she was solemn and august; in free comedy alert, easy, and genteel; pleasant in her face and action;

is not to the genius of the nation. Yet to gratify the barbarous party of my audience, I gave them a short rabble-scene, because the mob (as they call them) are represented by Plutarch and Polybius with the same character of baseness and cowardice, which are here described in the last attempt of Cleomenes. They may thank me, if they please, for this indulgence; for no French poet would have allowed them any more than a bare relation of that scene, which debases a tragedy to show upon the stage.

For the rest, some of the mechanick rules of unity are observed, and others are neglected. The action is but one, which is the death of Cleomenes; and every scene in the play is tending to the accomplishment of the main design. The place is likewise one, for it is all in the compass of Alexandria, and the port of that city. The time might easily have been reduced into the space of twenty-four hours, if I would have omitted the scene of famine in the fifth act; but it pleased me to try how Spartans could endure it, and besides, gave me the occasion of writing that other scene betwixt Cleomenes and his suspected friend; and, in such a case, it is better to trespass on a rule, than leave out a beauty.

filling the stage with variety of gesture. She was woman to Lady Shelton, of Norfolk, (my godmother,) when Lord Rochester took her on the stage, where for some time they could make nothing of her. She could neither sing, nor dance, no not in a country-dance."

As for other objections, I never heard any worth answering; and least of all, that foolish one which is raised against me by the sparks, for Cleomenes not accepting the favours of Cassandra. *They would not have refused a fair lady:* I grant they would not; but let them grant me, that they are not heroes:[9]—and so much for the point of honour. A man might have pleaded an excuse for himself, if he had been false to an old wife for the sake of a young mistress; but Cleora was in the flower of

[9] In the GUARDIAN, N° 45, which was written by Steele, this remark of our author's assumes a more lively air, by being converted into an *extempore saying*. "As to the portraits (says the writer) which I would propose of men and women, if they are not imitated or regarded, I can only answer, as *I remember* Mr. Dryden did, on the like occasion, when a young fellow just come from the play of CLEOMENES, told him in raillery against the continency of his principal character, 'If I had been alone with a lady, I should not have passed my time like your Spartan.' '*That may be*, (answered the bard, with a very grave face,) *but give me leave to tell you, Sir, you are no hero.*'

Steele, as appears from the Matriculation-Register of the University of Oxford, was matriculated as a member of Christchurch, at the age of sixteen, March the 13th, 1689-90, and became one of the Post-masters of Merton College, August 27th, 1691: circumstances which have not been noticed by any of his biographers. He therefore at this time was a young Oxonian, not "the man of wit and pleasure about town;" and therefore could only have heard this tale related, which most probably was formed on the passage before us.

her age, and it was yet but honey-moon with Cleomenes;—and so much for nature. Some have told me, that many of the fair sex complain for want of tender scenes, and soft expressions of love; I will endeavour to make them some amends, if I write again, and my next hero shall be no Spartan.

I know it will be here expected that I should write somewhat concerning the forbidding of my play;[1] but the less I say of it, the better. And besides, I was so little concerned at it, that had it not been on consideration of the actors, who were to suffer on my account, I should not have been at all solicitous whether it were played or no. Nobody can imagine that in my declining age I write willingly, or that I am desirous of exposing, at this time of day, the small reputation which I have gotten on the theatre. The subsistence which I had from the former government is lost; and the reward I have from the stage is so little, that it is not worth my labour.[2]

As for the reasons which were given for suspending the play, it seems they were so ill founded, that my Lord Chamberlain no sooner took the pains to read it, but they vanished; and my copy

[1] See p. 221. n. 3.

[2] The author's third night at this time produced about seventy or eighty pounds; and the price given by the bookseller for the copy of this play is ascertained by a receipt yet extant, in our author's handwriting, to have been thirty guineas.

was restored to me without the least alteration by his Lordship. It is printed as it was acted; and I dare assure you, that here is no parallel to be found: it is neither compliment nor satire, but a plain story, more strictly followed than any which has appeared upon the stage. It is true, it had been garbled before by the superiours of the play-house; and I cannot reasonably blame them for their caution, because they are answerable for any thing that is publickly represented; and their zeal for the government is such, that they had rather lose the best poetry in the world, than give the least suspicion of their loyalty. The short is, that they were diligent enough to make sure work; and to geld it so clearly in some places, that they took away the very manhood of it. I can only apply to them what Cassandra says somewhere in the play to Ptolomy:[3]

To be so nice in my concerns for you;
To doubt where doubts are not; to be too fearful;
To raise a bugbear shadow of a danger,
And then be frighted, though it cannot reach you.

But since it concerns me to be as circumspect as they are, I have given leave to my bookseller to print the Life of Cleomenes, as it is elegantly and faithfully translated out of Plutarch by my learned friend, Mr. Creech; to whom the world has been indebted for his excellent version of Lucretius, and I particularly obliged in his translation of

[3] In Act iii. sc. 1.

Horace.[4] We daily expect Manilius from him, an author worthy only of such hands; which, having formerly revealed the secrets of nature to us here on earth, is now discovering to us her palace in the skies, and, if I might be allowed to say it, giving light to the stars of heaven:

Ergo vivida vis animi pervicit, et extra
Processit longè flammantia mœnia mundi.[5]

But to return to Plutarch: you will find him particularly fond of Cleomenes his character, who, as he was the last of the Spartan heroes, so he was, in my opinion, the greatest. Even his enemy, Polybius, though engaged in the contrary faction, yet speaks honourably of him; and especially of his last action in Egypt. This author is also made English, and will shortly be published for the common benefit.[6]

What I have added to the story is chiefly the love of Agathoclea, the King's mistress, whose name I have changed into Cassandra, only for the better sound; as I have also the name of Nica-

[4] The second edition of Creech's translation of Horace, published in 1684, is dedicated "To the very much esteemed John Dryden, Esqre."; of whom a very amiable character is given.

[5] LUCRET. lib. i. v. 74, 75.

[6] The translation here alluded to, which was made by Sir Henry Sheers, was published in 1693. A character of Polybius and his writings, by our author, was prefixed.

goras into that of Cœnus, for the same reason. Cratisiclæa, Pantheus, and Sosybius, are to be found in the story, with the same characters which they have in the tragedy. There is likewise mention made of the son of Cleomenes, who had resolution enough to throw himself headlong from a tower, when he had heard of his father's ill success; and for Cleora, whom I make the second wife of Cleomenes, (for Ægyatis was dead before,) you will find a hint of her in Plutarch; for he tells us, that after the loss of the battle at Sellasia, he returned to Sparta, and entering his own house, was there attended by a freeborn woman of Megalopolis.

The picture of Ptolomy Philopater is given by the fore-mentioned authors to the full. Both agree that he was an original of his kind; a lazy, effeminate, cowardly, cruel, and luxurious prince, managed by his favourite, and imposed on by his mistress. The son of Sosybius, whom I call Cleanthes, was a friend to Cleomenes; but Plutarch says, he at length forsook him. I have given him a fairer character, and made it only a seeming treachery which he practised. If any be so curious to enquire what became of Cassandra, whose fortune was left in suspence at the conclusion of the play, I must first inform them, that after the death of Cleomenes, (the hero of my poem,) I was obliged by the laws of the drama to let fall the curtain immediately; because the action was then concluded. But Polybius tells us, that she survived

Ptolomy, who reigned about twenty-seven years; that with her brother Agathocles, she governed Egypt in the minority of his son Ptolomy Epiphanes; and that finally, for oppressing of the people, both the brother and sister were slain in a popular insurrection.

There is nothing remaining but my thanks to the town in general, and to the fair ladies in particular, for their kind reception of my play; and though I cannot retract what I said before,—that I was not much concerned in my own particular for the embargo which was laid upon it,—yet I think myself obliged, at the same time, to render my acknowledgments to those honourable persons who were instrumental in the freeing it. For as it was from a principle of nobleness in them, that they would not suffer one to want, who was grown old in their service, so it is from a principle of another sort that I have learned to possess my soul in patience, and not to be much disquieted with any disappointment of this nature.

DEDICATION

OF

LOVE TRIUMPHANT,

OR, NATURE WILL PREVAIL.[7]

TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE

JAMES, EARL OF SALISBURY, &c.[8]

MY LORD,

THIS poem being the last which I intend for the theatre, ought to have the same provision made for it, which old men make for their youngest child, which is commonly a favourite. They who

[7] This tragi-comedy, which has no preface, was the last piece produced by our author for the stage. It was represented at the Theatre Royal in Drury-Lane, by their Majesties' Servants, early in 1694, in which year it was first printed.—He was now about to undertake his great work, the translation of Virgil.

A contemporary writer, who appears to have been no great admirer of our author, whom he calls "*huffing* Dryden, thus speaks of this drama, in a letter, dated March the 22d, 1693-4, which I have given at length in the HISTORY OF THE ENGLISH STAGE: "The second play is Mr. Dryden's, called LOVE TRIUMPHANT, OR NATURE WILL PREVAIL. It is a tragi-comedy, but in my opinion one of the worst he ever writ, if not the very

were born before it carry away the right of patrimony by right of eldership: this is to make its fortune in the world; and since I can do little for it, natural affection calls upon me to put it out, at least, into the best service which I can procure for it. And as it is the usual practice of our decayed gentry to look about them for some illustrious family, and there endeavour to fix their young darling, where he may be both well educated and supported, I have herein also followed the custom of the world, and am satisfied in my judgment that I could not have made a more worthy choice. It is true, I am not vain enough to think that any thing of mine can in any measure be worthy of your Lordship's patronage; and yet I should be ashamed to leave the stage without some acknow-

worst: the comical part descends beneath the style and show of a Bartholomew-Fair droll. It was damned by the universal cry of the town, *nemine contradicente* but the conceited poet. He says in his prologue, that this is the last the town must expect from him; he had done himself a kindness, had he taken his leave before."

[8] James, the fourth Earl of Salisbury, was the son of James, the third Earl, and of Margaret, daughter of John Manners, Earl of Rutland. On the death of his father in 1683, he succeeded to the title; and he died a few months after this play was dedicated to him. The circumstances of his having become a convert to popery, and being warmly attached to the interest of James the Second, must have particularly endeared this nobleman to our author, who was also connected with his family by marriage.

knowledgment of your former favours, which I have more than once experienced. Besides the honour of my wife's relation to your noble house,[9] to which my sons may plead some title, though I cannot, you have been pleased to take a particular notice of me, even in this lowness of my fortunes, to which I have voluntarily reduced myself, and of which I have no reason to be ashamed. This condescension, my Lord, is not only becoming of your ancient family, but of your personal character in the world; and if I value myself the more for your indulgence to me, and of your opinion of me, it is because any thing which you like ought to be considered as something in itself; and therefore I must not undervalue my present labours, because I have presumed to make you my patron. A man may be just to himself, though he ought not to be partial. And I dare affirm, that the several manners which I have given to the persons of this drama are truly drawn from nature, all perfectly distinguished from each other; that the fable is not injudiciously contrived; that the turns of fortune are not managed unartfully; and that the last revolution is happily enough invented. Aristotle, I acknowledge, has declared,

[9] William, the second Earl of Salisbury, married Catharine, daughter of Thomas, Earl of Suffolk, and sister of Charles, Earl of Berkshire; whose daughter, Lady Elizabeth Dryden, was consequently cousin-german to Charles, Lord Cranbourne, who was grandfather to the nobleman here addressed.

that the catastrophe which is made from the change of will is not one of the first order for beauty; but it may reasonably be alledged in defence of this play, as well as of the CINNA, (which I take to be the very best of Corneille's,) that the philosopher who made the rule, copied all the laws which he gave for the theatre from the authorities and examples of the Greek poets which he had read; and from their poverty of invention he could get nothing but mean conclusions of wretched tales, where the mind of the chief actor was for the most part changed without art or preparation, only because the poet could not otherwise end his play. Had it been possible for Aristotle to have seen the CINNA, I am confident he would have altered his opinion; and concluded, that a simple change of will might be managed with so much judgment, as to render it the most agreeable as well as the most surprizing part of the whole fable; let Dacier, and all the rest of the modern criticks, who are too much bigotted to the ancients, contend never so much to the contrary.

I was afraid that I had been the inventor of a new sort of designing, when in my third act I make a discovery of my Alphonso's true parentage. If it were so, what wonder had it been that dramatick poetry, though a limited art, yet might be capable of receiving some innovations for the better; but afterwards I casually found that Menander and Terence, in the HEAUTONTIMORUMENOS, had been before me, and made the same

kind of discovery in the same act. As for the mechanick unities, that of time is much within the compass of an astrological day, which begins at twelve, and ends at the same hour the day following. That of place is not observed so justly by me, as by the ancients; for their scene was always one, and almost constantly some publick place. Some of the late French poets, and amongst the English, my most ingenious friend Mr. Congreve, have observed this rule strictly; though the place was not altogether so publick as a street. I have followed the example of Corneille, and stretched the latitude to a street and palace, not far distant from each other in the same city. They who will not allow this liberty to a poet, make it a very ridiculous thing for an audience to suppose themselves sometimes to be in a field, sometimes in a garden, and at other times in a chamber. There are not indeed so many absurdities in their supposition as in ours; but it is an original absurdity for the audience to suppose themselves to be in any other place than in the very theatre in which they sit; which is neither chamber, nor garden, nor yet a publick place of any business, but that of the representation.

For my action, it is evidently double; and in that I have most of the ancients for my examples. Yet I dare not defend this way by reason, much less by their authority; for their actions, though double, were of the same species, that is to say, in their comedies two amours; and their persons

were better linked in interests than mine. Yet even this is a fault which I should often practise, if I were to write again, because it is agreeable to the English genius. We love variety more than any other nation; and so long as the audience will not be pleased without it, the poet is obliged to humour them. On condition they were cured of this publick vice, I could be content to change my method, and gladly give them a more reasonable pleasure.

This digression, my Lord, is not altogether to the purpose of an Epistle Dedicatory; yet it is expected that somewhat should be said even here in relation to Criticism; at least in vindication of my address, that you may not be desired to patronize a poem which is wholly unworthy of your protection. Though, after all, I doubt not but some will liken me to the lover in a modern comedy, who was combing his peruke,[1] and setting

[1] It appears from several passages in the prologues and comedies of our author's time, that the fine gentlemen of the day carried combs with them to the theatre, and with the aid of a pocket-glass adjusted their enormous perukes, when they happened to be dishevelled. So, in the Prologue to MR ANTONY, a comedy by Southerne, 1690:

"He that comes hither with design to hiss,
"And with a bum revers'd to whisper Miss,
"*To comb a periwig*, or shew fine cloaths,
"Or to vent antick nonsense with new oaths," &c.

But it should seem from the following lines in Sedley's Prologue to BELLAMIRA, 1687, that this privilege was

his cravat before his mistress; and being asked by her,—when he intended to begin his court, replied,—he had been doing it all this while. Yet thus it happens, my Lord, that *self* will come into all addresses of this nature, though it is the most unmannerly word of the world in civil conversation, and the most ungrateful to all hearers. For which reason, I who have nothing to boast of but my misfortunes, ought to be the first to banish it; especially since I have so large a field before me as your inborn goodness, your evenness of temper, your humility in so ample a share of fortune as you possess; your humanity to all men, and your kindness to your friends; besides your natural and acquired endowments, and your brotherly love to your relations. *Notus in fratres animo paterno,* was the great commendation which Horace gave to one of his patrons;* and it is that praise which

allowed only to the gallants of the boxes and the stage, and that the practice was not permitted in the pit:

"We take all in good part, and never rage,
"Though the shrill pit be louder than the stage:
"*There* you must sit demure, without a word,
"*No peruke comb'd*, nor pocket-tortoise stirr'd;
"Here you may give the lie, or draw your sword."

* Proculeius, whose sister, Terentia, was married to Mæcenas. The two brothers of Proculeius, having lost their fortunes in the civil wars of Rome, he divided his patrimony with them.—Our author is inaccurate in his quotation from Horace (lib. ii. ode 2). All the copies that I have seen, read—

Notus, in fratres *animi paterni*.

particularly crowns your other virtues. But here, my Lord, I am obliged in common prudence to stop short; and to cast under a veil some other of your praises,* as the chymists use to shadow the secret of their great elixir, lest if it were made publick, the world should make a bad use of it. To enjoy our own quiet, without disturbing that of others, is the practice of every moral man; and for the rest, to live cheerfully and splendidly, as it is becoming of your illustrious birth, so it is likewise to thank GOD for his benefits in the best manner. It is unnecessary to wish you more worldly happiness, or content of mind, than you enjoy; but the continuance of both, to yourself and your posterity, is earnestly desired by all who have the honour to be known to you, and more particularly by,

My LORD,

Your Lordship's most obedient,

And most humbly devoted servant,

JOHN DRYDEN.

* The *celata virtus* here alluded to, with so much caution, was probably Lord Salisbury's fidelity and attachment to the abdicated King, whose restoration, it was suspected, he had endeavoured to effect.

PREFACE

TO THE

HUSBAND HIS OWN CUCKOLD[1].

I HAVE thought convenient to acquaint the reader with somewhat concerning this comedy, though perhaps not worth his knowledge. It was sent me from Italy some years since, by my second son, to try its fortune on the stage; and being the essay of a young unexperienced author, to confess the truth, I thought it not worthy of that honour. It is true I was not willing to discourage him so far, as to tell him plainly my opinion, but it seems he guessed somewhat of my mind, by my long delays of his expectation; and therefore, in my absence from the town last summer, took the boldness to dedicate his play to that person of honour[2] whose name you will find before his Epistle. It was received by that noble gentleman with so much

[1] This comedy, which was written by our author's second son, John, was acted at the theatre in Little Lincoln's-Inn Fields, and first printed in 1696. The author was at this time at Rome, with his elder brother, Charles, who was Usher of the Palace to the Pope.

[2] Our author's brother-in-law, Sir Robert Howard.

candour and generosity, as neither my son nor I could deserve from him. Then the play was no longer in my power; the patron demanding it in his own right, it was delivered to him: and he was farther pleased, during my sickness, to put it into that method in which you find it; the loose scenes digested into order, and knit into a tale.

As it is, I think it may pass amongst the rest of our new plays: I know but two authors, and they are both my friends,[4] who have done better since the Revolution. This I dare venture to maintain, that the taste of the age is wretchedly depraved in all sorts of poetry; nothing almost but what is abominably bad can please. The young hounds, who ought to come behind, now lead the pack; but they miserably mistake the scent. Their poets, worthy of such an audience, know not how to distinguish their characters; the manners are all alike inconsistent, and interfering with each other. There is scarce a man or woman of GOD's making in all their farces, yet they raise an unnatural sort of laughter, the common effect of buffoonery; and the rabble which takes this for wit, will endure no better, because it is above their understanding. This account I take from the best judges; for I thank GOD, I have had the grace hitherto to avoid the seeing or reading of their gallimaufries. But it is the latter end of a century, and I hope the next will begin better.

[4] Probably, Southerne and Congreve.

This play, I dare assure the reader, is none of those; it may want beauties, but the faults are neither gross, nor many. Perfection in any art is not suddenly obtained: the author of this, to his misfortune, left his country at a time when he was to have learned the language. The story he has treated, was an accident which happened at Rome, though he has transferred the scene to England. If it shall please God to restore him to me, I may perhaps inform him better of the rules of writing; and if I am not partial, he has already shewn that a genius is not wanting to him. All that I can reasonably fear is, that the perpetual good success of ill plays may make him endeavour to please by writing worse, and by accommodating himself to the wretched capacity and liking of the present audience, from which heaven defend any of my progeny! A poet, indeed, must live by the many; but a good poet will make it his business to please the few. I will not proceed farther on a subject which arraigns so many of the readers.

For what remains, both my son and I are extremely obliged to my dear friend, Mr. Congreve, whose excellent Prologue was one of the greatest ornaments of the play. Neither is my Epilogue the worst which I have written; though it seems at the first sight to expose our young clergy with too much freedom. It was on that consideration that I had once begun it otherwise, and delivered the copy of it to be spoken, in case the first part of it had given offence. This I will give you,

partly in my own justification, and partly too because I think it not unworthy of your sight; only remembering you, that the last line connects the sense to the ensuing part of it.—Farewell, reader: if you are a father, you will forgive me; if not, you will when you are a father.

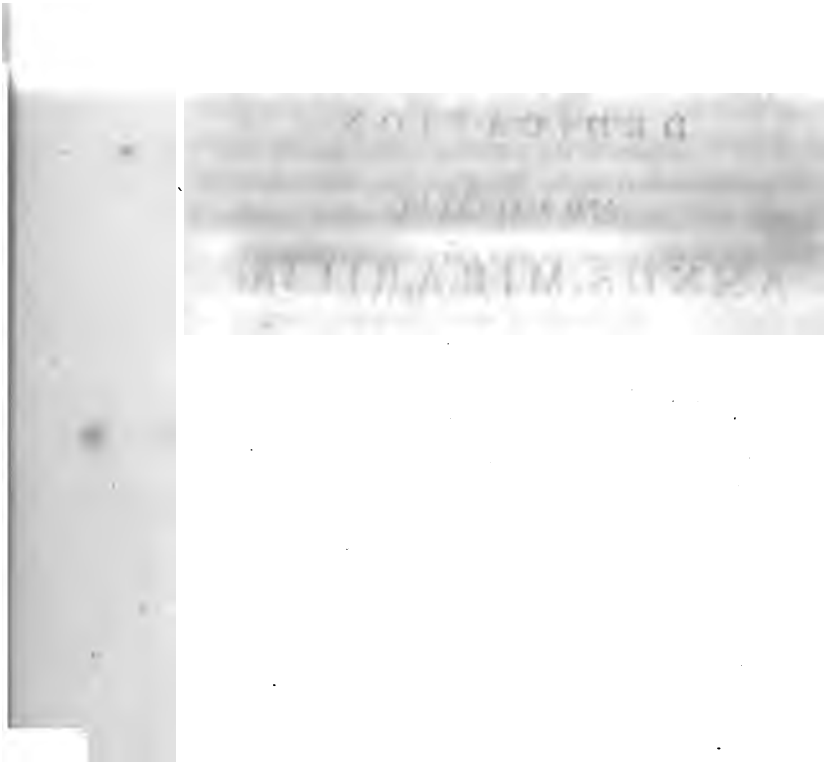
Time was, when none could preach without degrees,
And seven-years toil at Universities;
But when the canting Saints came once in play,
The Spirit did their business in a day:
A zealous cobler, with the gift of tongue,
If he could pray six hours, might preach as long.
Thus, in the primitive times of poetry,
The stage to none but men of sense was free;
But thanks to your judicious taste, my masters,
It lies in common, now, to poetasters.
You set them up, and till you dare condemn,
The satire lies on you, and not on them.
When mountebanks their drugs at market cry,
Is it their fault to sell, or yours to buy?
'Tis true, they write with ease, and well they may;
Fly-blows are gotten every summer's day;
The poet does but buz, and there's a play.
Wit's not his business, &c.

DEDICATION

AND ACCOUNT OF

ANNUS MIRABILIS:

FIRST PRINTED IN OCTAVO, IN 1667.



DEDICATION

OF

ANNUS MIRABILIS,[5]

THE YEAR OF WONDERS,

M DC LXVI.

AN HISTORICAL POEM.

TO

THE METROPOLIS OF GREAT BRITAIN,

THE MOST RENOWNED AND LATE FLOURISHING

CITY OF LONDON,

IN ITS REPRESENTATIVES, THE LORD MAYOR AND COURT OF ALDERMEN, THE SHERIFFS AND COMMON COUNCIL OF IT.

As perhaps I am the first who ever presented a work of this nature to the metropolis of any nation, so it is likewise consonant to justice, that he who was to give the first example of such a Dedication should begin it with that city which has set a pattern to all others of true loyalty, invincible courage, and unshaken constancy.—Other cities have been praised for the same virtues; but I am much deceived, if any have so dearly

[5] The title of this poem was not new. A prose tract thus entitled was published in 1662.

purchased their reputation: their fame has been won them by cheaper trials than an expensive, though necessary war, a consuming pestilence, and a more consuming fire.[6] To submit yourselves with that humility to the judgments of Heaven, and at the same time to raise yourselves with that vigour above all human enemies; to be combated at once from above and from below; to be struck down and to triumph, I know not whether such trials have been ever paralleled in any nation: the resolution and successes of them never can be. Never had prince or people more mutual reason to love each other, if suffering for each other can endear affection. You have come together a pair of matchless lovers, through many difficulties; he through a long exile, various traverses of fortune, and the interposition of many rivals, who violently ravished and withheld you from him; and certainly you have had your share in sufferings. But Providence has cast upon you want of trade, that you might appear bountiful to your country's necessities; and the rest of your afflictions are not more the effects of GOD's displeasure, (frequent examples of them having been in the reign of the most excellent princes,) than

[6] England was now at war with the Dutch. 68,596 persons died within the bills of mortality, of the great plague in 1665. The fire of London, which began September 2d, 1666, laid waste four hundred streets, and destroyed 13,200 houses.

occasions for the manifesting of your Christian and civil virtues.

To you, therefore, this YEAR OF WONDERS is justly dedicated, because you have made it so; you, who are to stand a wonder to all years and ages, and who have built yourselves an immortal monument on your own ruins. You are now a phœnix in her ashes, and, as far as humanity can approach, a great emblem of the suffering Deity; but Heaven never made so much piety and virtue to leave it miserable. I have heard indeed of some virtuous persons who have ended unfortunately, but never of any virtuous nation. Providence is engaged too deeply, when the cause becomes so general: and I cannot imagine it has resolved the ruin of that people at home, which it has blessed abroad with such successes. I am therefore to conclude, that your sufferings are at an end, and that one part of my poem has not been more an history of your destruction, than the other a prophecy of your restoration; the accomplishment of which happiness, as it is the wish of all true Englishmen, so is by none more passionately desired than by

The greatest of your admirers,

And most humble of your servants,

JOHN DRYDEN.

IN

ACCOUNT OF THE POEM,

ENTITLED

ANNUS MIRABILIS,

IN A LETTER TO

THE HONOURABLE SIR ROBERT HOWARD.[1]

SIR,

I AM so many ways obliged to you, and so little able to return your favours, that, like those who owe too much, I can only live by getting farther into your debt. You have not only been careful of my fortune, which was the effect of your nobleness, but you have been solicitous of my reputation, which is that of your kindness. It is not long since I gave you the trouble of perusing a play for me; and now, instead of an acknowledgment, have given you a greater, in the correction of a poem. But since you are to bear this persecution, I will at least give you the encouragement of a martyr,—you could never suffer in a nobler cause; for I have chosen the most heroick

[1] See Vol. I. pp. 147, 155.

subject which any poet could desire. I have taken upon me to describe the motives, the beginning, progress, and successes, of a most just and necessary war; in it, the care, management, and prudence of our King; the conduct and valour of a royal admiral,[8] and of two incomparable generals;[9] the invincible courage of our captains and seamen; and three glorious victories, the result of all. After this, I have in the fire the most deplorable, but withal the greatest, argument that can be imagined; the destruction being so swift, so sudden, so vast and miserable, as nothing can parallel in story. The former part of this poem, relating to the war, is but a due expiation for my not serving my King and country in it. All gentlemen are almost obliged to it; and I know no reason we should give that advantage to the commonalty of England to be foremost in brave actions, which the nobless of France would never suffer in their peasants. I should not have written this but to a person, who has been ever forward to appear in all employments whither his honour and generosity have called him. The latter part of my poem, which describes the fire, I owe first to the piety and fatherly affection of our monarch to his suffering subjects; and, in the second place, to the courage, loyalty, and magnanimity of the city; both which were so

[8] James, Duke of York.

[9] Prince Rupert, and the Duke of Albemarle.

conspicuous, that I have wanted words to celebrate them as they deserve.

I have called my poem historical, not epick, though both the actions and actors are as much heroick as any poem can contain. But since the action is not properly one, nor that accomplished in the last successes, I have judged it too bold a title for a few stanzas, which are little more in number than a single Iliad, or the longest of the Æneids. For this reason, (I mean not of length, but broken action, tied too severely to the laws of history,) I am apt to agree with those who rank Lucan rather among historians in verse, than epick poets; in whose room, if I am not deceived, Silius Italicus, though a worse writer, may more justly be admitted.—I have chosen to write my poem in quatrains or stanzas of four in alternate rhyme, because I have ever judged them more noble, and of greater dignity, both for the sound and number, than any other verse in use amongst us; in which I am sure I have your approbation. The learned languages have certainly a great advantage of us, in not being tied to the slavery of any rhyme; and were less constrained in the quantity of every syllable, which they might vary with spondees or dactyles, besides so many other helps of grammatical figures for the lengthening or abbreviation of them, than the modern are in the close of that one syllable, which often confines and more often corrupts the sense of all the rest. But in this necessity of our rhymes, I have always

found the couplet verse most easy, (though not so proper for this occasion,) for there the work is sooner at an end, every two lines concluding the labour of the poet; but in quatrains he is to carry it farther on; and not only so, but to bear along in his head the troublesome sense of four lines together.[1] For those who write correctly in this kind, must needs acknowledge, that the last line of the stanza is to be considered in the composition of the first. Neither can we give ourselves the liberty of making any part of a verse for the sake of rhyme, or concluding with a word which is not current English, or using the variety of female rhymes,[2] all which our fathers practised; and for the female rhymes, they are still in use amongst other nations; with the Italian in every line, with the Spaniard promiscuously, with the French alternately, as those who have read the ALARIQUE, the PUCELLE, or any of their later poems, will agree with me. And besides this, they write in Alexandrines, or verses of six feet, such as amongst us is the old translation of Homer

[1] "D'Avenant (says Dr. Johnson) was perhaps at this time his favourite author, though GONDIBERT never appears to have been popular; yet from D'Avenant he learned to please his ear with the stanza of four lines alternately rhymed."

[2] By female rhymes (as appears from the Preface to ALBION AND ALBANIUS,) our author means—*double* rhymes.

by Chapman;[3] all which, by lengthening of their chain, makes the sphere of their activity the larger.

I have dwelt too long upon the choice of my stanza, which you may remember is much better defended in the Preface to GONDIBERT; and therefore I will hasten to acquaint you with my endeavours in the writing. In general, I will only say, I have never yet seen the description of any naval fight in the proper terms which are used at sea;[4] and if there be any such in another language, as that of Lucan in the third of his PHARSALIA, yet I could not prevail myself[5] of it

[3] Chapman's translation of Homer is not in verses of twelve syllables, or *six feet*, (to use our author's language,) but in lines of fourteen syllables; in which measure Golding translated Ovid, and Phaer and Twyne, Virgil.

[4] "Battles have been always described in heroick poetry; but a sea-fight and artillery had yet something of novelty. New arts are long in the world before poets describe them; for they borrow every thing from their predecessors, and commonly derive very little from nature or from life. Boileau was the first French writer that had ever hazarded in verse the mention of modern war, or the invention of gunpowder. We, who are less afraid of novelty, had already possession of these dreadful images: Waller had described a sea-fight. Milton had not yet transferred the invention of fire-arms to the rebellious angels." Johnson's Life of DRYDEN.

Boileau boasted, that he first introduced *perukes*, as well as gunpowder, into French verse!

in the English, the terms of art in every tongue bearing more of the idiom of it than any other words. We hear indeed, among our poets, of the thundering of guns, the smoke, the disorder, and the slaughter; but all these are common notions. And certainly as those who in a logical dispute keep in general terms, would hide a fallacy, so those who do it in any poetical description would veil their ignorance:

Descriptas servare vices, operumque colores,
Cur ego, si nequeo ignoroque, poeta salutor?

For my own part, if I had little knowledge of the sea, yet I have thought it no shame to learn; and if I have made some few mistakes, it is only, as you can bear me witness, because I have wanted opportunity to correct them; the whole poem being first written, and now sent you from a place where I have not so much as the converse of any seaman. Yet, though the trouble I had in writing it was great, it was more than recompensed by the pleasure; I found myself so warm in celebrating the praises of military men, two such especially as the Prince and General, that it is no wonder if they inspired me with thoughts above my ordinary level; and I am well satisfied, that as they are incomparably the best subject I have ever had, excepting only the Royal Family, so also, that

[5] Our author, in his ESSAY ON DRAMATICK POESY, again uses this phraseology, which sounds to our ears extremely awkward. It is a mere Gallicism.

this I have written of them is much better than what I have performed on any other. I have been forced to help out other arguments, but this has been bountiful to me; they have been low and barren of praise, and I have exalted them, and made them fruitful;[6] but here—*Omnia sponte suâ reddit justissima tellus.* I have had a large, a fair, and a pleasant field, so fertile, that without my cultivating, it has given me two harvests in a summer, and in both oppressed the reaper. All other greatness in subjects is only counterfeit; it will not endure the test of danger; the greatness of arms is only real. Other greatness burdens a nation with its weight; this supports it with its strength; and as it is the happiness of the age, so it is the peculiar goodness of the best of Kings, that we may praise his subjects without offending him. Doubtless it proceeds from a just confidence of his own virtue, which the lustre of no other

[6] The only encomiastick poems that Dryden had at this time published, were, Verses on the Death of Lord Hastings; Verses addressed to John Hoddesdon, written in 1650; Stanzas on the Death of Cromwell; a poetical Epistle to the person here addressed, "on his excellent Poems;" a Poem on the Restoration, and another on the Coronation, of King Charles II.; an Epistle addressed to Lady Castlemaine (afterwards Duchess of Cleaveland); and Verses addressed to Lord Clarendon on New-Year's Day, 1662. His Majesty is saved by the exception made in his favour; but his Chancellor, Lady Castlemaine, and Sir Robert Howard, are not much indebted to our author's remark in this place.

can be so great as to darken in him; for the good or the valiant are never safely praised under a bad or a degenerate prince.

But to return from this digression to a farther account of my poem; I must crave leave to tell you, that as I have endeavoured to adorn it with noble thoughts, so much more to express those thoughts with elocution. The composition of all poems is or ought to be of wit; and wit in the poet, or wit writing, (if you will give me leave to use a school distinction,) is no other than the faculty of imagination in the writer, which, like a nimble spaniel, beats over and ranges through the field of memory, till it springs the quarry it hunted after; or, without metaphor, which searches over all the memory for the species or ideas of those things which it designs to represent. Wit written, is that which is well defined the happy result of thought, or product of imagination.[7] But to proceed from wit, in the general notion of it, to the proper wit of an heroick or historical poem, —I judge it chiefly to consist in the delightful imaging of persons, actions, passions, or things. It is not the jerk or sting of an epigram, nor the seeming contradiction of a poor antithesis, (the delight of an ill-judging audience in a play of rhyme,) nor the jingle of a more poor paronomasia;[8]

[7] See p. 151, n. 7.

[8] Omnium quasi *concensus, concentusque.*—Cicero. So Ben Jonson:

"— like an *Aristarchus*, or *stark ass*—."

neither is it so much the morality of a grave sentence, affected by Lucan, but more sparingly used by Virgil; but it is some lively and apt description, dressed in such colours of speech, that it sets before your eyes the absent object as perfectly and more delightfully than nature. So then, the first happiness of the poet's imagination is properly invention, or finding of the thought; the second is fancy, or the variation, deriving, or moulding, of that thought, as the judgment represents it proper to the subject; the third is elocution, or the art of clothing and adorning that thought, so found and varied, in apt, significant, and sounding words. The quickness of the imagination is seen in the invention, the fertility in the fancy, and the accuracy in the expression. For the two first of these, Ovid is famous amongst the poets; for the latter, Virgil. Ovid images more often the movements and affections of the mind, either combating between two contrary passions, or extremely discomposed by one; his words therefore are the least part of his care; for he pictures nature in disorder, with which the study and choice of words is inconsistent. This is the proper wit of dialogue or discourse, and consequently of the drama, where all that is said is supposed to be the effect of sudden

Again:

" O, I cannot abide these limbs of *sattin*, or rather *Satan*."

thought; which, though it excludes not the quickness of wit in repartees, yet admits not a too curious election of words, too frequent allusions, or use of tropes, or in fine, any thing that shews remoteness of thought or labour in the writer. On the other side, Virgil speaks not so often to us in the person of another, like Ovid, but in his own; he relates almost all things as from himself, and thereby gains more liberty than the other, to express his thoughts with all the graces of elocution, to write more figuratively, and to confess as well the labour as the force of his imagination. Though he describes his Dido well and naturally in the violence of her passions, yet he must yield in that to the Myrrha, the Biblis, the Althæa of Ovid; for as great an admirer of him as I am, I must acknowledge, that if I see not more of their souls than I see of Dido's, at least I have a greater concernment for them; and that convinces me that Ovid has touched those tender strokes more delicately than Virgil could. But when action or persons are to be described, when any such image is to be set before us, how bold, how masterly are the strokes of Virgil! We see the objects he represents us within their native figures, in their proper motions; but so we see them, as our own eyes could never have beheld them so beautiful in themselves. We see the soul of the poet, like that universal one of which he speaks, informing and moving through all his pictures:

——— *totamque infusa per artus*
Mens agitat molem, et magno se corpore miscet.

We behold him embellishing his images, as he makes Venus breathing beauty upon her son Æneas:

——— *lumenque juventæ*
Purpureum, et lætos oculis afflârat honores:
Quale manus addunt ebori decus, aut ubi flavo
Argentum, Pariusve lapis, circundatur auro.

See his Tempest, his Funeral Sports, his Combat of Turnus and Æneas; and in his GEORGICKS, which I esteem the divinest part of all his writings, the Plague, the Country, the Battle of Bulls, the labour of the Bees, and those many other excellent images of nature, most of which are neither great in themselves, nor have any natural ornament to bear them up; but the words wherewith he describes them are so excellent, that it might be well applied to him which was said by Ovid,—*Materiam superabat opus:* the very sound of his words has often somewhat that is connatural to the subject; and while we read him, we sit, as in a play, beholding the scenes of what he represents. To perform this, he made frequent use of tropes, which, you know, change the nature of a known word, by applying it to some other signification; and this is it which Horace means in his Epistle to the Pisos:

Dixeris egregiè, notum si callida verbum
Reddiderit junctura novum.——

But I am sensible I have presumed too far, to

entertain you with a rude discourse of that art, which you both know so well, and put into practice with so much happiness. Yet before I leave Virgil, I must own the vanity to tell you, and by you the world, that he has been my master in this poem. I have followed him every where, I know not with what success, but I am sure with diligence enough; my images are many of them copied from him, and the rest are imitations of him. My expressions also are as near as the idioms of the two languages would admit of in translation; and this, Sir, I have done with that boldness for which I will stand accountable to any of our little criticks, who, perhaps, are not better acquainted with him than I am. Upon your first perusal of this poem, you have taken notice of some words which I have innovated (if it be too bold for me to say—refined) upon his Latin; which, as I offer not to introduce into English prose, so I hope they are neither improper, nor altogether unelegant in verse; and in this, Horace will again defend me:

Et nova, fictaque nuper, habebunt verba fidem, si
Græco fonte cadant, parcè detorta.

The inference is exceeding plain; for if a Roman poet might have liberty to coin a word, supposing only that it was derived from the Greek, was put into a Latin termination, and that he used this liberty but seldom, and with modesty, how much more justly may I challenge that privi-

lege to do it with the same prerequisites, from the best and most judicious of Latin writers? In some places, where either the fancy or the words were his, or any others, I have noted it in the margin, that I might not seem a plagiary; in others I have neglected it, to avoid as well tediousness, as the affectation of doing it too often. Such descriptions or images, well wrought, which I promise not for mine, are, as I have said, the adequate delight of heroick poesy; for they beget admiration, which is its proper object, as the images of the burlesque, which is contrary to this, by the same reason beget laughter; for the one shews nature beautified, as in the picture of a fair woman, which we all admire; the other shews her deformed, as in that of a lazar, or of a fool with distorted face and antick gestures, at which we cannot forbear to laugh, because it is a deviation from nature. But though the same images serve equally for the epick poesy, and for the historick and panegyrick, which are branches of it, yet a several sort of sculpture is to be used in them: if some of them are to be like those of Juvenal,—*stantes in curribus Æmiliani*, heroes drawn in their triumphal chariots, and in their full proportion, others are to be like that of Virgil,—*spirantia mollius æra*; there is somewhat more of softness and tenderness to be shewn in them.

You will soon find I write not this without concern. Some, who have seen a paper of verses which I wrote last year to her Highness the

Duchess,[9] have accused them of that only thing I could defend in them; they said I did *humi serpere*, that I wanted not only height of fancy, but dignity of words to set it off. I might well answer with that of Horace,—*nunc non erat his locus*: I knew I addressed them to a lady, and accordingly I affected the softness of expression, and the smoothness of measure, rather than the height of thought; and in what I did endeavour, it is no vanity to say, I have succeeded. I detest arrogance, but there is some difference betwixt that and a just defence. But I will not farther bribe your candour or the reader's. I leave them to speak for me; and if they can, to make out that character, not pretending to a greater, which I have given them.

VERSES

TO

HER HIGHNESS, THE DUCHESS,

ON THE MEMORABLE VICTORY GAINED BY THE DUKE AGAINST THE HOLLANDERS, JUNE THE THIRD, 1665; AND ON HER JOURNEY AFTERWARDS INTO THE NORTH.

MADAM,

When, for our sakes, your hero you resign'd
To swelling seas, and every faithless wind,
When you releas'd his courage, and set free
A valour fatal to the enemy,

[9] Anne Hyde, Duchess of York.

You lodg'd your country's cares within your breast,
The mansion where soft love should only rest;
And, ere our foes abroad were overcome,
The noblest conquest you had gain'd at home.
Ah, what concerns did both your souls divide!
Your honour gave us what your love denied:
And 'twas for him much easier to subdue
Those foes he fought with, than to part from you.
That glorious day, which two such navies saw,
As each, unmatch'd, might to the world give law,
Neptune, yet doubtful whom he should obey,
Held to them both the trident of the sea:
The winds were hush'd, the waves in ranks were cast,
As awfully as when GOD's people pass'd:
Those, yet uncertain on whose sails to blow,
These, where the wealth of nations ought to flow.
Then with the Duke your Highness ruled the day;
While all the brave did his command obey,
The fair and pious under you did pray.
How powerful are chaste vows! the wind and tide
You bribed to combat on the English side:
Thus to your much-loved lord you did convey
An unknown succour, sent the nearest way.
New vigour to his wearied arms you brought;
So Moses was upheld, while Israel fought.—
While, from afar, we heard the cannon play,
Like distant thunder on a shiny day,
For absent friends we were ashamed to fear,
When we consider'd what you ventur'd there:
Ships, men, and arms, our country might restore,
But such a leader could supply no more.
With generous thoughts of conquest he did burn,
Yet fought not more to vanquish than return.
Fortune and victory he did pursue,
To bring them, as his slaves, to wait on you.

Thus beauty ravish'd the rewards of fame,
And the fair triumph'd, when the brave o'ercame.
Then, as you meant to spread another way
By land your conquests far as his by sea,
Leaving our Southern clime, you march'd along
The stubborn North, ten thousand Cupids strong.
Like commons, the nobility resort
In crowding heaps, to fill your moving court:
To welcome your approach, the vulgar run,
Like some new envoy from the distant sun;
And country beauties by their lovers go,
Blessing themselves, and wond'ring at the show.
So when the new-born phœnix first is seen,
Her feather'd subjects all adore their queen;
And, while she makes her progress through the East,
From every grove her numerous train's increas'd:
Each poet of the air her glory sings,
And round him the pleas'd audience clap their wings.

And now, Sir, it is time I should relieve you from the tedious length of this account; you have better and more profitable employment for your hours,[1] and I wrong the publick to detain you longer. In conclusion, I must leave my poem to you with all its faults, which I hope to find fewer in the printing by your emendations. I know you are not of the number of those of whom the younger Pliny speaks,—*Nec sunt parum multi, qui carpere amicos suos judicium vocant*; I am rather too secure of you on that side. Your candour in pardoning my errours may make you more remiss in correcting them, if you will not withal consider that

[1] See Vol. I. p. 34, n. 9.

they come into the world with your approbation, and through your hands. I beg from you the greatest favour you can confer upon an absent person, since I repose upon your management what is dearest to me, my fame and reputation; and therefore I hope it will stir you up to make my poem fairer by many of your blots: if not, you know the story of the gamester who married the rich man's daughter, and when her father denied the portion, christened all the children by his surname, that if, in conclusion, they must beg, they should do so by one name as well as by the other. But since the reproach of my faults will light on you, it is but reason I should do you that justice to the readers, to let them know, that if there be any thing tolerable in this poem, they owe the argument to your choice, the writing to your encouragement, the correction to your judgment, and the care of it to your friendship, to which he must ever acknowledge himself to owe all things, who is,

SIR,

The most obedient, and most

faithful of your servants,

JOHN DRYDEN.

From Charlton, in Wiltshire,
Nov. 10, 1666.

PREFACE

TO

NOTES AND OBSERVATIONS

ON

THE EMPRESS OF MOROCCO.[a]

WHEN I first saw THE EMPRESS OF MOROCCO, though I found it then to be a rhapsody of nonsense, I was very well contented to have let

[a] Of the Notes and Observations on THE EMPRESS OF MOROCCO, which were first published in quarto in 1674, Dennis gives the following account in the Preface to his Remarks on Pope's Translation of Homer, 8vo. 1717:

"Mr. Settle's first tragedy, CAMBYSES, KING OF PERSIA, was acted for three weeks together. The second, which was THE EMPRESS OF MOROCCO, was acted for a month together, and was in such high esteem both with the court and town, that it was acted at Whitehall before the King, by the gentlemen and ladies of the court; and the Prologue, which was spoke by the Lady Betty Howard, was writ by the famous Lord Rochester. The booksellers, who printed it, depending upon the prepossession of the town, ventured to distinguish it from all the plays that had been ever published before; for it was the first play that ever was sold in England for two shillings, and the first that ever was printed with cuts. The booksellers at that time of day had not discerned so

it pass, that the reputation of a new author might not be wholly damned; but that he might be

much of the weakness of their gentle readers, as they have done since, nor so plainly discovered that fools, like children, are to be drawn in by gewgaws. Well! but what was the event of this great success? Mr. Settle began to grow insolent, as any one may see who reads the Epistle Dedicatory to THE EMPRESS OF MOROCCO. Mr. Dryden, Mr. Shadwell, and Mr. Crown, began to grow jealous; and they three in confederacy wrote REMARKS on THE EMPRESS OF MOROCCO. Mr. Settle answered them, and according to the opinion which the town then had of the matter, (for I have utterly forgot the controversy,) had by much the better of them all. In short, Mr. Settle was then a fordimable rival to Mr. Dryden; and I remember very well, that not only the town, but the University of Cambridge, was very much divided in their opinions about the preference that ought to be given to them, and in both places the younger fry inclined to Elkanah."

"About this time, (in 1673,)" says Dr. Johnson, "Dryden seems to have had his quiet much disturbed by the success of THE EMPRESS OF MOROCCO, a tragedy written in rhyme by Elkanah Settle, which was so much applauded as to make him think his supremacy of reputation in some danger. Settle had not only been prosperous on the stage, but, in the confidence of success, had published his play with sculptures, and a Preface of defiance. Here was one offence added to another; and, for the last blast of inflammation, it was acted at Whitehall by the court-ladies. Dryden could not now repress those emotions which he called indignation; but wrote upon the play and the dedication such criticism as malignant impatience could pour out in haste."

encouraged to make his audience some part of amends another time. In order to this, I strained

Dr. Johnson, we see, ascribes the whole of this piece to Dryden, and does not seem to have been apprized that a great part of it was written by others. That Dennis's account, however, is correct, is ascertained by the following passage of Settle's Answer:

"Thereupon, with very little conjuration, by those three remarkable qualities of *railing*, *boasting*, and *thieving*, I found a Dryden in the frontispiece; then going through the preface I observed the drawing of a fool's picture to be the design of the whole piece; and reflecting on the painter, I considered that probably the pamphlet might be like his plays, not to be written without help: and according to expectation, I discovered the author of EPSOM WELLS, and the author of PANDION AND AMPHIGENIA, lent their assistance. How! Three to one, thought I! and three gentlemen of such disagreeing qualifications in one club! The first, a man that has had wit, but is past it; the second, that has it, if he can keep it; and the third, that neither has, nor is ever like to have it. Then boldly on I went, and fortified with patience (as I found it required,) for a full perusal, I wondered the less at the deformity of the piece, when such different heads went to the composure. The first of these is the only person that pretends an injury, received from a satyrick line or two in the Epistle to MOROCCO, - - - - and consequently I conclude him the promoter of so ill-natured a retort. The second, I suppose only putting his comical hand, to help forward with the mirth of so ridiculous a libel; and the third, perhaps out of a vain-glory of being in print, knowing himself to be such a reptile in poetry, that he's beholding to a lampoon for giving the world to know that there is such a writer in being."

a point of conscience to cry up some passages of the play, which I hoped would recommend it to

Our author appears to me to have had very little share in the composition of these Remarks; and as it is acknowledged that a great part of them was written by Shadwell and Crown, I have not thought it proper to give them a place in this collection of his prose works. But the Preface, I think, from internal evidence, is ascertained to be his composition; and one passage in the body of the piece, and the Postscript, may also with some probability be ascribed to him; and therefore these I have admitted, though I have some doubts concerning the latter. Our author, like a skilful general, placed his weakest force in the centre, and made his front, and perhaps his rear, as strong as he could.

Elkanah Settle was born about the year 1647. He was admitted a member of Trinity College, in Oxford, as appears from their Register, in 1665; but he probably made a short stay there, for he commenced author in 1667, if not before. According to Gildon, he was originally possessed of a good fortune, which he soon dissipated. The final degradation of this once admired rival of Dryden, is well known to most readers of poetry.—"He once, (says Oldys, in his Manuscript Notes on Langbaine,) managed the Pageant at the burning a famous Pope; and was at length employed in making the machinery at Bartholomew-Fair, where in his old age he acted in the droll of ST. GEORGE, in a dragon of green leather of his own invention. At last, whether for his services or his poverty, he was admitted into the Charter-House; and maintained there as one of the decayed gentlemen."

Poor Elkanah was for many years City-Poet; and in the latter part of his life appears, from some verses of

the liking of the more favourable judges; but the ill report it had from those that had seen it at Whitehall,[3] had already done its business with judicious men. It was generally disliked by them; and but for the help of scenes, and habits, and a dancing tree,[6] even the Ludgate audience had forsaken it.

After this ill success, one would have thought the poet should have been sufficiently mortified; and though he were not naturally modest, should at least have deferred the showing of his impudence till a fitter season: but instead of this, he has written before his play the most arrogant, calumniating, ill-mannered, and senseless Preface I ever saw. This upstart illiterate scribbler, who lies more open to censure than any writer of the age, comes amongst the poets, like one of the earth-born brethren; and his first business in the world is to attack and murder all his fellows. This, I confess, raised a little indignation in me, as

his which I have seen in MS., to have derived occasional emolument from having an epithalamium or elegy always in readiness, when a marriage or death took place in any great family. He died in the Chartreux, Feb. 12, 1723-4.

[3] At this time there was a royal theatre at Whitehall, which was consumed by fire in 1697.

[6] In the second act of THE EMPRESS OF MOROCCO, the author has introduced a dance of Moors round an artificial palm-tree, the representation of which forms the subject of one of the engravings with which this play is embellished.

much as I was capable of for so contemptible a wretch, and made me think it somewhat necessary that he should be made an example, to the discouragement of all such petulant ill writers; and that he should be dragged out of that obscurity to which his own poetry would for ever have condemned him. I knew, indeed, that to write against him was to do him too great an honour; but I considered Ben Jonson had done it before to Dekker, our author's predecessor,[4] whom he chastised in his POETASTER, under the character of Crispinus; and brought him in vomiting up his fustian and nonsense. Should our poet have been introduced in the same manner, he must have disgorged his whole play, ere he had been cleansed. Never did I see such a confused heap of false grammar, improper English, strained hyperboles, and downright bulls. His plot is incoherent, and full of absurdities, and the characters of his persons so ill chosen, that they are all either knaves or fools; only his knaves are fools into the bargain, and so must be of necessity, while they are in his management. They all speak alike, and without distinction of character; that is, every one rants, and swaggers, and talks nonsense abundantly. He steals notoriously from his contemporaries, but he so alters the property, by disguising his theft in ill English and bad applications,

[4] It is a great injustice to Thomas Dekker, to place him in a rank with Settle.

that he makes the child his own by deforming it: —*male dum recitas, incipit esse tuus.* A poet, when he sees his thoughts in so ill a dress, is ashamed to confess they ever belonged to him. For the Latin and Greek authors, he had certainly done them the same injury he has done the English, but that he has the excuse of Aretine for not railing against GOD;—he steals not from them, because he never knew them. In short, he is an animal of a most deplored understanding, without reading and conversation: his being is in a twilight of sense, and some glimmering of thought, which he can never fashion either into wit or English. His style is boisterous and rough-hewn; his rhyme incorrigibly lewd, and his numbers perpetually harsh and ill sounding. That little talent which he has, is fancy. He sometimes labours with a thought, but with the pudder he makes to bring it into the world, it is commonly still-born; so that, for want of learning and elocution, he will never be able to express any thing either naturally or justly. This subjects him on all occasions to false allusions, and mistaken points of wit. As for judgment, he has not the least grain of it; and therefore all his plays will be a mere confusion. What a beastly pattern of a King, whom he intends virtuous, has he shewn in his Muly Labas? Yet he is the only person who is kept to his character; for he is a perpetual fool; and I dare undertake, that if he were played by Nokes, who acted just such another monarch in

MACBETH,[6] it would give new life to the play, and do it more good than all its devils. But of all women, the Lord bless us from his Laula; nobody can be safe from her: she is so naturally mischievous, that she kills without the least occasion, for the mere lechery of bloodshed. I suspect he took her character from the poisoning-woman, who, they say, makes almost as little ceremony of a murder as that Queen.

It were endless to run over the rest; but they are all of the same stamp. He has a heavy hand at fools, and a great felicity in writing nonsense for them. Fools they will be in spite of him. His King, his two Empresses, his villain and his sub-villain, nay his hero, have all a certain natural

[6] At this time burlesque was much in fashion. After the success of Dryden's TEMPEST at the theatre in Dorset Gardens, a MOCK TEMPEST was produced at the Theatre Royal; and Shadwell's opera of PSYCHE gave birth to a burlesque parody, entitled PSYCHE DEBAUCHED. MACBETH, which had been altered by D'Avenant, and performed with great success, was ridiculed, I imagine, in the same manner. But there is still some difficulty, for Nokes was a performer at the Duke's theatre; but perhaps, as they found that this kind of entertainment was relished by the town, they might have adopted it, as well as their antagonists. Settle's EMPRESS OF MOROCCO was turned into a farce by the King's Servants in 1674. The Epilogue to it is entitled "A new Fancy after the old and most surprising way of MACBETH, performed with new and costly machines." It was spoken by Hecate and three witches.

cast of the father; one turn of the countenance goes through all his children. Their folly was born and bred in them; and something of the Elkanah will be visible. Our poet, in writing fools, has very much in him of that sign-post painter, who was famous only for drawing roses: when a vintner desired him to paint a lion, he answered, he would do it to content him, but he was sure it would be like a rose. Yet since the common audience are much of his level, and both the great vulgar and the small (as Mr. Cowley calls them,) are apt to admire what they do not understand, *(omne ignotum habent pro magnifico,)* and think all which rumbles is heroick, it will be no wonder if he pass for a great author amongst town fools and city wits. With these men, they who laugh at him will be thought envious; for they will be sure to rise up in arms for nonsense, and violently defend a cause in which they are engaged by the ties of nature and education. But it will be for the benefit of mankind hereafter to observe what kind of people they are who frequent this play, that men of common sense may know whom to shun. Yet I dare assure the reader, that one half of the faults and absurdities are not shewn; what is here is only selected fustian, impertinence, and false grammar. There is as much behind, as would reasonably damn as many plays as there are acts; for I am sure there are no four lines together, which are free from some errour, and commonly a gross one. But here is enough

to take a taste of him; to have observed all, were to have swelled a volume, and have made you pay as dear for a fool's picture, as you have done for his tragedy with sculptures.[7]

"As men in incense send up vows to heaven."
EMPRESS OF MOROCCO, Act II.

As if incense could carry up thoughts, or a thought go up in smoke: he may as well say, he will roast or bake thoughts, as smoke them. And the allusion too is very agreeable and natural: he compares thunder, lightning, and roaring of guns, to incense; and says thus,—he expresses his loud joys in a concert of thundering guns, as men send up silent vows in gentle incense. If this description is not plentifully supplied with nonsense, I will refer myself to the reader. No doubt it was worth our poet's pains to cut a river up to Morocco, for the sake of such a description of ships as this. A rare and studied piece it is. The poet has employed his art about every line, that it may be esteemed a curiosity in its kind, and himself a person endowed with a peculiar talent in writing new and exact nonsense. And for this no

[7] It contains five prints, (each of them representing a scene in the play, and a view of the stage,) beside the frontispiece, which is curious, as it exhibits the *façade* of the theatre in Dorset Gardens.

doubt it was, that our poet was so much courted, sent for from place to place, that you could hardly cross a street but you met him puffing and blowing, with his fardel of nonsense under his arm, driving his bulls in haste to some great person or other to shew them, as if he had lately come out of Asia or Africa with strange kinds of dromedaries, rhinoceroses, or a new Cambyses,[8] a beast more monstrous than any of the former. Nay, both the playhouses contended for him, as if he had found out some new way of eating fire. No doubt their design was to entertain the town with a rarity. People had been long weary of good sense that looked like nonsense, and now they would treat them with nonsense which yet looked very like sense. But as he that pretended he would shew a beast which was very like a horse, and was no horse, set people much admiring what strange animal it should be, but when they came in, and found it was nothing but a plain grey mare, laughed a while at the conceit, but were ready after to stone the fellow for his impudence; so it must needs fare with our poet, when his upper-gallery fools discover they have tricks put upon them, and all that they have so ignorantly clapped is downright nonsense. And for my part I cannot but admire, that not only to those who know, or at least have had time enough to learn,

[8] This was Settle's first play. It had been acted at the Duke's theatre some years before, and was printed in 1672.

what sense is, but also to a people who of all nations in the world pretend to understand best what belongs to shipping, our poet should dare to offer this fustian for sense and a description of ships; a description so ridiculous, that Mulylabas,[8] as errant a fool, and as ignorant of ships as he is, must needs discover that he is abused, and that ships cannot be such things as the poet makes them. But the poet has not only been so impudent to expose all this stuff, but so arrogant to defend it with an Epistle; like a saucy booth-keeper, that when he had put a cheat upon the people, would wrangle and fight with any that would not like it, or would offer to discover it; for which arrogance our poet receives this correction; and to jerk him a little the sharper, I will not transpose his verse, but by the help of his own words trans-nonsense sense, that, by my stuff, people may judge the better what his is:

Great Boy, thy tragedy and sculptures done,
From press and plates, in fleets do homeward run;
And in ridiculous and humble pride,
Their course in ballad-singers' baskets guide;
Whose greasy twigs do all new beauties take
From the gay shews thy dainty sculptures make.
Thy lines a mess of rhyming nonsense yield,
A senseless tale, with fluttering fustian fill'd.
No grain of sense does in one line appear;
Thy words big bulks of boist'rous bombast bear;

[8] Mulylabas is one of the characters in Settle's play; son to the Emperor of Morocco.

With noise they move, and from players' mouths rebound,
When their tongues dance to thy words' empty sound.
By thee inspired, thy rumbling verses roll,
As if that rhyme and bombast lent a soul;
And with that soul they seem taught duty too;
To huffing words does humble nonsense bow,
As if it would thy worthless worth enhance,
To the lowest rank of fops thy praise advance,
To whom by instinct all thy stuff is dear;
Their loud claps echo to the theatre.
From breaths of fools thy commendation spreads,
Fame sings thy praise with mouths of loggerheads;
With noise and laughing each thy fustian greets,
'Tis clapp'd by choirs of empty-headed cits,
Who have their tribute sent, and homage given,
*As men in whispers send loud noise to heaven.**

* These lines are a parody on the following passage in THE EMPRESS OF MOROCCO, (act ii. sc. 1.) which, we are told in the Remarks, was much admired.

The scene opened, is represented the prospect of a large river, with a glorious fleet of ships, supposed to be the navy of Muly Hamet. *After the sound of trumpets, and the discharging of guns,*

Enter King, *young* Queen, HAMETALHAZ, *and* Attendants.

Hamet. Great Sir, your royal father's general
Prince Muly Hamet's fleet does homeward sail,
And in a solemn and triumphant pride
Their course up the great river Tensift guide,
Whose gilded currents do new glories take
From the reflexion his bright streamers make.
The waves a masque of martial pageants yield,
A flying army on a floating field.

Thus I have daubed him with his own puddle. And now we are come from aboard his dancing, masquing, rebounding, breathing fleet; and as if we had landed at Gotham, we meet nothing but fools and nonsense.[9]

Order and harmony in each appear,
Their lofty bulks the flaming billows bear;
In state they move, and on the waves rebound,
As if they danced to their own trumpets' sound:
By winds inspired, with lively grace they roll,
As if that breath and motion lent a soul;
And with that soul they seem taught duty too,
Their topsails lower'd, their heads with reverence bow,
As if they would their general's worth enhance,
From him by instinct taught allegiance.
Whilst the loud cannons echo to the shore,
Their flaming breaths salute you emperor;
From their deep mouths he does your glory sing,
With thunder and with lightning greets his King.
Thus to express his joys, in a loud choir,
And concert of winged messengers of fire,
He has his tribute sent, and homage given,
As men in incense send up vows to heaven.

9 "Such (says Dr. Johnson) was the criticism to which the genius of Dryden could be reduced between rage and terrour; rage with little provocation, and terrour with little danger. To see the brightest minds thus levelled with the meanest, may produce some solace to the consciousness of weakness, and some mortification to the pride of wisdom. But let it be remembered, that minds are not levelled in their powers but when they are first levelled in their desires. Dryden and Settle had both placed their happiness in the claps of multitudes."

POSTSCRIPT.

Some who are pleased with the bare sound of verse, or the rumbling of robustious nonsense, will be apt to think Mr. Settle too severely handled in this pamphlet; but I do assure the reader, that there are a vast number of errours passed by, perhaps as many or more than are taken notice of, both to avoid the tediousness of the work and the greatness. It might have occasioned a volume upon such a trifle. I dare affirm that no objections in this book are fruitless cavils: but if through too much haste Mr. Settle may be accused of any seeming fault, which may reasonably be defended, let the passing by many gross errours without reprehension compound for it. I am not ignorant that his admirers, who most commonly are women, will resent this very ill; and some little friends of his, who are smatterers in poetry, will be ready for most of his gross errours to use that much mistaken plea of *poetica licentia*, which words fools are apt to use for the palliating the most absurd nonsense in any poem. I cannot find when poets had liberty from any authority to write nonsense, more than any other men. Nor is that plea of *poetica licentia* used as a subterfuge by any but weak professors of that art, who are commonly given over to a mist of fancy, a buzzing of invention, and a sound of something like sense, and

have no use of judgment. They never think thoroughly, but the best of their thoughts are like those we have in dreams, imperfect; which, though perhaps we are often pleased with, sleeping, we blush at, waking. The licentious wildness and extravagance of such men's conceits have made poetry contemned by some, though it be very unjust for any to condemn the science for the weakness of some of the professors.

Men that are given over to fancy only, are little better than madmen. What people say of fire, viz. that it is a good servant, but an ill master, may not unaptly be applied to fancy; which, when it is too active, rages, but when cooled and allayed by the judgment, produces admirable effects. But this rage of fancy is never Mr. Settle's crime; he has too much phlegm, and too little choler, to be accused of this. He has all the pangs and throes of a fanciful poet, but is never delivered of any more perfect issue of his phlegmatick brain, than a dull Dutchwoman's sooterkin is of her body.[1]

His style is very muddy, and yet much laboured; for his meaning (for sense there is not much,) is most commonly obscure, but never by reason of too much height, but lowness. His fancy never flies out of sight, but often sinks out of sight:

[1] Pope was so diligent a reader of every thing ascribed to Dryden, that it is probable this passage produced the following couplet in the DUNCIAD:

"All that on folly frenzy could beget,
"Fruits of *dull heat*, and *sooterkins of wit*."

—but now I hope the reader will excuse some digression upon the extravagant use of fancy and poetical licence.

Fanciful poetry and musick, used with moderation, are good; but men who are wholly given over to either of them, are commonly as full of whimsies as diseased and splenetick men can be. Their heads are continually hot, and they have the same elevation of fancy sober, which men of sense have when they drink. So wine used moderately does not take away the judgment, but used continually, debauches men's understandings, and turns them into sots, making their heads continually hot by accident, as the others are by nature; so mere poets and mere musicians are as sottish as mere drunkards are, who live in a continual mist, without seeing or judging any thing clearly.

A man should be learned in several sciences, and should have a reasonable, philosophical, and in some measure a mathematical head, to be a complete and excellent poet; and besides this, should have experience in all sorts of humours and manners of men; should be thoroughly skilled in conversation, and should have a great knowledge of mankind in general. Mr. Settle having never studied any sort of learning but poetry, and that but slenderly, as you may find by his writings, and having besides no other advantages, must make very lame work on't; he himself declares he neither reads, nor cares for conversation, so that

he would persuade us he is a kind of fanatick in poetry, and has a light within him, and writes by an inspiration; which (like that of the heathen prophets) a man must have no sense of his own when he receives; and no doubt he would be thought inspired, and would be reverenced extremely in the country where Santons are worshipped.[a] But some will I doubt not object, that poetry should not be reduced to the strictness of mathematicks; to which I answer, it ought to be so far mathematical as to have likeness and proportion, since they will all confess that it is a kind of painting. But they will perhaps say, that a poem is a picture to be seen at a distance, and therefore ought to be bigger than the life. I confess there must be a due distance allowed for the seeing of any thing in the world; for an object can no more

[a] Santons are asceticks, or hermits, much venerated in the East for their piety and seclusion from the world.—The story of *Santon Barsisa*, taken from the Turkish Tales, is very happily related in the GUARDIAN, N° 148, and has lately been expanded into a popular novel of a very different cast, which has been very generally censured for its immoral tendency.

Knavish half-naked vagabonds, pretending to sanctity, and natural fools, are also sometimes accounted and denominated *Santons*, or *Santos*, in Egypt; and the latter doubtless are the Santons here alluded to. Pococke in his DESCRIPTION OF THE EAST, (vol. i. p. 193,) says, that "the Mahometans have a certain veneration for fools and mad people, as thinking them actuated by a divine spirit, and look on them as a sort of saints."

be seen at all too near, than too far off the eye: but granting that a poem is a picture to be viewed at a great distance, the distance and the bigness ought to be so suited, as though the picture be much bigger than the life, yet it must not seem so; and what miserable mistakes some poets make for want of knowing this truly, I leave to men of sense to judge; and by the way, let us consider that dramatick poetry, especially the English, brings the picture nearer the eye, than any other sort of poetry.

But some will say after this, what licence is left for poets? Certainly the same that good poets ever took, without being faulty, (for surely the best were so sometimes, because they were but men,) and that licence is fiction; which kind of poetry is like that of landscape-painting; and poems of this nature, though they be not *vera*, ought to be *verisimilia*.

The great art of poets is either the adorning and beautifying of truth, or the inventing pleasing and probable fictions. If they invent impossible fables, like some of Æsop's, they ought to have such morals couched under them, as may tend to the instruction of mankind or the regulation of manners, or they can be of no use; nor can they really delight any but such as would be pleased with Tom Thumb, without these circumstances. But there are some pedants, who will quote authority from the ancients for the faults and extravagancies of some of the moderns; who being able

to imitate nothing but the faults of the classick authors, mistake them for their excellencies. I speak with all due reverence to the ancients, for no man esteems their perfections more than myself, though I confess I have not that blind implicit faith in them which some ignorant schoolmasters would impose upon us, to believe in all their errours, and own all their crimes: to some pedants every thing in them is of that authority, that they will create a new figure of rhetorick out of the fault of an old poet. I am apt to believe the same faults were found in them, when they wrote, which men of sense find now; but not the excellencies which schoolmasters would persuade us: yet I must say now,

Nobis non licet esse tam disertis,
*Musas qui colimus severiores.**

* Martial. Epigr. ix. 12.

PREFACE

TO THE FIRST PART OF

ABSALOM AND ACHITOPHEL.[a]

It is not my intention to make an apology for my poem; some will think it needs no excuse, and others will receive none. The design, I am

[a] The first part of this poem was published in folio, without the author's name, in *November*, 1681; as appears from Mr. Bindley's copy. It was undertaken, as we learn from Tate's Preface to the Second Part, at the desire of King Charles the Second, with a view to defeat the projects of the Earl of Shaftesbury and his adherents, who at this time were engaged in a conspiracy, the principal object of which was to exclude the Duke of York from the throne, and to secure the succession to the Duke of Monmouth, on the death of the King.

"Of this poem," (says Dr. Johnson,) "in which personal satire was applied to the support of publick principles, and in which therefore every mind was interested, the reception was eager, and the sale so large, that my father, an old bookseller, told me he had not known it equalled but by Sacheverell's trial.—The reason of this general perusal Addison has attempted to derive from the delight which the mind feels in the investigation of secrets; and thinks that curiosity to decypher the names procured readers to the poem. There is no need to enquire why

sure, is honest; but he who draws his pen for one party must expect to make enemies of the other. For wit, and fool, are consequents of

those verses were read, which, to all the attractions of wit, elegance, and harmony, added the co-operation of all the factious passions, and filled every mind with triumph or resentment."

In the course of the year 1682, this poem went through several editions. The fourth (in quarto) is now before me.

Addison has no where, that I can find, expressly mentioned the poem of ABSALOM AND ACHITOPHEL; I suppose therefore Dr. Johnson alluded to the 567th paper of the SPECTATOR, on the art of rendering party-writings "*more taking than ordinary*," by printing initial letters instead of proper names, or omitting all the vowels in a great man's name, which last method is said to have been first introduced by Tom Brown "of facetious memory." —Our modern libellers, however, reject these artifices as stale and vulgar; and now recommend their productions to publick notice by asserting the most atrocious calumnies of the most respectable persons, whose names they print at full length, and generally usher their trash to the world by an alphabetical list of those whom they have libelled.

The Second Part of ABSALOM AND ACHITOPHEL did not appear till 1682, and our author only wrote about two hundred verses of it, which contain highly finished characters of Settle and Shadwell.

Derrick asserts, that the application of the story of Absalom to this part of King Charles the Second's reign, was first made by a clergyman in the pulpit, and that "his sermon was printed with the title of ABSALOM and ACHITOPHEL:" but in this statement I believe he is

Whig and Tory;[4] and every man is a knave or an ass to the contrary side. There is a treasury of merits in the fanatick church, as well as in the

inaccurate. After our author's poem indeed had appeared, this allusion became very common, and the parallel between King Charles and David was a frequent theme in the pulpit. Thus we find—"ACHITOPHEL's *Policy defeated*, a sermon preached on the 9th of September, 1683, being the day appointed by his Majesty, &c. for a publick thanksgiving for his and the kingdom's great deliverance from the late treasonable conspiracy [the Ryehouse Plot] against his sacred person and government." The preacher, who is not named, chose this apposite text from 2 Sam. c. xv. v. 12. "And Absalom sent for AHITHOPHEL the Gilonite, David's counsellor, from his city, even from Giloh, while he offered sacrifices; and *the conspiracy was strong, for the people increased continually with* ABSALOM." Another sermon, preached on the same day, appeared with this title: "King David's danger and deliverance, or the conspiracy of ABSALOM AND ACHITOPHEL defeated." By Thomas Long, B. D. one of the Prebendaries of Exeter; where this sermon was preached.—My friend, Mr. Bindley, has in his very curious collection several other sermons in which this parallel is pursued. All these, however, were delivered and published after Dryden's poem had appeared. The original adaptation, therefore, certainly belongs to him, and the clergy only took it at second hand.

[4] These well-known party-designations were first used about this time. The party who were attached to the crown, branded their antagonists with the name of WHIGS, as the lineal descendants of the *sour* Scotch Covenanters, whose principal sustenance was oatmeal and whey, or sour milk, called in Scotland (as it formerly was

papist, and a pennyworth to be had of saintship, honesty, and poetry, for the lewd,[5] the factious, and the blockheads; but the longest chapter in Deuteronomy has not curses enough for an Anti-Birmingham.[6]

in England also) *whig:* while the opposite faction denominated the courtiers, TORIES, covertly insinuating by this term that the partizans of monarchy were not only base and servile in their principles, but attached to popery; the lower classes in Ireland being papists, and an Irish robber being then called a *Tory*, from the word *toree*, which Dr. Goldsmith says, in the Irish language signifies—*give me;* or in other words, *deliver* your money. *Tories*, *robbers*, and *rapories*, are frequently coupled together in old Irish statutes. The latter were low Irish free-booters, who were armed with a half-pike called a *raperee*, or *rapory*; and hence to this day a base or counterfeit halfpenny is universally called in Ireland, a *rap*.

[5] This word, beside its present signification, was also formerly used in the sense of *vitious*, *licentious;* in which sense it often occurs in our ancient statutes.—So Bolingbroke, in RICHARD II.

"That Mowbray hath received eight thousand nobles,
"The which he hath detain'd for *lewd* employments."

Such is its signification in p. 277, where our author says that Settle's rhymes are incorrigibly *lewd*.

Lewd, however, may have been used in its ordinary sense here, with an allusion to Lord Shaftesbury. See the character of *Antonio*, in Otway's VENICE PRESERVED, 1682, which was intended to represent this nobleman.

[6] The allusion here is not very clear. Birmingham, even at this early period, was noted for base and counterfeit money: "I coined heroes, (says Thomas Brown, in 1688,) as fast as *Brumingham* groats." I suppose,

My comfort is, their manifest prejudice to my cause will render their judgment of less authority against me. Yet if a poem have a genius, it will force its own reception in the world; for there is a sweetness in good verse, which tickles even while it hurts, and no man can be heartily angry with him who pleases him against his will. The commendation of adversaries is the greatest triumph of a writer, because it never comes unless extorted. But I can be satisfied on more easy terms. If I happen to please the more moderate sort, I shall be sure of an honest party, and in all probability, of the best judges; for the least concerned are commonly the least corrupt: and I confess I have laid in for those, by rebating the satire (where justice would allow it,) from carrying too sharp an edge. They who can criticize so weakly as to imagine I have done my worst, may be convinced, at their own cost, that I can write severely with more ease than I can gently. I have but laughed at some men's follies, when I could have declaimed against their vices; and other men's virtues I have commended as freely as I have taxed their crimes.

And now, if you are a malicious reader, I expect you should return upon me, that I affect

therefore, our author means, that the longest chapter of Deuteronomy could not furnish the fanaticks with curses sufficient to express their hatred of him who exposed and satirized *spurious pretenders to patriotism*.

to be thought more impartial than I am. But if men are not to be judged by their professions, GOD forgive you *Commonwealths-men* for professing so plausibly for the government. You cannot be so unconscionable as to charge me for not subscribing of my name; for that would reflect too grossly upon your own party, who never dare, though they have the advantage of a jury to secure them.[7] If you like not my poem, the fault may possibly be in my writing (though it is hard for an author to judge against himself); but more probably it is in your morals, which cannot bear the truth of it.

The violent on both sides will condemn the character of Absalom,[8] as either too favourable or too hardly drawn; but they are not the violent whom I desire to please. The fault on the right hand is to extenuate, palliate, and indulge; and to confess freely, I have endeavoured to commit it. Besides the respect which I owe his birth, I have a greater for his heroick virtues; and David[9] him-

[7] Alluding to the juries returned by the popular Sheriffs, Bethell, Cornish, &c. consisting of their own partizans.—On the 15th of October, 1681, an indictment for High Treason was preferred at the Old Baily against John Rouse, and supported by eight witnesses; but the Grand Jury would not find the bill: and eight days after this poem was published, the Grand Jury of Middlesex returned *Ignoramus* on a bill of indictment for High Treason preferred against the Earl of Shaftesbury.

[8] The Duke of Monmouth.

[9] King Charles II.

self could not be more tender of the young man's life, than I would be of his reputation. But since the most excellent natures are always the most easy, and as being such, are the soonest perverted by ill counsels, especially when baited with fame and glory, it is no more a wonder that he withstood not the temptations of Achitophel,[1] than it was for Adam not to have resisted the two devils, the serpent, and the woman. The conclusion of the story I purposely forbore to prosecute, because I could not obtain from myself to shew Absalom unfortunate. The frame of it was cut out but for a picture to the waist; and if the draught be so far true, it is as much as I designed.

Were I the inventor, who am only the historian, I should certainly conclude the piece with the reconcilement of Absalom to David; and who knows but this may come to pass? Things were not brought to an extremity where I left the story; there seems yet to be room left for a composure; hereafter, there may only be for pity. I have not so much as an uncharitable wish against Achitophel, but am content to be accused of a good-natured errour, and to hope with Origen,* that the devil himself may at last be saved: for which

[1] Antony Ashley Cooper, first Earl of Shaftesbury.

* This learned father, who lived in the third century, and who very early was styled a schismatick, (almost all his books being ordered to be burnt by Pope Gelasius in 494,) did not experience from the catholick church so much charity as he is said to have had even for the spiritual enemy of mankind; for the famous John Picus, of Mirandula,

reason, in this poem, he is neither brought to set his house in order, nor to dispose of his person afterwards, as he in wisdom shall think fit.* GOD is infinitely merciful; and his vicegerent is only not so, because he is not infinite.

The true end of satire is the amendment of vices by correction; and he who writes honestly is no more an enemy to the offender, than the physician to the patient, when he prescribes harsh remedies to an inveterate disease: for those are only in order to prevent the chirurgeon's work of an *ense rescindendum*, which I wish not to my very enemies. To conclude all: if the body politick have any analogy to the natural, in my weak judgment an act of oblivion were as necessary in a hot distempered state, as an opiate would be in a raging fever.

having asserted and published at Rome in 1487, among his nine hundred propositions, *that it is more reasonable to believe Origen saved, than to think him damned*, the masters in divinity censured him for it, asserting, that *his proposition was rash, blameable, savouring of heresy, and contrary to the determination of the catholick church.*

Among other opinions which the church considered as heretical, Origen denied the eternity of hell-torments, being of opinion, that after having been punished for some ages, even damned spirits will be translated into a place of infinite bliss.

* "And when Ahithophel saw that his counsel was not followed, he saddled his ass, and arose, and gat him home to *his house, and put his household in order*, and hanged himself, and died, and was buried in the sepulchre of his father." 2 Sam. c. xvii. v. 23.

EPISTLE TO THE WHIGS,

PREFIXED TO

THE MEDAL,[a]

A SATIRE AGAINST SEDITION.[a]

FOR to whom can I dedicate this poem with so much justice as to you? It is the representation of your own hero; it is the picture drawn at length, which you admire and prize so much in little. None of your ornaments are wanting; neither the landscape of the Tower, nor the rising sun, nor the *Anno Domini* of your new Sovereign's coronation. This must needs be a grateful under-

[a] Of the bill preferred against Lord Shaftesbury for High Treason in November, 1681, an account has already been given. See p. 81. On the Jury's refusing to find the bill, the acclamations by the people in the court lasted an hour, as appears from a letter of Sir Leoline Jenkins to the Prince of Orange, quoted by Dalrymple. To perpetuate the memory of this event, a medal was struck with Shaftesbury's head on one side; on the reverse, a view of the city of London, with a rising sun; and in the exergue, the word *Lætamur* at the top, and at the bottom, 24 Nov. 1681. This gave occasion to our author's poem with the same title, which was first published in quarto in 1682.

taking to your whole party, especially to those who have not been so happy as to purchase the original. I hear the graver has made a good market of it; all his Kings[3] are bought up already, or the value of the remainder so enhanced, that many a poor Polander, who would be glad to worship the image, is not able to go to the cost of him; but must be content to see him here.

I must confess I am no great artist; but sign-post painting will serve the turn to remember a friend by, especially when better is not to be had. Yet for your comfort, the lineaments are true; and though he sat not five times to me, as he did to B.,[4] yet I have consulted history, as the Italian painters do, when they would draw a Nero or a Caligula: though they have not seen the man, they can help their imagination by a statue of him, and find out the colouring from Suetonius and

[3] i. e. all his medals. Shaftesbury, it was supposed, entertained hopes that he should be elected King of Poland.

[4] George Bower, I believe a Dutchman, who engraved several heads for King Charles, and James the Second, both before and after he came to the crown; and some satirical medals relative to the Popish Plot, which may be found in Evelyn's NUMISMATA. He also engraved medals after the Revolution for William and Mary; so that Lord Orford (ANECDOTES OF PAINTING, iii. 104. 4to.) is certainly mistaken in supposing him a *volunteer* artist. He appears to have engraved for any one who would employ him.

Tacitus. Truth is, you might have spared one side of your medal; the head would be seen to more advantage, if it were placed on a spike of the Tower, a little nearer to the sun, which would then break out to better purpose.

You tell us in your Preface to the No Protestant Plot,[5] that you shall be forced hereafter to leave off your modesty; I suppose you mean that little which is left you; for it was worn to rags, when you put out this medal. Never was there practised such a piece of notorious impudence in the face of an established government. I believe, when he is dead, you will wear him in thumb-rings, as the Turks did Scanderbeg; as if there were virtue in his bones to preserve you against monarchy. Yet all this while you pretend not only zeal for the publick good, but a due veneration for the person of the King; but all men who can see an inch before them may easily detect those gross fallacies. That it is necessary for men in your circumstances to pretend both, is granted you, for without them there could be no ground to raise a faction; but I would ask you one civil question,—what right has any man among you, or any association of men, (to come nearer to you,)[6] who out of parliament cannot be considered in a publick capacity, to meet, as you

[5] No Protestant Plot was a tract in three parts, printed in folio, in 1682.

[6] Alluding to the scheme of an Association, found in Shaftesbury's study. See p. 81.

daily do, in factious clubs, to vilify the government in your discourses, and to libel it in all your writings? Who made you judges in Israel? or how is it consistent with your zeal of the publick welfare, to promote sedition? Does your definition of loyal, which is to serve the King according to the laws, allow you the licence of traducing the executive power, with which you own he is invested? You complain that his Majesty has lost the love and confidence of his people; and by your very urging it, you endeavour what in you lies to make him lose them. All good subjects abhor the thought of arbitrary power, whether it be in one or many; if you were the patriots you would seem, you would not at this rate incense the multitude to assume it; for no sober man can fear it, either from the King's disposition or his practice, or even where you would odiously lay it, from his ministers. Give us leave to enjoy the government and the benefit of laws under which we were born, and which we desire to transmit to our posterity. You are not the trustees of the publick liberty; and if you have not right to petition in a crowd, much less have you to intermeddle in the management of affairs, or to arraign what you do not like; which in effect is every thing that is done by the King and Council. Can you imagine that any reasonable man will believe you respect the person of his majesty, when it is apparent that your seditious pamphlets are stuffed with particular reflections on him? If you have

the confidence to deny this, it is easy to be evinced from a thousand passages, which I only forbear to quote, because I desire they should die and be forgotten. I have perused many of your papers; and to shew you that I have, the third part of your No PROTESTANT PLOT is much of it stolen from your dead author's pamphlet, called the GROWTH OF POPERY;[7] as manifestly as Milton's Defence of the English People is from Buchanan, *de jure regni apud Scotos*; or your first Covenant,[8] and new Association, from the holy league of the French Guisards. Any one who reads Davila may trace your practices all along. There were the same pretences for reformation and loyalty, the same aspersions of the King, and the same grounds of a rebellion. I know not whether you will take the historian's word, who says it was reported that Poltrot, a Hugonot, murdered Francis, Duke of Guise, by the instigations of Theodore Beza; or that it was a Hugonot minister, otherwise called a presbyterian, (for our church abhors so devilish a tenet,) who first writ a treatise of the lawfulness of deposing and murdering Kings of a different persuasion in religion: but I am able to prove from the doctrine of Calvin; and principles of

[7] An Account of the Growth of Popery and arbitrary Government in England, &c. was written by Andrew Marvel, and published in folio, in 1678.

[8] The famous solemn League and Covenant, devised by the Scotch in 1638, and entered into by the parliament of England in 1643. Of the new Association an account has been already given in p. 81.

Buchanan, that they set the people above the magistrate; which if I mistake not, is your own fundamental, and which carries your loyalty no farther than your liking. When a vote of the House of Commons goes on your side, you are as ready to observe it, as if it were passed into a law; but when you are pinched with any former and yet unrepealed act of parliament, you declare that in some cases you will not be obliged by it. The passage is in the same third part of the No Protestant Plot, and is too plain to be denied. The late copy of your intended Association you neither wholly justify nor condemn; but as the papists, when they are unopposed, fly out into all the pageantries of worship, but in times of war, when they are hard pressed by arguments, lie close entrenched behind the Council of Trent,—so now, when your affairs are in a low condition, you dare not pretend that to be a legal combination; but whensoever you are afloat, I doubt not but it will be maintained and justified to purpose. For indeed there is nothing to defend it, but the sword; it is the proper time to say any thing, when men have all things in their power.

In the mean time you would fain be nibbling at a parallel betwixt this Association, and that in the time of Queen Elizabeth.[1] But there is this

[1] An Association, subscribed by all the loyalists in England, in 1584, to defend Queen Elizabeth with their lives and fortunes, against all the attempts of her enemies. Vid. Camden. Eliz. p. 418. edit. Hearne.

small difference betwixt them,—that the ends of the one are directly opposite to the other; one with the Queen's approbation and conjunction, as head of it; the other without either the consent or knowledge of the King, against whose authority it is manifestly designed. Therefore you do well to have recourse to your last evasion,—that it was contrived by your enemies, and shuffled into the papers that were seized, which yet you see the nation is not so easy to believe, as your own jury; but the matter is not difficult, to find twelve men in Newgate, who would acquit a malefactor.

I have one only favour to desire of you at parting, that when you think of answering this poem, you would employ the same pens against it, who have combated with so much success against ABSALOM AND ACHITOPHEL;[5] for then you may

[5] Several Answers to ABSALOM AND ACHITOPHEL were published in 1681 and 1682. One of these (a single half-sheet,) which appeared so early as the 10th of Dec. 1681, is entitled—"Towser the Second, a Bulldog, or a short Reply to ABSALOM AND ACHITOPHEL." Four days afterwards appeared—"Poetical Reflections on a late Poem entitled ABSALOM AND ACHITOPHEL, by a Person of Honour;" who is supposed to have been George Villiers, Duke of Buckingham; and if he was indeed the author of this piece, it would furnish a strong presumption that his associates wrote much more of THE REHEARSAL than his Grace; for it is miserable stuff. On the 20th of the same month another Answer appeared, (a half-sheet,) under the title of—"A Panegyrick on the Author of ABSALOM AND ACHITOPHEL,

assure yourselves of a clear victory, without the least reply. Rail at me abundantly, and not to break a custom, do it without wit; by this method you will gain a considerable point, which is wholly to wave the answer of my arguments. Never own the bottom of your principles, for fear they should be treason. Fall severely on the miscarriages of government; for if scandal be not allowed, you are no freeborn subjects. If GOD has not blessed you with the talent of rhyming, make use of my poor stock and welcome: let your verses run upon

occasioned by his former writing of an Elegy in praise of Oliver Cromwell (lately reprinted.)" All these, however, were only the light infantry of his adversaries: in about three months afterwards the heavy horse began to charge; for early in April, Elkanah Settle published—"ABSALOM SENIOR, or ACHITOPHEL transprosed, a Poem," in folio. He is also said to have been the author of AZARIAH AND HUSHAI, another poem, on the same subject. To all these must be added the well-known poem, entitled—DRYDEN'S SATIRE TO HIS MUSE, and THE WHIP AND KEY. See n. 6.

To THE MEDAL various Answers also were published. One, entitled—"THE MUSHROOM, or a Satyr against libelling Tories and prelatical Tantivies, &c." was written, according to a manuscript note in Mr. Bindley's copy, by Edmund Hickeringill. In April appeared—"THE ROYAL MEDAL VINDICATED, a Poem," in folio. THE MEDAL was also attacked in a poem, entitled—THE MEDAL REVERSED (printed in 4to.) a very dull performance, ascribed to Settle. In the same form appeared THE MEDAL OF JOHN BAYES, a very bitter satire, the preface to which contains some anecdotes of Dryden. Of this piece I know not the author.

my feet; and for the utmost refuge of notorious blockheads, reduced to the last extremity of sense, turn my own lines upon me, and in utter despair of your own satire, make me satirize myself. Some of you have been driven to this bay already; but above all the rest commend me to the non-conformist parson, who writ the WHIP AND KEY.[6] I am afraid it is not read so much as the piece deserves, because the bookseller is every week crying help at the end of his gazette, to get it off. You see I am charitable enough to do him a kindness, that it may be published as well as printed; and that so much skill in Hebrew derivations may not lie for waste-paper in the shop. Yet I half suspect he went no farther for his learning than the index of Hebrew names and etymologies, which is printed at the end of some English Bibles. If Achitophel signify the brother of a fool, the author of that poem will pass with his readers for the next of kin; and perhaps it is the relation that makes the kindness. Whatever the verses are, buy them up, I beseech you, out of pity; for I hear the conventicle is shut up, and the brother of Achitophel out of service.

Now, footmen, you know, have the generosity to make a purse for a member of their society,

[6] Of this poem I have never met with a copy. It was printed in 4to. in 1682, in answer to ABSALOM AND ACHITOPHEL, for Richard Janeway, the bookseller who published THE MEDAL OF JOHN BAYES, and probably was written by the same author.

who has had his livery pulled over his ears; and even protestant socks are bought up among you, out of veneration to the name. A dissenter in poetry from sense and English will make as good a protestant rhymer, as a dissenter from the church of England a protestant parson. Besides, if you encourage a young beginner, who knows but he may elevate his style a little above the vulgar epithets of prophane and saucy Jack, and atheistick scribbler, with which he treats me, when the fit of enthusiasm is strong upon him; by which well-mannered and charitable expressions I was certain of his sect, before I knew his name. What would you have more of a man? he has damned me in your cause, from Genesis to the Revelations; and has half the texts of both the Testaments against me, if you will be so civil to yourselves as to take him for your interpreter; and not to take them for Irish witnesses.* After all, perhaps you will tell me that you retained him only for the opening of your cause, and that your main lawyer is yet behind. Now if it so happen he meet with no more reply than his predecessors, you may either conclude that I trust to the goodness of my cause, or fear my adversary, or disdain him, or what you please; for the short on't is, it is indifferent to your humble servant, whatever your party says or thinks of him.

* In the different trials on the Popish Plot, several Irish witnesses had been guilty of perjury.

PREFACE

TO

RELIGIO LAICI.[7]

A POEM with so bold a title, and a name prefixed, from which the handling of so serious a subject would not be expected, may reasonably oblige the author to say somewhat in defence both of himself and of his undertaking. In the first place, if it be objected to me, that being a layman, I ought not to have concerned myself with speculations which belong to the profession of Divinity, I could answer, that perhaps laymen, with equal

[7] This poem was first printed in quarto, in 1682.

I have elsewhere (Vindication of Shakspeare, p. 212.) had occasion to observe, that several of our English writers have borrowed titles for their pieces from their predecessors. For the title of the poem to which this preface was prefixed, our author was indebted to Lord Herbert of Cherbury, who annexed to his book DE VERITATE a tract entitled DE RELIGIONE LAICI, first printed at Paris in 1633, and afterwards at London in 1645.—In the year after our author's RELIGIO LAICI appeared, Charles Blount, who afterwards destroyed himself, published a short treatise with the same title, which is little more than an abstract of Lord Herbert's work. In the Epistle Dedicatory, addressed to his "much-honoured friend, John Dryden, Esqre." the author says, "I have endeavoured that my discourse should only be

advantages of parts and knowledge, are not the most incompetent judges of sacred things. But in the due sense of my own weakness and want of learning, I plead not this; I pretend not to make myself a judge of faith in others, but only to make a confession of my own; I lay no unhallowed hand upon the Ark, but wait on it with the reverence that becomes me at a distance. In the next place, I will ingenuously confess, that the helps I have used in this small treatise were many of them taken from the works of our own reverend divines of the church of England; so that the weapons with which I combat irreligion are already consecrated; though I suppose they may be taken down as lawfully as the sword of Goliah was by David, when they are to be employed for the common cause against the enemies of piety. I intend not by this to entitle them to any of my errours, which yet I hope are only those of charity

a continuance of yours; and that as you taught men how to *believe*, so I might instruct them how to *live*."

Browne's RELIGIO MEDICI, which was published in 1642, and translated into five languages, had made this kind of title very popular; and accordingly, previous to the appearance of either Dryden's or Blount's pieces, an anonymous writer who has concealed himself under the initial letters of his name, T. A., in 1681 gave the publick a RELIGIO CLERICI. Ten years afterwards, (1691) Benjamin Bridgewater issued out RELIGIO BIBLIOPOLÆ.

The late Mr. Mason has left among his papers a RELIGIO CLERICI, which, together with some other posthumous works, will, I believe, soon be published.

to mankind; and such as my own charity has caused me to commit, that of others may more easily excuse.

Being naturally inclined to scepticism in philosophy, I have no reason to impose my opinions in a subject which is above it; but whatever they are, I submit them with all reverence to my mother church, accounting them no further mine, than as they are authorized, or at least uncondemned by her. And indeed, to secure myself on this side, I have used the necessary precaution of shewing this paper before it was published to a judicious and learned friend, a man indefatigably zealous in the service of the church and state, and whose writings have highly deserved of both. He was pleased to approve the body of the discourse, and I hope he is more my friend than to do it out of complaisance. It is true he had too good a taste to like it all; and amongst some other faults, recommended to my second view what I have written, perhaps too boldly, on St. Athanasius, which he advised me wholly to omit. I am sensible enough that I had done more prudently to have followed his opinion; but then I could not have satisfied myself that I had done honestly, not to have written what was my own. It has always been my thought, that heathens who never did, nor without miracle could, hear of the name of Christ, were yet in a possibility of salvation. Neither will it enter easily into my belief, that before the coming of our Saviour, the whole world, excepting only the Jewish nation, should lie under the inevitable

necessity of everlasting punishment, for want of that revelation which was confined to so small a spot of ground as that of Palestine. Among the sons of Noah, we read of one only who was accursed; and if a blessing in the ripeness of time was reserved for Japhet, (of whose progeny we are,) it seems unaccountable to me why so many generations of the same offspring, as preceded our Saviour in the flesh, should be all involved in one common condemnation, and yet that their posterity should be entitled to the hopes of salvation: as if a bill of exclusion had passed only on the fathers, which debarred not the sons from their succession; or that so many ages had been delivered over to hell, and so many reserved for heaven, and that the devil had the first choice, and GOD the next. Truly, I am apt to think, that the revealed religion which was taught by Noah to all his sons, might continue for some ages in the whole posterity. That afterwards it was included wholly in the family of Shem, is manifest; but when the progenies of Ham and Japhet swarmed into colonies, and those colonies were subdivided into many others, in process of time their descendants lost by little and little the primitive and purer rites of divine worship, retaining only the notion of one Deity; to which succeeding generations added others: for men took their degrees in those ages from conquerors to gods. Revelation being thus eclipsed to almost all mankind, the light of nature, as the next in dignity, was substituted; and that is it which St. Paul concludes to be the rule of

the heathens, and by which they are hereafter to be judged.

If my supposition be true, then the consequence which I have assumed in my poem may be also true; namely, that deism, or the principles of natural worship, are only the faint remnants or dying flames of revealed religion in the posterity of Noah; and that our modern philosophers, nay and some of our philosophising divines, have too much exalted the faculties of our souls, when they have maintained that by their force mankind has been able to find out that there is one Supreme Agent or Intellectual Being, which we call GOD; that praise and prayer are his due worship; and the rest of those deducements, which I am confident are the remote effects of revelation, and unattainable by our discourse,[5] I mean as simply considered, and without the benefit of divine illumination. So that we have not lifted up ourselves to GOD by the weak pinions of our reason, but he has been pleased to descend to us; and what Socrates said of him, what Plato writ, and the rest of the heathen philosophers of several nations, is all no more than the twilight of revelation, after the sun of it was set in the race of Noah. That there is something above us, some principle of motion, our reason can apprehend, though it cannot discover what it is by its own virtue. And

[5] i. e. by our reasoning faculty. So, in HAMLET: "Sure, he that made us with such large *discourse*,".—

indeed, it is very improbable that we, who by the strength of our faculties cannot enter into the knowledge of any being, not so much as of our own, should be able to find out by them that Supreme Nature, which we cannot otherwise define than by saying it is infinite; as if infinite were definable, or infinity a subject for our narrow understanding. They who would prove religion by reason, do but weaken the cause which they endeavour to support; it is to take away the pillars from our faith, and to prop it only with a twig; it is to design a tower like that of Babel, which, if it were possible (as it is not) to reach heaven, would come to nothing by the confusion of the workmen. For every man is building a several way, impotently conceited of his own model and his own materials: reason is always striving, and always at a loss, and of necessity it must so come to pass, while it is exercised about that which is not its proper object. Let us be content at last, to know GOD by his own methods; at least so much of him as he is pleased to reveal to us in the sacred Scriptures: to apprehend them to be the word of GOD, is all our reason has to do; for all beyond it is the work of faith, which is the seal of heaven impressed upon our human understanding.

And now for what concerns the holy Bishop Athanasius, the preface of whose creed seems inconsistent with my opinion, which is, that heathens may possibly be saved;—in the first place,

I desire it may be considered, that it is the preface only, not the creed itself, which (till I am better informed,) is of too hard a digestion for my charity. It is not that I am ignorant how many several texts of scripture seemingly support that cause; but neither am I ignorant how all those texts may receive a kinder and more mollified interpretation. Every man who is read in church history knows *that* belief was drawn up after a long contestation with Arius, concerning the divinity of our Blessed Saviour, and his being one substance with the Father; and that thus compiled, it was sent abroad among the Christian churches, as a kind of test, which whosoever took, was looked on as an orthodox believer. It is manifest from hence, that the heathen part of the empire was not concerned in it; for its business was not to distinguish betwixt Pagans and Christians, but betwixt hereticks and true believers. This, well considered, takes off the heavy weight of censure which I would willingly avoid from so venerable a man; for if this proposition, "whosoever will be saved," be restrained only to those to whom it was intended, and for whom it was composed, I mean the Christians, then the anathema reaches not the heathens, who had never heard of Christ, and were nothing interessed in the dispute. After all, I am far from blaming even that prefatory addition to the creed, and as far from cavilling at the continuation of it in the liturgy of the church, where, on the days appointed, it is publickly read; for I

suppose there is the same reason for it now, in opposition to the Socinians, as there was then against the Arians, the one being a heresy which seems to have been refined out of the other;[6] and with how much more plausibility of reason it combats our religion, with so much more caution to be avoided: and therefore the prudence of our church is to be commended, which has interposed her authority for the recommendation of this creed. Yet to such as are grounded in the true belief, those explanatory creeds, the Nicene and this of Athanasius, might perhaps be spared; for what is supernatural will always be a mystery, in spite of exposition: and for my own part, the plain Apostle's creed is most suitable to my weak understanding, as the simplest diet is the most easy of digestion.

I have dwelt longer on this subject than I intended, and longer than perhaps I ought; for having laid down as my foundation, that the scripture is a rule, that in all things needful to salvation it is clear, sufficient, and ordained by

[6] Arius, the founder of the sect of Arians, who lived in the fourth century, denied the divinity of Christ. Lælius and Faustus Socinus, noblemen of Sienna, who gave rise to the Socinian heresy, in opposition to those who espoused the doctrine of the Trinity, maintained, that there is but one GOD, and that he alone is to be worshipped; that the Holy Ghost is only the Almighty power of GOD; that Jesus Christ had no being before the incarnation, which was acknowledged to be immaculate, and to have been the work of GOD; and that he is the adopted son of GOD,

GOD ALMIGHTY for that purpose, I have left myself no right to interpret obscure places, such as concern the possibility of eternal happiness to heathens; because whatsoever is obscure is concluded not necessary to be known.

But by asserting the scripture to be the canon of our faith, I have unavoidably created to myself two sorts of enemies; the papists indeed more directly, because they have kept the scripture from us, what they could, and have reserved to themselves a right of interpreting what they have delivered, under the pretence of infallibility; and the fanaticks more collaterally, because they have assumed what amounts to an infallibility, in the private spirit; and have distorted those texts of scripture which are not necessary to salvation, to the damnable uses of sedition, disturbance, and destruction of the civil government. To begin with the papists, and to speak freely, I think them the less dangerous (at least in appearance) to our

and invested with divine power both in heaven and earth: but Socinus denied the redemption of man by the son of GOD, whom he held to be only a divine missionary, who taught a virtuous doctrine, and sealed it with his blood. The Socinians also maintain, that the misery of the damned will cease at some period by the annihilation of their souls.

Faustus Socinus died in 1558. Lælius Socinus, the nephew of Faustus, and the principal founder of this sect, after experiencing great persecution, and much insult from the scholars at Cracoa, retired to the house of a Polish gentleman not far distant from that city, where he died in 1604, at the age of sixty-five.

present state; for not only the penal laws are in force against them, and their number is contemptible, but also their peerage and commons are excluded from parliaments, and consequently those laws in no probability of being repealed. A general and uninterrupted plot of their clergy, ever since the Reformation, I suppose all protestants believe; for it is not reasonable to think but that so many of their orders, as were outed from their fat possessions, would endeavour a re-entrance against those whom they account hereticks. As for the late design, Mr. Coleman's Letters,[1] for aught I know, are the best evidence; and what they discover, without wire-drawing their sense or malicious glosses, all men of reason conclude credible. If there be any thing more than this required of me, I must believe it as well as I am able, in spite of the witnesses, and out of a decent conformity to the votes of parliament; for I sup-

[1] Edward Coleman was Secretary to the Duke of York. The Letters here alluded to were addressed to Father La Chaise, the French King's Confessor; and his principal object appears to have been the subversion of the established religion in England, and introducing popery in its stead. Three other letters were written by him to Sir Nicholas Throckmorton, then residing in France, to solicit La Chaise to procure aid from the French King for that purpose. On the evidence of these letters principally, to La Chaise and Throckmorton, he was tried and found guilty of High Treason in Nov. 1678. —This scheme had in fact no connection with what was called the Popish Plot, the object of which was, according to the testimony of the infamous Titus Oates, to vest the

pose the fanaticks will not allow the private spirit in this case: here the infallibity is at least in one part of the government, and our understandings as well as our wills are represented. But to return to the Roman Catholicks;—how can we be secure from the practice of Jesuited Papists in that religion? For not two or three of that order, as some of them would impose upon us, but almost the whole body of them are of opinion, that their infallible master has a right over Kings, not only in spirituals, but temporals. Not to name Mariana, Bellarmine, Emmanuel Sa, Molina, Santarel, Simancha, and at the least twenty others of foreign countries, we can produce of our own nation, Campion, and Doleman or Parsons, (besides many [who] are named, whom I have not read,) who all of them attest this doctrine, that the Pope can depose and give away the right of any Sovereign Prince, *si vel paulum deflexerit*, if he shall never so little warp; but if he once comes to be excom-

sovereignty of Great Britain and Ireland in the Pope, who was to make the Jesuits his vicegerents; to assassinate the King and the Duke of York; to massacre all the protestants; to set fire to the city of London, &c. But such was the general prepossession with which the nation was at that time seized, that, as Hume has observed, the tremendous fiction of Oates, and Coleman's design, were universally confounded; and "the evidence of the latter being unquestionable, the belief of the former, aided by the passions of hatred and terrour, took possession of the whole people."

municated, then the bond of obedience is taken off from subjects; and they may and ought to drive him, like another Nebuchadnezzar, *ex hominum Christianorum dominatu*, from exercising dominion over Christians: and to this they are bound by virtue of divine precept, and by all the ties of conscience, under no less penalty than damnation. If they answer me, (as a learned priest has lately written,) that this doctrine of the Jesuits is not *de fide*, and that consequently they are not obliged by it, they must pardon me if I think they have said nothing to the purpose; for it is a maxim in their church, where points of faith are not decided, and that doctors are of contrary opinions, they may follow which part they please; but more safely, the most received and most authorized. And their champion, Bellarmine, has told the world in his Apology, that the King of England is a vassal to the Pope, *ratione directi dominii*, and that he holds in villanage of his Roman landlord; which is no new claim put in for England: our chronicles are his authentick witnesses, that King John was deposed by the same plea, and Philip Augustus admitted tenant. And, which makes the more for Bellarmine, the French King was again ejected, when our King submitted to the church, and the crown received under the sordid condition of a vassalage.

It is not sufficient for the more moderate and well-meaning papists, (of which I doubt not there are many,) to produce the evidences of their loyalty

to the late King, and to declare their innocency in this plot. I will grant their behaviour in the first to have been as loyal and as brave as they desire, and will be willing to hold them excused as to the second (I mean when it comes to my turn, and after my betters, for it is madness to be sober alone, while the nation continues drunk); but that saying of their father Cres.[8] is still running in my head,—that they may be dispensed with in their obedience to an heretick prince, while the necessity of the times shall oblige them to it; (for that, as another of them tells us, is only the effect of Christian prudence;) but when once they shall get power to shake him off, an heretick is no lawful King, and consequently to rise against him is no rebellion. I should be glad therefore, that they would follow the advice which was charitably given them by a reverend prelate of our church, namely, that they would join in a publick act of disowning and detesting those Jesuitick principles, and subscribe to all doctrines which deny the Pope's authority of deposing Kings, and releasing subjects from their oath of allegiance; to which I should think they might easily be induced, if it be true that this present Pope has condemned the doctrine of king-killing, (a thesis of the Jesuits,) amongst others, *ex cathedra*, as they call it, or in open consistory.

[8] Hugh, al. Serenus, Cressy, I suppose, is meant; a Roman catholick, who published several controversial tracts on religious subjects between 1663 and 1673.

Leaving them, therefore, in so fair a way (if they please themselves) of satisfying all reasonable men of their sincerity and good meaning to the government, I shall make bold to consider that other extreme of our religion,—I mean the fanaticks, or schismaticks, of the English church. Since the Bible has been translated into our tongue, they have used it so, as if their business was not to be saved, but to be damned, by its contents. If we consider only them, better had it been for the English nation that it had still remained in the original Greek and Hebrew, or at least in the honest Latin of St. Jerome, than that several texts in it should have been prevaricated to the destruction of that government which put it into so ungrateful hands.

How many heresies the first translation of Tyndal produced in few years, let my Lord Herbert's History of Henry the Eighth inform you; insomuch that for the gross errours in it, and the great mischiefs it occasioned, a sentence passed on the first edition of the Bible, too shameful almost to be repeated.[9] After the short reign of Edward the Sixth, (who had continued to carry on the reformation, on other principles than it was begun,) every one knows that not only the chief promoters of that work, but many others, whose consciences would not dispense with popery, were forced, for fear of persecution, to change climates;

[9] See Herbert's Hist. of Henry VIII. p. 559.

from whence returning at the beginning of Queen Elizabeth's reign, many of them who had been in France, and at Geneva, brought back the rigid opinions and imperious discipline of Calvin to graft upon our reformation; which, though they cunningly concealed at first, (as well knowing how nauseously that drug would go down in a lawful monarchy, which was prescribed for a rebellious commonwealth,) yet they always kept it in reserve, and were never wanting to themselves either in court or parliament, when either they had any prospect of a numerous party of fanatick members in the one, or the encouragement of any favourite in the other, whose covetousness was gaping at the patrimony of the church. They who will consult the works of our venerable Hooker, or the account of his life, or more particularly the letter written to him on this subject by George Cranmer,[1] may see by what gradations they proceeded; from the dislike of cap and

[1] George Cranmer was great-nephew to Archbishop Cranmer, and a pupil of Hooker's at Corpus Christi College, in Oxford. He travelled for some years in France, Germany, and Italy, with the learned Sir Edwyn Sandys, and afterwards was Secretary to Sir Henry Killigrew, the English Ambassador at Paris. After Sir Henry's death, he accompanied Lord Mountjoy to Ireland in 1600, where in an engagement with the rebels near Carlingford, he unfortunately received a wound of which he died. The letter here referred to was addressed by Cranmer to his former tutor in Feb. 1598-9, and was annexed by Isaac Walton to his Life of Hooker, 8vo. 1665.

surplice, the very next step was admonitions to the parliament against the whole government ecclesiastical: then came out volumes in English and Latin in defence of their tenets; and immediately practices were set on foot to erect their discipline without authority. Those not succeeding, satire and railing was the next; and Martin Mar-prelate,[a] (the Marvel of those times) was the first presbyterian scribbler who sanctified libels and scurrility to the use of the good old cause: which was done (says my author) upon this account; that their serious treatises having been fully answered and refuted, they might compass by railing what they had lost by reasoning; and when their cause was sunk in court and parliament, they might at least hedge in a stake amongst the rabble, for to their ignorance all things are wit, which are abusive; but if church and state were made the theme, then the doctoral degree of wit was to be taken at Billingsgate. Even the most saintlike of

[a] The presbyterian scribbler whom our author describes as the prototype of Andrew Marvel, and who was usually distinguished by the name of Martin Marprelate, (from his violent animosity against episcopacy,) was John Penry, alias ap Henry, a Welchman, who in 1578 became a subsizer of Peter-House College, in Cambridge. After publishing above twenty controversial and seditious tracts, with ridiculous titles, he was hung at St. Thomas-a-Watering, May 29, 1593. A full account of this furious zealot and his works may be found in Wood's ATH. OXON. i. 258.

the party, though they durst not excuse this contempt and villifying of the government, yet were pleased, and grinned at it with a pious smile; and called it a judgment of GOD against the hierarchy. Thus sectaries, we may see, were born with teeth, foul-mouthed and scurrilous from their infancy; and if spiritual pride, venom, violence, contempt of superiours, and slander, had been the marks of orthodox belief, the presbytery, and the rest of our schismaticks, which are their spawn, were always the most visible church in the Christian world.

It is true, the government was too strong at that time for a rebellion; but to shew what proficiency they had made in Calvin's school, even *then* their mouths watered at it: for two of their gifted brotherhood, Hacket and Coppinger,[3] as the story tells us, got up in a pease-cart, and harangued the people, to dispose them to an insurrection, and to establish their discipline by force; so that however it comes about that now they celebrate Queen Elizabeth's birth-night, as that of their saint and patroness, yet then they were for doing the work of the LORD by arms against her; and, in all probability, they wanted but a fanatick Lord Mayor and two Sheriffs[4] of their party, to have compassed it.

[3] These two sectaries pretended to divine inspiration. Hacket was hanged at Tyburn in 1591, uttering to the last moment of his life the most horrid blasphemies; and Coppinger starved himself to death in prison. See Fuller's CHURCH HIST. b. ix. p. 204.

[4] The fanatick Lord Mayor was Sir Robert Clayton,

Our venerable Hooker, after many admonitions which he had given them, toward the end of his Preface, breaks out into this prophetick speech: "There is in every one of these considerations "most just cause to fear, lest our hastiness to "embrace a thing of so perilous consequence "(meaning the presbyterian discipline) should "cause posterity to feel those evils, which as yet "are more easy for us to prevent, than they would "be for them to remedy."

How fatally this Cassandra has foretold, we know too well by sad experience. The seeds were sown in the time of Queen Elizabeth, the bloody harvest ripened in the reign of King Charles the Martyr; and because all the sheaves could not be carried off without shedding some of the loose grains, another crop is too like to follow; nay I fear it is unavoidable, if the conventiclers be permitted still to scatter.

A man may be suffered to quote an adversary to our religion, when he speaks truth; and it is the observation of Maimbourg in his History of Calvinism, that wherever that discipline was planted and embraced, rebellion, civil war, and misery attended it. And how indeed should it happen otherwise? Reformation of church and state has always been the ground of our divisions in England. While

who was Lord Mayor of London in 1680. The two Sheriffs were Slingsby Bethel, and Henry Cornish, who were Sheriffs in the same year. Bethel had been one of the Committee of Safety in the time of the Usurpation.

we were papists, our Holy Father rid us, by pretending authority out of the scriptures to depose Princes; when we shook off his authority, the sectaries furnished themselves with the same weapons, and out of the same magazine, the Bible. So that the Scriptures, which are in themselves the greatest security of governors, as commanding express obedience to them, are now turned to their destruction; and never since the Reformation has there wanted a text of their interpreting to authorize a rebel. And it is to be noted by the way, that the doctrines of king-killing and deposing, which have been taken up only by the worst party of the papists, the most frontless flatterers of the Pope's authority, have been espoused, defended, and are still maintained, by the whole body of nonconformists and republicans. It is but dubbing themselves the People of GOD, which it is the interest of their preachers to tell them they are, and their own interest to believe, and after that, they cannot dip into the Bible, but one text or another will turn up for their purpose: if they are under persecution, (as they call it,) then that is a mark of their election; if they flourish, then GOD works miracles for their deliverance, and the saints are to possess the earth.

They may think themselves to be too roughly handled in this paper; but I who know best how far I could have gone on this subject, must be bold to tell them they are spared; though at the same time I am not ignorant that they interpret

the mildness of a writer to them, as they do the mercy of the government; in the one they think it fear, and conclude it weakness in the other. The best way for them to confute me is, as I before advised the Papists, to disclaim their principles, and renounce their practices. We shall all be glad to think them true Englishmen, when they obey the King; and true protestants, when they conform to the church discipline.

It remains that I acquaint the reader, that the verses were written for an ingenious young gentleman, my friend,[5] upon his translation of the Critical History of the Old Testament, composed by the learned Father Simon. The verses therefore are addressed to the translator of that work, and the style of them is, what it ought to be, epistolary.

[5] Derrick asserts that this person was John Hambden, the son of the celebrated John Hambden, but he means the grandson; for he describes him as the person concerned in the Rye-House Plot.—But he is undoubtedly mistaken; for it appears from a list of books published by our author's bookseller, Jacob Tonson, that Father Simon's "Critical History of the Old Testament," (which was published in 1682,) was translated by *H. D.* See also, in the Second Volume of Dryden's POETICAL MISCELLANIES, 8vo. 1684, p. 452, a poem "upon the late ingenious Translation of Pere Simons' Critical History, by H. D. Esqre." Who this person was, I have not been able to discover. Perhaps Mr. Dodswell, who translated the Life of Poplicola from Plutarch; or some one of the Digby family.

If any one be so lamentable a critick as to require the smoothness, the numbers, and the turn of heroick poetry in this poem, I must tell him, that if he has not read Horace, I have studied him, and hope the style of his Epistles is not ill imitated here. The expressions of a poem, designed purely for instruction, ought to be plain and natural, and yet majestick; for here the poet is presumed to be a kind of law-giver, and those three qualities which I have named are proper to the legislative style. The florid, elevated, and figurative way is for the passions; for love and hatred, fear and anger, are begotten in the soul by shewing their objects out of their true proportion, either greater than the life, or less; but instruction is to be given by shewing them what they naturally are. A man is to be cheated into passion, but to be reasoned into truth.*

* "The RELIGIO LAICI (says Dr. Johnson) - - is almost the only work of Dryden which can be considered as a voluntary effusion: in this, therefore, it might be hoped, that the full effulgence of his genius would be found. But unhappily the subject is rather argumentative than poetical; he intended only a specimen of metrical disputation:

> And this unpolish'd rugged verse I chose,
> As fittest for discourse, and nearest prose.

This, however, is a composition of great excellence in its kind, in which the familiar is very properly diversified with the solemn, and the grave with the humorous; in

which metre hath neither weakened the force, nor clouded the perspicuity of argument: nor will it be easy to find another example, equally happy, of this middle kind of writing, which, though prosaick in some parts, rises to high poetry in others, and neither towers to the skies, nor creeps along the ground." Life of DRYDEN.

DEDICATION

OF

PLUTARCH'S LIVES,

TRANSLATED FROM THE GREEK.[6]

TO HIS GRACE

THE DUKE OF ORMOND, &c.[7]

MY LORD,

LUCRETIUS, endeavouring to prove from the principles of his philosophy, that the world had a casual beginning from the concourse of atoms, and that men, as well as the rest of animals,

[6] The first volume of the Translation of Plutarch's Lives by several hands, to which the following Dedication was prefixed, was published in 1683; the remaining volumes in the three following years. The most considerable persons associated in this undertaking were, Richard Duke and Knightly Chetwood, Fellows of Trinity College, in Cambridge; Paul Rycaut, Esq.; Thomas Creech, of Wadham College, Oxford, the translator of Horace, &c.; Edward Brown, M. D. author of Travels in Germany, &c.; Dr. Adam Littleton, author of the Latin Dictionary; John Caryl, Esq. I believe the friend of Pope; Mr. Joseph Arrowsmith; Thomas Rymer, Esq.; Dr. William Oldys; John Evelyn, Esq.; and Mr. Somers, afterwards Lord Somers, who translated the Life

were produced from the vital heat and moisture of their mother earth, from the same principles is bound to answer this objection,—why men are not daily formed after the same manner; which he tells us, is, because the kindly warmth and procreative faculty of the ground is now worn out: the sun is a disabled lover; and the earth is past her teeming time.

of Alcibiades, though his name is not prefixed to it. Beside the persons here enumerated, twenty-nine others were engaged in this work: so that the total number of the translators was forty-one. Dryden translated none of the Lives.

[7] James Butler, the twelfth Earl, and first Duke of Ormond, who during a long life was eminently distinguished for virtue, courage, and loyalty, was born in London, on the 19th of October, 1610. In December 1629, he married Lady Elizabeth Preston, daughter of Richard, Lord Dingwell, and Earl of Desmond in Ireland. For his great services and sufferings in the cause of Charles the First and Second, July 20th, 1660, he was created an English Peer, by the titles of Lord Butler of Lanthony and Earl of Brecknock, and was made Lord Steward of the Household, an office which he held during the whole of the reign of Charles the Second. In 1661 he was created Duke of Ormond in Ireland, and the 9th of November, 1682, obtained the same title in England. He was also honoured with the Garter, and was thrice Lord Lieutenant of Ireland; in 1662, 1677, and 1684.

This highly respectable nobleman, who honoured our author with his patronage, and often admitted him to his table, died at his seat in Dorsetshire, July 21, 1688; and on the 4th of August he was buried in Westminster Abbey.

Though religion has informed us better of our origin, yet it appears plainly, that not only the bodies, but the souls of men, have decreased from the vigour of the first ages; that we are not more short of the stature and strength of those gigantick heroes, than we are of their understanding and their wit. To let pass those happy patriarchs who were striplings at fourscore, and had afterwards seven or eight hundred years before them to beget sons and daughters, and to consider man in reference only to his mind, and that no higher than the age of Socrates, how vast a difference is there betwixt the productions of those souls, and these of ours? How much better Plato, Aristotle, and the rest of the philosophers understood nature; Thucydides and Herodotus adorned history; Sophocles, Euripides, and Menander advanced poetry, than those dwarfs of wit and learning who succeeded them in after times?[8] That age was most famous amongst the Greeks which ended with the death of Alexander;[9] amongst the Romans learning seemed again to revive and flourish in the century which produced Cicero, Varro, Sallust, Livy, Lucretius, and Virgil:[1] and after a short interval of years, wherein

[8] Herodotus died about 413 years A. C. and Menander 293 years A. C.; Plato, Aristotle, &c. in the intermediate period, a period of about 120 years.

[9] This estimate would exclude Menander, for Alexander died 323 years before Christ, and one year before his master, Aristotle.

[1] That is, it revived about two hundred and sixteen years after the death of all the Greek writers above-

nature seemed to take a breathing time for a second birth, there sprung up under the Vespasians, and those excellent princes who succeeded them, a race of memorable wits, such as were the two Plinies, Tacitus, and Suetonius;[a] and as if Greece was emulous of the Roman learning, under the

mentioned, except Menander. The dates of the respective births of the Roman authors here enumerated, are as follows:

	A. U. C.	A. C.
Varro was born	637	116
Cicero	647	106
Lucretius	656	97
Sallust	669	85
Virgil	684	69
Livy	695	58

Livy died A. D. 17, in the year of Rome 771; between which and the birth of Varro, is a period of 134 years, in which flourished, beside those enumerated by our author, Cæsar, Catullus, Cornelius Nepos, Horace, Ovid, Tibullus, and Propertius.

[a] Pliny, the Naturalist, died A. D. 79, in the first year of Titus; his nephew, the younger Pliny, died in 113, the 15th year of Trajan. Tacitus was born in the last year of Claudius, A. D. 54, and is supposed to have died in the last year of Trajan, A. D. 117, at the age of 63. He did not begin his HISTORY, (which, though it comprizes a later period, was written before his ANNALS,) till 98, which was the first year of that Emperor's reign.—Suetonius was born in the fifth year of Vespasian, A. D. 75, and is supposed to have written his Lives of the Emperors, when he was forty-seven years old, in the fifth year of Adrian, A. D. 122, five years after the death of Tacitus.

same favourable constellation was born the famous philosopher and historian, Plutarch; than whom antiquity has never produced a man more generally knowing, or more virtuous; and no succeeding age has equalled him.

His LIVES, both in his own esteem and that of others, accounted the noblest of his works, have been long since rendered into English;[3] but as that translation was only from the French, so it suffered this double disadvantage; first, that it was but a copy of a copy, and that too but lamely taken from the Greek original; secondly, that the English language was then unpolished, and far from the perfection which it has since attained; so that the first version is not only ungrammatical and ungraceful, but in many places almost unintelligible.[4] For which reasons, and lest so useful a piece of history should lie oppressed under the rubbish of antiquated words, some ingenious and learned gentlemen have undertaken this task; and

[3] Translated from the French of Amiot, by Sir Thomas North, and published in folio, in 1579.

[4] North's translation, however unfaithful or inaccurate it may be in some places, is no more *unintelligible* than any other book of that age. But our author in the next sentence furnishes us with the true ground of his giving this character of North's work, viz. that it contains many *antiquated words*; and here we have another proof of what I have elsewhere had occasion to notice,—that he was not well acquainted with the language of our elder writers.

what would have been the labour of one man's life, will, by the several endeavours of many, be accomplished in the compass of a year.[5] How far they have succeeded in this laudable attempt, to me it belongs not to determine, who am too much a party to be a judge. But I have the honour to be commissioned from the translators of this volume to inscribe their labours and my own, with all humility, to your Grace's name and patronage; and never was any man more ambitious of an employment of which he was so little worthy. Fortune has at last gratified that earnest desire I have always had to shew my devotion to your Grace, though I despair of paying you my acknowledgments. And of all other opportunities,[6] I have happened on the most favourable to myself, who, having never been able to produce any thing of my own, which could be worthy of your view, am supplied by the assistance of my

[5] This promise was not fulfilled. The translation was not finished till 1686.

[6] Lest the authority of Dryden should mislead, it may not be improper to observe, that this mode of expression, though as old as the sixteenth century, and frequently used by some of our best modern writers, is inaccurate. He should have written—"And of all opportunities," &c. We often read,—"He, *of all others*, ought not," &c. By the introduction of the word *others*, the person spoken of is excluded from the circle within which the position is placed, When we say—"Of *all men*, he ought not," &c. this is not the case.

friends, and honoured with the presentation of their labours. The author they have translated, has been long familiar to you, who have been conversant in all sorts of history both ancient and modern, and have formed the idea of your most noble life from the instructions and examples contained in them, both in the management of publick affairs, and in the private offices of virtue; in the enjoyment of your better fortune, and sustaining of your worse; in habituating yourself to an easy greatness; in repelling your enemies, in succouring your friends; and in all traverses of fortune, in every colour of your life, maintaining an inviolable fidelity to your Sovereign. It is long since that I have learned to forget the art of praising,[7] but here the heart dictates to the pen; and I appeal to your enemies, (if so much generosity and good nature can have left you any,) whether they are not conscious to themselves that I have not flattered.

It is an age, indeed, which is only fit for satire, and the sharpest I have shall never be wanting to

[7] Not *very* long, for in 1681 he had dedicated THE SPANISH FRYAR to Lord Haughton, and early in the present year, (1683,) in conjunction with Lee, he dedicated THE DUKE OF GUISE to Lord Rochester. However, in the years 1681 and 1682, *the art of praising* had been less diligently cultivated than formerly, and he had produced those exquisite satires, by which he had shewn the world that "he could write severely with as much ease as he could gently."

lance its villanies, and its ingratitude to the government. There are few men in it, who are capable of supporting the weight of a just and deserved commendation; but amongst those few there must always stand excepted the illustrious names of ORMOND and of OSSORY; a father and a son only worthy of each other. Never was one soul more fully infused into another's breast; never was so strong an impression made of virtue as that of your Grace's into him; but though the stamp was deep, the subject which received it was of too fine a composition to be durable. Were not priority of time and nature in the case, it might have been doubted which of you had been most excellent; but Heaven snatched away the copy,[8] to make the original more precious. I

[8] Lord Ossory, the Duke of Ormond's eldest son, who was born in the Castle of Kilkenny, July 9th, 1634, and died of a malignant fever at Arlington-House in London, July 30th, 1680, in the forty-seventh year of his age. No man of his time was more generally respected or lamented. A very just and well-drawn character of this amiable nobleman may be found in Carte's Life of the Duke of Ormond, vol. ii. p. 499-507. By Emilia, the daughter of M. de Beaverswaert, Governor of Sluys, whom he married in 1659, (Lord Arlington married another daughter of the same gentleman,) he left two sons, James, the second Duke of Ormond, and Charles, Earl of Arran; and four daughters.

His speech in defence of his father, in 1679, was so highly extolled, that it was printed in Holland. Lord Shaftesbury wishing to remove the Duke from the post

dare trust myself no farther on this subject; for after years of mourning, my sorrow is yet so green

of Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, played exactly the game which has since at various periods been played in this country with more success: and twenty-four articles, in the way of a libel against his Grace, having been transmitted from Dublin, Shaftesbury hoped they might serve as the ground of a formal impeachment, or at least render him extremely unpopular. To sound the temper of the House of Lords, *he recommended to their consideration the state of Ireland: a kingdom necessary to be taken care of for the sake of England, and yet, alas! but too much neglected.* In his speech he insinuated many things to the prejudice of the Duke of Ormond, and asserted that he unduly favoured the papists, and was himself popishly affected.—"The Earl of Ossory (says Carte), rose up in his father's defence, with an indignation at those groundless and malicious suggestions, which the occasion fully justified; and vindicated him in such a manner, and with so severe reflections on the conduct of the Earl of Shaftesbury, that the latter found he had gone too far, and thought fit to excuse himself by saying, that *he had no thought of doing prejudice to the Duke of Ormond by that discourse.*"

The conclusion of Lord Ossory's speech on this occasion, was particularly admired. After having enumerated his father's services to the state, he added, (looking, probably, steadfastly at Lord Shaftesbury,) "Having spoken of what he has done, I presume with the same truth to tell your Lordships what he has *not* done. He never advised the breaking of the triple league; he never advised the shutting up of the Exchequer; he never advised the Declaration for a toleration; he never advised the falling out

upon me, that I am ready to tax Providence for the loss of that heroick son: three nations had a general concernment in his death, but I had one so very particular, that all my hopes are almost dead with him; and I have lost so much, that I

with the Dutch, and the joining with France; he was not the author of that most excellent position—*delenda est Carthago*,—that Holland, a protestant country, should, contrary to the true interest of England, be totally destroyed. I beg your Lordships will be so just as to judge of my father, and of all men, according to their actions and counsels."

One of the great uses of History is, that it furnishes us with examples by which we may form a tolerably correct judgment of the present, and almost of the future, by the past. Thus we learn, that whenever the zealots of innovation in this country have had any great object in view, *Ireland* has been always found a most commodious instrument to work with, here: and it appears from the foregoing passages, that our Reformers of the present day, in the use they have made of this instrument since the fatal era of the French Revolution, have only followed the plan marked out for them by Shaftesbury in his invective against that great and good man, the first Duke of Ormond: nor was that wily statesman the original deviser of this mischievous policy, for his former associate Cromwell, and his co-adjutors, had very successfully employed the same engine in a preceding period.—See the History of England during the latter years of Charles the First; Carte's Life of James, Duke of Ormond, vol. ii. p. 491-494; and the political history of Great Britain and Ireland from 1792 to the present time, *passim*.

am past the danger of a second shipwreck. But he sleeps with an unenvied commendation; and has left your Grace the sad legacy of all those glories which he derived from you: an accession which you wanted not, who were so rich before in your own virtues, and that high reputation which is the product of them.

A long descent of noble ancestors was not necessary to have made you great; but heaven threw it in as overplus when you were born. What you have done and suffered for two royal masters has been enough to render you illustrious; so that you may safely wave the nobility of your birth, and rely on your actions for your fame. You have cancelled the debt which you owed to your progenitors, and reflect more brightness on their memory than you received from them.

Your native country, which Providence gave you not leave to preserve under one King, it has given you opportunity under another to restore. You could not save it from the chastisement which was due to its rebellion, but you raised it from ruin after its repentance; so that the trophies of war were the portion of the conqueror, but the triumphs of peace were reserved for the vanquished. The misfortunes of Ireland were owing to itself, but its happiness and restoration to your Grace. The rebellion against a lawful prince was punished by an usurping tyrant, but the fruits of his victory were the rewards of a loyal subject.

How much that noble kingdom has flourished under your Grace's government, both the inhabitants and the crown are sensible: the riches of Ireland are increased by it, and the revenues of England are augmented. That which was a charge and burden of the government, is rendered an advantage and support; the trade and interest of both countries are united in a mutual benefit; they conspire to make each other happy; the dependance of the one is an improvement of its commerce, the pre-eminence of the other is not impaired by the intercourse; and common necessities are supplied by both. Ireland is no more a scion, to suck the nourishment from the mother tree; neither is it overtopped, or hindered from growth by the superiour branches; but the roots of England diving, if I may dare to say it, underneath the seas, rise at a just distance on the neighbouring shore, and there shoot up, and bear a product scarce inferiour to the trunk from whence they sprung.

I may raise the commendation higher, and yet not fear to offend the truth; Ireland is a better penitent than England. The crime of rebellion was common to both countries, but the repentance of one island has been steady; that of the other, to its shame, has suffered a relapse; which shews the conversions of their rebels to have been real, that of ours to have been but counterfeit. The sons of guilty fathers there have made amends for the disloyalty of their families; but here the de-

scendants of pardoned rebels have only waited their time to copy the wickedness of their parents, and if possible, to outdo it. They disdain to hold their patrimonies by acts of grace and of indemnity; and by maintaining their old treasonable principles, make it apparent that they are still speculative traitors; for whether they are zealous sectaries, or prophane republicans, (of which two sorts they are principally composed,) both our reformers of church and state pretend to a power superiour to kingship. The fanaticks derive their authority from the Bible, and plead religion to be antecedent to any secular obligation; by virtue of which argument, taking it for granted that their own worship is only true, they arrogate to themselves the right of disposing the temporal power according to their pleasure,—as that which is subordinate to the spiritual; so that the same reasons and scriptures which are urged by popes for the deposition of princes, are produced by sectaries for altering the succession. The episcopal reformation has manumized Kings from the usurpation of Rome, for it preaches obedience and resignation to the lawful secular power; but the pretended reformation of our schismaticks, is to set up themselves in the papal chair, and to make their princes only their trustees: so that whether they or the Pope were uppermost in England, the royal authority were equally depressed; the prison of our Kings would be the same; the gaolers only would be altered. The broad republicans are generally men of atheistick principles, nominal

Christians, who are beholding to the font only, that they are so called; otherwise Hobbists in their politicks and morals. Every church is obliged to them that they own themselves of none, because their lives are too scandalous for any. Some of the sectaries are so proud, that they think they cannot sin; those commonwealth men are so wicked, that they conclude there is no sin. Lewdness, rioting, cheating, and debauchery, are their work-a-day practice; their more solemn crimes are unnatural lusts, and horrid murders. Yet these are the patrons of the nonconformists; these are the swords and bucklers of GOD's cause, if his cause be that of separatists and rebels. It is not but these associates know each other at the bottom as well as Simeon knew Levi: the republicans are satisfied that the schismaticks are hypocrites, and the schismaticks are assured that the republicans are atheists: but their common principles of government are the chains that link them; for both hold Kings to be creatures of their own making, and by inference to be at their own disposing: with this difference, notwithstanding, that the canting party face their pretences with a call from GOD, the debauched party with a commission from the people. So that if ever this ill-contrived and equivocal association should get uppermost, they would infallibly contend for the supreme right; and as it was formerly on their money, so now it would be in their interest; "God with us" would be set up on one side, and "The Commonwealth of

England" on the other.[9] But I the less wonder at the mixture of these two natures, because two savage beasts of different species and sexes shut up together, will forget their enmity, to satisfy their common lust; and it is no matter what kind of monster is produced betwixt them, so the brutal appetite be served. I more admire at a third party, who were loyal when rebellion was uppermost, and have turned rebels, (at least in principle,) since loyalty has been triumphant. Those of them whose services have not been rewarded, have some pretence for discontent; and yet they give the world to understand, that their honour was not their principle, but their interest. If they are old royalists, it is a sign their virtue is worn out, and will bear no longer; if sons to royalists, they have probably been grafted on whig stocks, and grown out of kind,—like China oranges in Portugal: their mother's part has prevailed in them, and they are degenerated from the loyalty of their fathers.

But if they are such, as many of them evidently are, whose service has been not only fully but lavishly recompensed with honours and preferment, theirs is an ingratitude without parallel; they have destroyed their former merits, disowned the cause for which they fought, belied their youth, dishonoured their age; they have wrought

9 The Regicides, after the murder of Charles the First, coined various pieces of money, with the words—THE COMMONWEALTH OF ENGLAND on one side; and on the other—GOD WITH US.

themselves out of present enjoyments for imaginary hopes, and can never be trusted by their new friends, because they have betrayed their old. The greater and the stronger ties which some of them have had, are the deeper brands of their apostacy; for archangels were the first and most glorious of the whole creation: they were the morning work of GOD, and had the first impressions of his image, what creatures could be made; they were of kin to eternity itself, and wanting only that accession to be deities. Their fall was therefore more opprobrious than that of man, because they had no clay for their excuse; though I hope and wish the latter part of the allegory may not hold, and that repentance may be yet allowed them. But I delight not to dwell on so sad an object; let this part of the landscape be cast into shadows, that the heightenings of the other may appear more beautiful. For as contraries, the nearer they are placed are brighter, and the Venus is illustrated by the neighbourhood of the lazar, so the unblemished loyalty of your Grace will shine more clearly, when set in competition with their stains.

When the malady which had seized the nobler parts of Britain threw itself out into the limbs, and the first sores of it appeared in Scotland, yet no effects of it reached your province; Ireland stood untainted with that pest; the care of the physician prevented the disease, and preserved the country from infection. When that ulcer was rather stopped than cured, (for the causes of it

still remained,) and that dangerous symptoms appeared in England; when the royal authority was here trodden under foot; when one plot was prosecuted openly, and another secretly fomented, yet even then was Ireland free from our contagion. And if some venomous creatures were produced in that nation, yet it appeared they could not live there; they shed their poison without effect: they despaired of being successfully wicked in their own country, and transported their evidence to another, where they knew it was vendible; where accusation was a trade,[1] where forgeries were countenanced, where perjuries were rewarded, where swearing went for proof, and where the merchandize of death was gainful. That their testimony was at last discredited, proceeded not from its incoherence, for they were known by their own party when they first appeared; but their folly was then managed by the cunning of their tutors: they had still been believed had they still followed their instructors; but when their witness fell foul upon their friends, then they were proclaimed villains, discarded and disowned by those who sent for them; they seemed then first to be discovered for what they had been known too well before; they were decried as inventors of what only they betrayed: nay their very wit was magnified, lest being taken for fools, they might be thought too simple to forge an accusation. Some

[1] This was shamefully the case in the time of the Popish Plot; to prove which, several perjured Irish witnesses were produced.

of them still continue here detested by both sides, believed by neither; (for even their betters are at last uncased;) and some of them have received their hire in their own country. For perjury, which is malice to mankind, is always accompanied with other crimes; and though not punishable by our laws with death, yet draws a train of vices after it. The robber, the murderer, and the sodomite, have often hung up the forsworn villain; and what one sin took on trust, another sin has paid. These travelling locusts are at length swallowed up in their own Red Sea. Ireland, as well as England, is delivered from that flying plague; for the sword of justice in your Grace's hand, like the rod of Moses, is stretched out against them; and the third part of his Majesty's dominions is owing for its peace to your loyalty and vigilance.

But what Plutarch can this age produce to immortalize a life so noble? May some excellent historian at length be found, some writer not unworthy of his subject; but may his employment be long deferred! May many happy years continue you to this nation and your own; may your praises be celebrated late, that we may enjoy you living rather than adore you dead! And since yet there is not risen up amongst us any historian who is equal to so great an undertaking, let us hope that Providence has not assigned the workman, because his employment is to be long delayed; because it has reserved your Grace for farther proofs of your unwearied duty, and a farther

enjoyment of your fortune: in which, though no man has been less envied, because no other has more nobly used it, yet some droppings of the age's venom have been shed upon you. The supporters of the crown are placed too near it, to be exempted from the storm which was breaking over it. It is true, you stood involved in your own virtue, and the malice of your libellers could not sink through all those folds to reach you. Your innocence has defended you from their attacks, and your pen has so nobly vindicated that innocence, that it stands in need of no other second. The difference is as plainly seen betwixt sophistry and truth, as it is betwixt the style of a gentleman and the clumsy stiffness of a pedant. Of all historians, GOD deliver us from bigots; and of all bigots, from our sectaries! Truth is never to be expected from authors whose understandings are warped with enthusiasm; for they judge all actions, and their causes, by their own perverse principles, and a crooked line can never be the measure of a straight one. Mr. Hobbes was used to say,—that a man was always against reason, when reason was against a man:—so these authors are for obscuring truth, because truth would discover them. They are not historians of an action, but lawyers of a party; they are retained by their principles, and bribed by their interests: their narrations are an opening of their cause; and in the front of their histories there ought to be written the prologue of a pleading,—"I am for the plaintiff," or "I am for the defendant."

We have already seen large volumes of state collections, and church legends, stuffed with detected forgeries in some parts, and gaping with omissions of truth in others: not penned, I suppose, with so vain a hope as to cheat posterity, but to advance some design in the present age: for these legerdemain authors are for telling stories to keep their trick undiscovered, and to make their conveyance[a] the more clean. What calumny your Grace may expect from such writers is already evident; but it will fare with them as it does with ill painters; a picture so unlike in all its features and proportions reflects not on the original, but on the artist; for malice will make a piece more unresembling than ignorance; and he who studies the life, yet bungles, may draw some faint imitation of it, but he who purposely avoids nature, must fall into grotesque, and make no likeness. For my own part, I am of the former sort, and therefore presume not to offer my unskilfulness for so excellent a design as is your illustrious life. To pray for its prosperity and continuance is my duty, as it is my ambition to appear on all occasions,

Your Grace's most obedient

and devoted servant,

JOHN DRYDEN.

[a] *Conveyance*, in the last age, was the common term for sleight of hand.

THE

LIFE OF PLUTARCH.

I KNOW not by what fate it comes to pass, that historians, who give immortality to others, are so ill requited by posterity, that their actions and their fortunes are usually forgotten; neither themselves encouraged while they live, nor their memory preserved entire to future ages. It is the ingratitude of mankind to their greatest benefactors, that they who teach us wisdom by the surest ways, (setting before us what we ought to shun or to pursue, by the examples of the most famous men whom they record, and by the experience of their faults and virtues,) should generally live poor and unregarded; as if they were born only for the publick, and had no interest in their own well-being, but were to be lighted up like tapers, and to waste themselves for the benefit of others. But this is a complaint too general, and the custom has been too long established to be remedied; neither does it wholly reach our author. He was born in an age which was sensible of his virtue, and found a Trajan to reward him, as

Aristotle did an Alexander. But the historians who succeeded him have either been too envious, or too careless of his reputation; none of them, not even his own countrymen, having given us any particular account of him; or if they have, yet their works are not transmitted to us: so that we are forced to glean from Plutarch what he has scattered in his writings concerning himself and his original; which (excepting that little memorial that Suidas, and some few others, have left concerning him,) is all we can collect relating to this great philosopher and historian.

He was born at Chæronea, a small city of Bæotia, in Greece, between Attica and Phocis, and reaching to both seas. The climate not much befriended by the heavens, for the air is thick and foggy; and consequently the inhabitants partaking of its influence, gross feeders and fat witted, brawny and unthinking,—just the constitution of heroes, cut out for the executive and brutal business of war; but so stupid in the designing part, that in all the revolutions of Greece they were never masters, but only in those few years when they were led by Epaminondas, or Pelopidas. Yet this foggy air, this country of fat weathers, as Juvenal calls it,[5] produced three wits, which were comparable to any three Athenians;

[5] ——— cujus prudentia monstrat
Summos posse viros, et magna exempla daturos,
Vervicum in patriâ, crassoque sub aëre nasci.
Juv. Sat. X.

Pindar, Epaminondas,[6] and our Plutarch; to whom we may add a fourth, Sextus Chæronensis, the preceptor of the learned Emperor Marcus Aurelius, and the nephew of our author.

Chæronea, if we may give credit to Pausanias, in the ninth book of his description of Greece, was anciently called Arnè, from Arnè, the daughter of Æolus; but being situated to the west of Parnassus in that lowland country, the natural unwholesomeness of the air was augmented by the evening vapours cast upon it from that mountain, which our late travellers describe to be full of moisture and marshy ground enclosed in the inequality of its ascents; and being also exposed to the winds which blew from that quarter, the town was perpetually unhealthful; for which reason, says my author, Chæron, the son of Apollo and Thero, made it be rebuilt, and turned it towards the rising sun, from whence the town became healthful, and consequently populous; in memory of which benefit it afterwards retained his name. But as etymologies are uncertain, and the Greeks, above all nations, given to fabulous derivations of names, especially when they tend to the honour of their country, I think we may be reasonably content to take the denomination of the town from

[6] Pindar died 439 years before the birth of Christ, and Epaminondas 363: between the death of Epaminondas and the birth of Plutarch was an interval of about 414 years, during which long period the "country of fat weathers" appears to have lain quite fallow.

its delightful or cheerful standing, as the word Chæron[7] sufficiently implies.

But to lose no time in these grammatical etymologies, which are commonly uncertain guesses, it is agreed that Plutarch was here born; the year uncertain; but without dispute in the reign of Claudius.

Joh. Gerrard Vossius has assigned his birth in the latter end of that Emperor; some other writers of his life have left it undecided whether then, or in the beginning of Nero's empire; but the most accurate Rualdus (as I find it in the Paris edition of Plutarch's works) has manifestly proved him to be born in the middle time of Claudius, or somewhat lower; for Plutarch, in the inscription at Delphos, (of which more hereafter,) remembers that Ammonius, his master, disputed with him and his brother Lamprias concerning it, when Nero made his progress into Greece, which was in his twelfth year; and the question disputed could not be managed with so much learning as it was, by mere boys; therefore he was then sixteen, or rather eighteen years of age.[8]

Xylander has observed that Plutarch himself, in

[7] From χαιρῶ, gaudeo.

[8] According to this last supposition, Plutarch was born A. D. 48, in the sixth year of Claudius, and thirty-four years after the death of Augustus. If he was but fourteen when Nero entered Greece, (and he himself tells he was then *very young*,) his birth must be placed in the tenth year of Claudius, A. D. 52.

the Life of Pericles, and that of Antony, has mentioned both Nero and Domitian as his contemporaries. He has also left it on record in his Symposiacks, that his family was ancient in Chæronea, and that for many descents, they had borne the most considerable offices in that petty commonwealth; the chiefest of which was known by the name of Archon amongst the Grecians, by that of Prætor Urbis among the Romans; and the dignity and power was not much different from that of our Lord Mayor of London. His great grandfather, Nicarchus, perhaps enjoyed that office in the division of the empire betwixt Augustus Cæsar and Mark Antony; and when the civil wars ensued betwixt them, Chæronea was so hardly used by Antony's lieutenant or commissary there, that all the citizens, without exception, were servilely employed to carry on their shoulders a certain proportion of corn from Chæronea to the coast over against the Island of Antycira, with the scourge held over them, if at any time they were remiss. Which duty, after once performing, being enjoined the second time with the same severity, just as they were preparing for their journey, the welcome news arrived that Mark Antony had lost the battle of Actium;[9] whereupon both the officers and soldiers belonging to him in Chæronea immediately fled for their own safety; and the pro-

[9] The battle of Actium was fought in the year of Rome, 724.

visions, thus collected, were distributed among the inhabitants of the city.

This Nicarchus, the great grandfather of Plutarch, among other sons, had Lamprias, a man eminent for his learning, and a philosopher, of whom Plutarch has made frequent mention in his Symposiacks, or Table Conversations; and amongst the rest, there is this observation of him,—that he disputed best, and unravelled the difficulties of philosophy with most success, when he was at supper, and well warmed with wine. These table entertainments were part of the education of those times, their discourses being commonly the canvassing and solution of some question, either philosophical or philological, always instructive, and usually pleasant; for the cups went round with the debate, and men were merry and wise together, according to the proverb. The father of Plutarch is also mentioned in those discourses, whom our author represents as arguing of several points in philosophy; but his name is no where to be found in any part of the works remaining to us. But yet he speaks of him as a man not ignorant in learning and poetry, as may appear by what he says, when he is introduced disputing in the Symposiacks; where also his prudence and humanity are commended in this following relation: "Being yet very young, (says Plutarch,) I was joined in commission with another in an embassy to the Proconsul, and my colleague, falling sick, was forced to stay behind; so that the whole business

was transacted by me alone. At my return, when I was to give account to the commonwealth of my proceedings, my father, rising from his seat, openly enjoined me not to name myself in the singular number,—*I did thus, or thus I said to the Proconsul,*—but, *thus we did, and thus we said,* always associating my companion with me, though absent in the management." This was done to observe, as I suppose, the point of good manners with his colleague; that of respect to the government of the city, who had commissioned both; to avoid envy; and perhaps more especially, to take off the forwardness of a pert young minister, commonly too apt to overvalue his own services, and to quote himself on every inconsiderable occasion.

The father of Plutarch had many children besides him; Timon and Lamprias, his brothers, were bred up with him, all three instructed in the liberal sciences, and in all parts of philosophy. It is manifest from our author that they lived together in great friendliness, and in great veneration to their grandfather and father. What affection Plutarch bore in particular to his brother Timon, may be gathered from these words of his: "As for myself, though fortune on several occasions has been favourable to me, I have no obligation so great to her as the kindness and entire friendship which my brother Timon has always borne, and still bears me; and this is so evident, that it cannot but be noted by every one

of our acquaintance." Lamprias, the youngest of the three, is introduced by him in his MORALS, as one of a sweet and pleasant conversation, inclined to mirth and raillery; or, as we say in English, a well-humoured man, and a good companion.

The whole family being thus addicted to philosophy, it is no wonder if our author was initiated betimes in study, to which he was naturally inclined; in pursuit of which he was so happy to fall into good hands at first, being recommended to the care of Ammonius, an Egyptian, who, having taught philosophy with great reputation at Alexandria, and from thence travelling into Greece, settled himself at last in Athens, where he was well received, and generally respected. At the end of Themistocles his life, Plutarch relates, that being young, he was a pensioner in the house of this Ammonius; and in his Symposiacks he brings him in disputing with his scholars, and giving them instruction: for the custom of those times was very much different from these of ours, where the greatest part of our youth is spent in learning the words of dead languages. The Grecians, who thought all barbarians but themselves, despised the use of foreign tongues; so that the first elements of their breeding was the knowledge of nature, and the accommodation of that knowledge, by moral precepts, to the service of the publick, and the private offices of virtue: the masters employing one part of their time in reading to, and discoursing with, their scholars, and the rest in

appointing them their several exercises either in oratory or philosophy, and setting them to declaim and to dispute amongst themselves. By this liberal sort of education, study was so far from being a burden to them, that in a short time it became a habit; and philosophical questions and criticisms of humanity were their usual recreations at their meals. Boys lived then as the better sort of men do now; and their conversation was so well bred and manly, that they did not plunge out of their depth into the world, when they grew up, but slid easily into it, and found no alteration in their company. Amongst the rest, the reading and quotations of poets were not forgotten at their suppers, and in their walks; but Homer, Euripides, and Sophocles, were the entertainment of their hours of freedom. Rods and ferulas were not used by Ammonius, as being properly the punishment of slaves, and not the correction of ingenuous freeborn men; at least to be only exercised by parents, who had the power of life and death over their own children; as appears by the example of this Ammonius, thus related by our author:

"Our master (says he) one time perceiving, at his afternoon lecture, that some of his scholars had eaten more largely than became the moderation of students, immediately commanded one of his freemen to take his own son, and scourge him in our sight: because, said the philosopher, my young gentleman could not eat his dinner

without poignant sauce, or vinegar; and at the same time he cast his eye on all of us; so that every criminal was given to understand that he had a share in the reprehension, and that the punishment was as well deserved by all the rest, had the philosopher not known that it exceeded his commission to inflict it."

Plutarch, therefore, having the assistance of such a master, in few years advanced to admiration in knowledge; and that without first travelling into foreign parts, or acquiring any foreign tongue; though the Roman language at that time was not only vulgar in Rome itself, but generally through the extent of that vast empire, and in Greece, which was a member of it, as our author has remarked towards the end of his Platonick Questions. For like a true philosopher, who minded things, not words, he strove not even to cultivate his mother tongue with any great exactness; and himself confesses, in the beginning of Demosthenes his life, that during his abode in Italy, and at Rome, he had neither the leisure to study, nor so much as to exercise the Roman language, (I suppose he means to write in it, rather than to speak it,) as well by reason of the affairs he managed, as that he might acquit himself to those who were desirous to be instructed by him in philosophy. Insomuch, that till the declination of his age, he began not to be conversant in Latin books; in reading of which it happened somewhat oddly to him, that he learnt not the knowledge of things

by words, but by the understanding and use he had of things, attained to the knowledge of words which signified them: just as Adam (setting aside Divine illumination,) called the creatures by their proper names, by first understanding of their natures. But for the delicacies of the tongue, the turns of the expressions, the figures and connections of words, in which consist the beauty of that language, he plainly tells us, that though he much admired them, yet they required too great labour for a man in age, and plunged in business, to attain perfectly; which compliment I should be willing to believe from a philosopher, if I did not consider that Dion Cassius, nay even Herodian and Appian after him, as well as Polybius before him, by writing the Roman History in the Greek language, had shewn as manifest a contempt of Latin, in respect of the other, as Frenchmen now do of English, which they disdain to speak while they live among us;[1] but with great advantage to their trivial conceptions, drawing the discourse into their own language, have learned to despise our better thoughts, which must come deformed

[1] It is remarkable that this kind of superiority is still arrogated by Frenchmen, who, however long their residence may have been in this country, never attempt to acquire its language; while on the other hand, an Englishman in France, who does not speak French, must observe a uniform silence. He indeed, who shall ever hereafter visit that polluted region of dæmons, will deserve to meet with every species of contumely and contempt,—I had almost said, to have his lips sealed up for ever.

and lame in conversation to them, as being transmitted in a tongue of which we are not masters. This is to arrogate a superiority in nature over us, as undoubtedly the Grecians did over their conquerors, by establishing their language for a standard; it being become so much a mode to speak and write Greek in Tully's time, that with some indignation I have read his Epistles to Atticus, in which he desires to have his own consulship written by his friend in the Grecian language, which he afterwards performed himself; a vain attempt, in my opinion, for any man to endeavour to excel in a tongue which he was not born to speak. This, though it be digression, yet deserves to be considered at more leisure; for the honour of our wit and writings, which are of a more solid make than that of our neighbours, is concerned in it.

But to return to Plutarch. As it was his good fortune to be moulded first by masters the most excellent in their kind, so it was his own virtue to suck in with an incredible desire, and earnest application of mind, their wise instructions; and it was also his prudence so to manage his health by moderation of diet and bodily exercise, as to preserve his parts without decay to a great old age; to be lively and vigorous to the last, and to preserve himself to his own enjoyments, and to the profit of mankind: which was not difficult for him to perform, having received from nature a constitution capable of labour, and from the do-

mestick example of his parents a sparing sobriety of diet, a temperance in other pleasures, and above all an habitude of commanding his passions in order to his health. Thus principled and grounded, he considered with himself, that a larger communication with learned men was necessary for his accomplishment; and therefore, having a soul insatiable of knowledge, and being ambitious to excel in all kinds of science, he took up a resolution to travel. Egypt was at that time, as formerly it had been, famous for learning; and probably the mysteriousness of their doctrine might tempt him, as it had done Pythagoras and others, to converse with the priesthood of that country, which appears to have been particularly his business by the Treatise of ISIS AND OSIRIS, which he has left us; in which he shews himself not meanly versed in the ancient theology and philosophy of those wise men. From Egypt returning into Greece, he visited in his way all the academies or schools of the several philosophers, and gathered from them many of those observations with which he has enriched posterity.

Besides this, he applied himself with extreme diligence to collect not only all books which were excellent in their kind, and already published, but also all sayings and discourses of wise men, which he had heard in conversation, or which he had received from others by tradition; as likewise the records and publick instruments preserved in cities which he had visited in his travels, and which

he afterwards scattered through his works. To which purpose he took a particular journey to Sparta, to search the archives of that famous commonwealth, to understand thoroughly the model of their ancient government, their legislators, their Kings, and their Ephori; digesting all their memorable deeds and sayings with so much care, that he has not omitted those even of their women, or their private soldiers; together with their customs, their decrees, their ceremonies, and the manner of their publick and private living, both in peace and war. The same methods he also took in divers other commonwealths, as his Lives, and his Greek and Roman Questions, sufficiently testify. Without these helps it had been impossible for him to leave in writing so many particular observations of men and manners, and as impossible to have gathered them without conversation and commerce with the learned antiquaries of his time. To these he added a curious collection of ancient statues, medals, inscriptions, and paintings, as also of proverbial sayings, epigrams, epitaphs, apophthegms,[2] and other ornaments of history, that he might leave nothing

[2] There are great doubts concerning the genuineness of the work published under the title of Plutarch's APOPHTHEGMS, which are on good grounds supposed to be only extracts from his works, made by some grammarian. In the list of Plutarch's writings, however, by his son Lamprias, we find one entitled Αποφθεγματα ηγεμονικα, στρατηγικα, τυραννικα. See Fabricii Bibl. Græc. iii. 338.

unswept behind him. And as he was continually in company with men of learning, in all professions, so his memory was always on the stretch to receive and lodge their discourses; and his judgment perpetually employed in separating his notions, and distinguishing which were fit to be preserved, and which to be rejected.

By benefit of this, in little time he enlarged his knowledge to a great extent in every science. Himself, in the beginning of the Treatise which he has composed of Content and Peace of Mind, makes mention of those collections, or common-places, which he had long since drawn together for his own particular occasions; and it is from this rich cabinet that he has taken out those excellent pieces which he has distributed to posterity, and which give us occasion to deplore the loss of the residue, which either the injury of time, or the negligence of copiers, have denied to us. On this account, though we need not doubt to give him this general commendation, that he was ignorant of no sort of learning, yet we may justly add this farther,—that whoever will consider through the whole body of his works, either the design, the method, or the contexture of his discourses, whether historical or moral, or questions of natural philosophy, or solutions of problems mathematical; whether he arraigns the opinions of other sects, or establishes the doctrines of his own; in all these kinds there will be found both the harmony of order, and the beauty of easiness: his reasons so

solid and convincing, his inductions so pleasant and agreeable to all sorts of readers, that it must be acknowledged he was master of every subject which he treated, and treated none but what were improvable to the benefit of instruction. For we may perceive in his writings the desire he had to imprint his precepts in the souls of his readers, and to lodge morality in families, nay even to exalt it to the thrones of sovereign princes, and to make it the rule and measure of their government. Finding that there were many sects of philosophers then in vogue, he searched into the foundation of all their principles and opinions; and not content with this disquisition, he traced them to their several fountains; so that the Pythagorean, Epicurean, Stoick, and Peripatetick philosophy, were familiar to him. And though it may be easily observed that he was chiefly inclined to follow Plato, whose memory he so much reverenced, that annually he celebrated his birth-day, and also that of Socrates; yet he modestly contained himself within the bounds of the latter Academy, and was content, like Cicero, only to propound and weigh opinions, leaving the judgment of his readers free, without presuming to decide dogmatically. Yet it is to be confessed, that in the midst of this moderation, he opposed the two extremes of the Epicurean and Stoick sects; both which he has judiciously combated in several of his Treatises, and both upon the same account,—because they pretend too much to certainty in their dogmas, and to

impose them with too great arrogance; which he, who, following the Academists, doubted more and pretended less, was no way able to support. The Pyrrhonians, or grosser sort of Skepticks, who bring all certainty in question, and startle even at the notions of common sense, appeared as absurd to him on the other side; for there is a kind of positiveness in granting nothing to be more likely on one part than on another, which his Academy avoided by inclining the balance to that hand where the most weighty reasons, and probability of truth, were visible. The moral philosophy, therefore, was his chiefest aim, because the principles of it admitted of less doubt; and because they were most conducing to the benefit of human life. For, after the example of Socrates, he had found, that the speculations of natural philosophy were more delightful than solid and profitable; that they were abstruse and thorny, and much of sophism in the solution of appearances:—that the mathematicks, indeed, could reward his pains with many demonstrations, but though they made him wiser, they made him not more virtuous, and therefore attained not the end of happiness: for which reason, though he had far advanced in that study, yet he made it but his recreation, not his business. Some problem of it was his usual divertisement at supper, which he mingled also with pleasant and more light discourses; for he was no sour philosopher, but passed his time as merrily as he could, with reference to virtue. He

forgot not to be pleasant while he instructed, and entertained his friends with so much cheerfulness and good humour, that his learning was not nauseous to them; neither were they afraid of his company another time. He was not so austere as to despise riches, but being in possession of a large fortune, he lived, though not splendidly, yet plentifully; and suffered not his friends to want that part of his estate which he thought superfluous to a philosopher.

The religion he professed, to speak the worse of it, was heathen. I say, the religion he *professed*; for it is no way probable that so great a philosopher, and so wise a man, should believe the superstitions and fopperies of Paganism; but that he accommodated himself to the use and received customs of his country. He was indeed a Priest of Apollo, as himself acknowledges; but that proves him not to have been a Polytheist.

I have ever thought that the wise men in all ages have not much differed in their opinions of religion; I mean, as it is grounded on human reason: for reason, as far as it is right, must be the same in all men; and truth being but one, they must consequently think in the same train. Thus it is not to be doubted but the religion of Socrates, Plato, and Plutarch, was not different in the main; who doubtless believed the identity of one Supreme Intellectual Being, which we call GOD. But because they who have written the Life of Plutarch in other languages, are contented

barely to assert that our author believed one GOD, without quoting those passages of his which would clear the point, I will give you two of them, amongst many, in his MORALS. The first is in his book of the Cessation of Oracles; where arguing against the Stoicks, (in behalf of the Platonists,) who disputed against the plurality of worlds with this argument,—"That if there were many worlds, how then could it come to pass that there was one only Fate, and one Providence to guide them all? (for it was granted by the Platonists that there was but one;) and why should not many Jupiters or gods be necessary for government of many worlds?" to this Plutarch answers,—"That this their captious question was but trifling; for where is the necessity of supposing many Jupiters for this plurality of worlds, when one excellent Being, endued with mind and reason, such as he is, whom we acknowledge to be the Father and Lord of all things, is sufficient to direct and rule these worlds; whereas if there were more Supreme Agents, their decrees must still be the more absurd and contradictious to one another." I pretend not this passage to be translated word for word, but it is the sense of the whole, though the order of the sentence be inverted. The other is more plain; it is in his Comment on the word ΕΙ, or those two letters inscribed on the gates of the temple at Delphos; where, having given the several opinions concerning it, as first, that ει signifies *if*, because all the

questions which were made to Apollo began with *If*; as suppose they asked,—*If* the Grecians should overcome the Persians,—*If* such a marriage should come to pass, &c.; and afterwards, that ἐι might signify *thou art*, as the second person of the present tense of εἰμὶ, intimating thereby the being or perpetuity of being belonging to Apollo, as a god (in the same sense that GOD expressed himself to Moses,—I AM *hath sent thee)*; Plutarch subjoins, (as inclining to this latter opinion,) these following words:—"ἐι ἴν (says he) signifies, *thou art one*, for there are not many deities, but only one:" Continues, "I mean not one in the aggregate sense, as we say—one army, or one body of men, constituted of many individuals, but that which is, must of necessity be one; and to be, implies to be one. One is that which is a simple being, uncompounded, or free from mixture; therefore, to be one in this sense, is only consistent with a nature pure in itself, and not capable of alteration or decay."

That he was no Christian, is manifest; yet he is no where found to have spoken with contumely of our religion, like the other writers of his age, and those who succeeded him. Theodoret says of him, "That he had heard of our holy Gospel, and inserted many of our sacred mysteries in his works;" which we may easily believe, (because the Christian churches were then spread in Greece, and Pliny the Younger was at the same time conversant amongst them in Asia,) though that part

of our author's works is not now extant, from whence Theodoret might gather those passages. But we need not wonder that a philosopher was not easy to embrace the divine mysteries of our faith. A modern GOD, as our Saviour was to him, was of hard digestion to a man, who probably despised the vanities and fabulous relations of all the old. Besides, a crucified Saviour of mankind; a doctrine attested by illiterate disciples; the author of it a Jew, whose nation at that time was despicable, and his doctrine but an innovation among that despised people, to which the learned of his own country gave no credit, and which the magistrates of his nation punished with an ignominious death; the scene of his miracles acted in an obscure corner of the world; his being from eternity, yet born in time; his resurrection and ascension; these, and many more particulars, might easily choke the faith of a philosopher, who believed no more than what he could deduce from the principles of nature; and that too with a doubtful academical assent, or rather an inclination to assent to probability, which he judged was wanting in this new religion. These circumstances considered, though they plead not an absolute invincible ignorance in his behalf, yet they amount at least to a degree of it; for either he thought them not worth weighing, or rejected them when weighed; and in both cases he must of necessity be ignorant, because he could not know without revelation, and the revelation was not to him.

But leaving the soul of Plutarch, with our charitable wishes, to his Maker, we can only trace the rest of his opinions in religion from his philosophy, which we have said in the general to be Platonick; though it cannot also be denied, that there was a tincture in it of the Electick sect, which was begun by Potamon under the empire of Augustus, and which selected from all the other sects what seemed most probable in their opinions, not adhering singularly to any of them, nor rejecting every thing. I will only touch his belief of Spirits. In his two Treatises of Oracles, the one concerning the reason of their cessation, the other enquiring why they were not given in verse, as in former times, he seems to assert the Pythagorean doctrine of transmigration of souls. We have formerly shewn, that he owned the unity of a Godhead, whom, according to his attributes, he calls by several names; as Jupiter, from his almighty power; Apollo, from his wisdom, and so of the rest; but under him he places those beings whom he styles Genii, or Demons, of a middle nature betwixt divine and human: for he thinks it absurd that there should be no mean betwixt the two extremes of an immortal and a mortal being; that there cannot be in nature so vast a flaw, without some intermedial kind of life, partaking of them both. As therefore we find the intercourse betwixt the soul and body to be made by the animal spirits, so betwixt divinity and humanity there is this species of demons, who,

having first been men, and following the strict rules of virtue, had purged off the grossness and feculency of their earthly being, are exalted into these Genii, and are from thence either raised higher into an etherial life, if they still continue virtuous, or tumbled down again into mortal bodies, and sinking into flesh, after they have lost that purity which constituted their glorious being. And this sort of Genii are those, who, as our author imagines, presided over oracles; spirits which have so much of their terrestrial principles remaining in them, as to be subject to passions and inclinations; usually beneficent, sometimes malevolent to mankind, according as they refine themselves, or gather dross, and are declining into mortal bodies. The cessation, or rather the decrease of oracles, for some of them were still remaining in Plutarch's time, he attributes either to the death of those demons, (as appears by the story of the Egyptian Thamus, who was commanded to declare that the great God Pan was dead,) or to their forsaking of those places where they formerly gave out their oracles, from whence they were driven by stronger genii into banishment for a certain revolution of ages. Of this last nature was the war of the giants against the gods, the dispossession of Saturn by Jupiter, the banishment of Apollo from heaven, the fall of Vulcan, and many others; all which, according to our author, were the battles of these Genii or Demons amongst themselves. But supposing, as

Plutarch evidently does, that these spirits administered, under the Supreme Being, the affairs of men, taking care of the virtuous, punishing the bad, and sometimes communicating with the best, (as particularly the genius of Socrates always warned him of approaching dangers, and taught him to avoid them,) I cannot but wonder that every one who has hitherto written Plutarch's life, and particularly Rualdus, the most knowing of them all, should so confidently affirm that these oracles were given by bad spirits, according to Plutarch. As Christians, indeed, we may think them so; but that Plutarch so thought, it is a most apparent falsehood. It is enough to convince a reasonable man that our author in his old age, (and that then he doted not we may see by the Treatise he has written, that old men ought to have the management of publick affairs,) I say that then he initiated himself in the sacred rites of Delphos, and died, for aught we know, Apollo's priest. Now it is not to be imagined that he thought the god he served a cacodemon, or as we call him, a devil. Nothing could be farther from the opinion and practice of this holy philosopher, than so gross an impiety. The story of the Pythias, or Priestess of Apollo, which he relates immediately before the ending of that Treatise concerning the Cessation of Oracles, confirms my assertion, rather than shakes it; for it is there delivered,—"That going with great "reluctation into the sacred place to be inspired, "she came out foaming at the mouth, her eyes

" gogling, her breast heaving, her voice undistin-
" guishable and shrill, as if she had an earthquake
" within her, labouring for vent; and in short,
" that thus tormented with the god, whom she
" was not able to support, she died distracted in
" few days after." For he had said before, " that
" the divineress ought to have no perturbations of
" mind, or impure passions, at the time when she
" was to consult the oracle; and if she had, she
" was no more fit to be inspired, than an instru-
" ment untuned to render an harmonious sound."
And he gives us to suspect, by what he says at the close of this relation, " that this Pythias had not lived chastly for some time before it." So that her death appears more like a punishment inflicted for loose living by some holy power, than the mere malignancy of a spirit delighted naturally in mischief.—There is another observation which, indeed, comes nearer to their purpose, which I will digress so far as to relate, because it somewhat appertains to our own country:—
" There are many islands (says he,) which lie scattered about Britain, after the manner of our Sporades.[3] They are unpeopled, and some of them are called the Islands of the Heroes, or the Genii. One Demetrius was sent by the Emperor, [who by computation of the time must either be Caligula or Claudius,] to discover those parts; and arriving at one of the islands next adjoining to the fore-mentioned, which was inhabited by some

[3] Certain Islands in the Archipelago.

few Britons, (but those held sacred and inviolable by all their countrymen,) immediately after his arrival, the air grew black and troubled, strange apparitions were seen, the winds raised a tempest, and firy spouts or whirlwinds appeared dancing towards the earth. When these prodigies were ceased, the islanders informed him, that some one of the aërial beings, superiour to our nature, then ceased to live. For as a taper while yet burning, affords a pleasant harmless light, but is noisome and offensive when extinguished, so those heroes shine benignly on us, and do us good, but at their death turn all things topsyturvy; raise up tempests, and infect the air with pestilential vapours." By those holy and inviolable men, there is no question but he means our Druids, who were nearest to the Pythagoreans of any sect; and this opinion of the Genii might probably be one of theirs. Yet it proves not that all Demons were thus malicious; only those who were to be condemned hereafter into human bodies, for their misdemeanours in their aërial being.

But it is time to leave a subject so very fanciful, and so little reasonable as this. I am apt to imagine the natural vapours arising in the cave where the temple afterwards was built, might work upon the spirits of those who entered the holy place, (as they did on the shepherd Coretas, who first found it out by accident,) and incline them to enthusiasm and prophetick madness: that, as the strength of those vapours diminished, (which

were generally in caverns, as that of Mopsus, of Trophonius, and this of Delphos,) so the inspiration decreased by the same measures; that they happened to be stronger when they killed the Pythias, who being conscious of this, was so unwilling to enter; that the oracles ceased to be given in verse, when poets ceased to be the priests; and that the genius of Socrates (whom he confessed never to have seen, but only to have heard inwardly, and unperceived by others,) was no more than the strength of his imagination; or to speak in the language of a Christian Platonist, his guardian angel.

I pretend not to an exactness of method in this Life, which I am forced to collect by patches from several authors, and therefore without much regard to the connection of times which are so uncertain.

I will in the next place speak of his marriage. His wife's name, her parentage, and dowry, are no where mentioned by him, or any other, nor in what part of his age he married; though it is probable in the flower of it. But Rualdus has ingeniously gathered from a convincing circumstance, that she was called Timoxena; because Plutarch in a consolatory letter to her, occasioned by the death of their daughter in her infancy, uses these words:—"Your Timoxena is deprived, by death, of small enjoyments; for the things she knew were of small moment, and she could be delighted only with trifles." Now it appears by

the letter, that the name of this daughter was the same with her mother's; therefore it could be no other than Timoxena. Her knowledge, her conjugal virtues, her abhorrency from the vanities of her sex, and from superstition, her gravity in behaviour, and her constancy in supporting the loss of children, are likewise celebrated by our author. No other wife of Plutarch is found mentioned, and therefore we may conclude he had no more, by the same reason for which we judge that he had no other master than Ammonius; because it is evident he was so grateful in his nature, that he would have preserved their memory.

The number of his children was at least five, so many being mentioned by him. Four of them were sons; of the other sex only Timoxena, who died at two years old, as is manifest from the epistle above-mentioned. The French translator, Amiot, from whom our old English translation of the LIVES was made, supposes him to have had another daughter, where he speaks of his son-in-law, Crato. But the word γαμβρὸς, which Plutarch there uses, is of a larger signification; for it may as well be expounded father-in-law, his wife's brother, or his sister's husband, as Budæus notes: this I the rather mention, because the same Amiot is tasked for an infinite number of mistakes by his own countrymen of the present age,[4] which is

[4] Meziriac, the learned editor of Ovid's EPISTOLÆ HEROIDUM, asserted, that he could point out two thou-

enough to recommend this translatiòn of our author into the English tongue, being not from any copy, but from the Greek original. Two other sons of Plutarch were already deceased before Timoxena; his eldest, Autobulus, mentioned in his Symposiacks, and another, whose name is not recorded. The youngest was called Charon, who also died in his infancy. The two remaining are supposed to have survived him: the name of one was Plutarch, after his own; and that of the other Lamprias, so called in memory of his grandfather. This was he, of all his children, who seems to have inherited his father's philosophy; and to him we owe the table or catalogue of Plutarch's writings, and perhaps also the Apophthegms. His nephew, but whether by his brother or sister remains uncertain, was Sextus Chæroneus, who was much honoured by that learned Emperor, Marcus Aurelius, and who taught him the Greek tongue, and the principles of philosophy. This Emperor professing Stoicism, (as appears by his writings,) inclines us to believe that our Sextus Chæroneus was of the Stoick sect; and consequently, that the world has generally been mistaken in supposing him to have been the same man with Sextus Empiricus, the Skeptick, whom Suidas plainly tells us to have been an African. Now Empiricus could not but be a Skeptick, for he

sand gross errours in Amiot's translation. He had himself made a translation of Plutarch, which, I believe, has not been published.

opposes all Dogmatists, and particularly them. But I heard it first observed by an ingenious and learned old gentleman, lately deceased, that many of Mr. Hobbes his seeming new opinions are gathered from those which Sextus Empiricus exposed. The book is extant, and I refer the curious to it, not pretending to arraign or to excuse him.

Some think the famous critick, Longinus, was of Plutarch's family, descended from a sister of his; but the proofs are so weak, that I will not insert them: they may both of them rely on their proper merits, and stand not in want of a relation to each other.

It is needless to insist on his behaviour in his family. His love to his wife, his indulgence to his children, his care of their education, are all manifest in that part of his works which is called his MORALS. Other parts of his disposition have been touched already; as that he was courteous and humane to all men, free from inconstancy, anger, and the desire of revenge; which qualities of his, as they have been praised by the authority of other writers, may also be recommended from his own testimony of himself:—"I had rather (says he) be forgotten in the memory of men, and that it should be said, there neither is nor was a man called Plutarch, than they should report,—this Plutarch was unconstant, changeable in his temper, prone to anger and revenge on the least occasions."—What he was to his slaves you may believe from this; that in general he accuses those masters of extreme

hardness and injustice, who use men like oxen, sell them in their age when they can drudge no longer. "A man (says he) of a merciful disposition, ought not to retrench the fodder from his cattle, nor the provender from his horses, when they can work no longer, but to cherish them when worn out and old." Yet Plutarch, though he knew how to moderate his anger, was not, on the contrary, subject to an insensibility of wrongs; not so remiss in exacting duty, or so tame in suffering the disobedience of his servants, that he could not correct, when they deserved it; as is manifest from the following story, which Aulus Gellius had from the mouth of Taurus the philosopher, concerning him:—"Plutarch had a certain slave, a saucy stubborn kind of fellow; in a word, one of those pragmatical servants, who never make a fault, but they give a reason for it. His justifications one time would not serve his turn, but his master commanded him to be stripped, and that the law should be laid on his backside. He no sooner felt the smart, but he muttered that he was unjustly punished, and that he had done nothing to deserve the scourge. At last he began to bawl out louder; and leaving off his groaning, his sighs, and his lamentations, to argue the matter with more shew of reason; and as under such a master he must needs have gained a smattering of learning, he cried out, that Plutarch was not the philosopher he pretended himself to be; that he had heard him waging war against all the passions,

and maintaining, that anger was unbecoming a wise man; nay, that he had written a particular treatise in commendation of clemency:—that therefore he contradicted his precepts by his practices, since abandoning himself over to his choler, he exercised such inhuman cruelty on the body of his fellow-creature. 'How is this, Mr. Varlet, (answered Plutarch,) by what signs and tokens can you prove I am in passion? Is it by my countenance, my voice, the colour of my face, by my words, or by my gestures, that you have discovered this my fury? I am not of opinion that my eyes sparkle, that I foam at mouth, that I gnash my teeth, or that my voice is more vehement, or that my colour is either more pale or more red than at other times; that I either shake or stamp with madness, that I say or do any thing unbecoming a philosopher. These, if you know them not, are the symptoms of a man in rage. In the mean, (turning to the officer who scourged him,) while he and I dispute this matter, mind you your business on his back."[5]

His love to his friends, and his gratitude to his benefactors, are every where observable in his dedications of his several works; and the particular treatises he has written to them on several occasions, are all suitable either to the characters of the men, or to their present condition, and the circumstances under which they were. His love

[5] Aul. Gel. i. 26.

to his country is from hence conspicuous, that he professes to have written the Life of Lucullus, and to have preserved the memory of his actions, because of the favours he conferred on the city of Chæronea; which, though his country received so long before, yet he thought it appertained to him to repay them, and took an interest in their acknowledgment: as also that he vindicated the Bæotians from the calumnies of Herodotus, the historian, in his book concerning the malignity of that author. In which it is observable, that his zeal to his country transported him too far; for Herodotus had said no more of them than what was generally held to be true in all ages, concerning the grossness of their wits, their voracity, and those other national vices which we have already noted on this account; therefore Petrarch has accused our author of the same malignity for which he taxed Herodotus. But they may both stand acquitted on different accounts; Herodotus for having given a true character of the Thebans, and Plutarch for endeavouring to palliate the vices of a people from whom he was descended.—The rest of his manners, without entering into particulars, were unblamable, if we excuse a little proneness to superstition, and regulating his actions by his dreams; but how far this will bear an accusation, I determine not, though Tully has endeavoured to shew the vanity of dreams in his Treatise of Divinations, whither I refer the curious.

On what occasion he repaired to Rome, at what time of his age he came thither, how long he dwelt there, how often he was there, and in what year he returned to his own country, are all uncertain. This we know, that when Nero was in Greece, which was in his eleventh and twelfth years, our author was at Delphos, under Ammonius, his master, as appears by the disputation then managed, concerning the inscription of the two letters, E, I. Nero not living long afterwards, it is almost indisputable that he came not to Rome in all his reign. It is improbable that he would undertake the voyage during the troublesome times of Galba, Otho, and Vitellius: and we are not certain that he lived in Rome in the empire of Vespasian. Yet we may guess that the mildness of this Emperor's dominion, his fame, and the virtues of his son, Titus, assumed into the empire afterwards by his father, might induce Plutarch, amongst other considerations, to take this journey in his time. It is argued from the following story related by himself, that he was at Rome either in the joint reign of the two Vespasians, or at least in that of the survivor, Titus. He says then, in his last book concerning Curiosity,—"Reasoning, "or rather reading once at Rome, Arulenus "Rusticus, the same man whom afterwards Do- "mitian put to death out of envy to his glory, "stood hearkening to me amongst my auditors. "It so happened that a soldier, having letters for "him from the Emperor, [who was either Titus

" or his father Vespasian, as Rualdus thinks,] " broke through the crowd, to deliver him those " letters from the Emperor. Observing this, I " made a pause in my dissertation, that Rusticus " might have the leisure to read the mandate " which was sent him; but he absolutely refused " to do it, neither would he be entreated to break " the seals, till I had wholly made an end of my " speech, and dismissed the company." Now I suppose the stress of the argument, to prove that this Emperor was not Domitian, lies only in this clause, "whom Domitian afterwards put to death;" but I think it rather leaves it doubtful, for they might be Domitian's letters which he then received, and consequently he might not come to Rome till the reign of that Emperor. This Rusticus was not only a learned, but a good man. He had been Tribune of the people under Nero, was Prætor in the time of Vitellius, and sent Ambassador to the forces raised under the name of Vespasian, to persuade them to a peace. What offices he bore afterwards, we know not; but the cause of his death, besides the envy of Domitian to his fame, was a certain book, or some Commentaries of his, wherein he had praised too much the sanctity of Thrasea Pætus, whom Nero had murdered; and the praise of a good citizen was insupportable to the tyrant; being, I suppose, exasperated farther by some reflections of Rusticus, who could not commend Thrasea, but at the same

time he must inveigh against the oppressor of the Roman liberty.

That Plutarch was married in his own country, and that before he came to Rome, is probable. That the fame of him was come before him, by reason of some part of his works already published, is also credible, because he had so great resort of the Roman nobility to hear him read immediately, as we believe, upon his coming: that he was invited thither by the correspondence he had with Sossius Senecio, might be one reason of his undertaking that journey, is almost undeniable.[6] It likewise appears he was divers times at Rome; and perhaps, before he came to inhabit there, might make acquaintance with this worthy man, Senecio, to whom he dedicated almost all these Lives of Greeks and Romans. I say almost all, because one of them, namely, that of Aratus, is inscribed in most express words to Polycrates, the Sicyonian, the great grandson of the said Aratus. This worthy patron and friend of Plutarch, Senecio, was four times Consul; the first time in the short reign of Cocceius Nerva, a virtuous and a learned Emperor; which opinion I rather follow than that of Aurelius Cassiodorus, who puts back his consulship into the last of Domitian, because it is not probable that vicious tyrant should exalt to

[6] In this passage there is an inaccuracy, owing perhaps to our author's having wavered between two modes of expression, both which he inadvertently suffered to stand in his MS.

that dignity a man of virtue. This year falls in with the year of Christ, ninety-nine.

But the great inducement of our author to this journey was certainly the desire he had to lay in materials for his Roman Lives: that was the design which he had formed early, and on which he had resolved to build his fame. Accordingly, we have observed that he had travelled over Greece, to peruse the archives of every city, that he might be able to write properly not only the lives of his Grecian worthies, but the laws, the customs, the rites, and ceremonies of every place; which that he might treat with the same mastery of skill, when he came to draw his PARALLELS of the Romans, he took the invitation of his friends, and particularly of our Sossius Senecio, to visit this mistress of the world, this imperial city of Rome: and, by the favour of many great and learned men then living, to search the records of the capitol, and the libraries, which might furnish him with instruments for so noble an undertaking. But that this may not seem to be my own bare opinion, or that of any modern author whom I follow, Plutarch himself has delivered it as his motive, in the Life of Demosthenes. The words are these: "Whosoever designs to write an history, (which "it is impossible to form to any excellency from "those materials that are ready at hand, or to "take from common report, while he sits lazily at "home in his own study, but must of necessity "be gathered from foreign observations, and the

" scattered writings of various authors,) it concerns " him to take up his habitation in some renowned " and populous city, where he may command all " sorts of books, and be acquainted also with such " particulars as have escaped the pens of writers, " and are only extant in the memories of men. " Let him enquire diligently, and weigh judi- " ciously, what he hears and reads, lest he publish " a lame work, and be destitute of those helps " which are required to its perfection." It is then most probable, that he passed his days at Rome in reading philosophy of all kinds to the Roman nobility, who frequented his house, and heard him as if there were somewhat more than human in his words; and his nights, which were his only hours of private study, in searching and examining records concerning Rome. Not but that he was entrusted also with the management of publick affairs in the empire, during his residence in the metropolis; which may be made out by what Suidas relates of him :—" Plutarch (says he) lived in the time of Trajan, and also before his reign. That Emperor bestowed on him the dignity of Consul; [though the Greek, I suppose, will bear, that he made him Consul with himself, at least transferred that honour on him :] an edict was also made in favour of him, that the magistrates or officers of Illyria should do nothing in that province without the knowledge and approbation of Plutarch." Now it is my particular guess, (for I have not read it any where,) that

Plutarch had the affairs of Illyria, now called Sclavonia, recommended to him, because Trajan, we know, had wars on that side the empire with Decebalus, King of Dacia; after whose defeat and death, the province of Illyria might stand in need of Plutarch's wisdom to compose and civilize it. But this is only hinted as what possibly might be the reason of our philosopher's superintendency in those quarters, which the French author of his Life seems to wonder at, as having no relation either to Chæronea or Greece.

When he was first made known to Trajan, is like the rest uncertain; or by what means, whether by Senecio, or any other, he was introduced to his acquaintance; but it is most likely that Trajan, then a private man, was one of his auditors, amongst others of the nobility of Rome. It is also thought, this wise Emperor made use of him in all his councils; and that the happiness which attended him in his undertakings, together with the administration of the government, which in all his reign was just and regular, proceeded from the instructions which were given him by Plutarch. Johannes Sarisberiensis, who lived above six hundred years ago, has transcribed a Letter, written, as he supposed, by our author to that Emperor. Whence he had it, is not known, nor the original in Greek to be produced; but it passed for genuine in that age, and if not Plutarch's, is at least worthy of him, and what might well be supposed a man of his character would write; for which reason I have here translated it.

PLUTARCH TO TRAJAN.

"I am satisfied that your modesty sought not the empire, which yet you have always studied to deserve by the excellency of your manners; and by so much the more are you esteemed worthy of this honour, by how much you are free from the ambition of desiring it. I therefore congratulate both your virtue and my own good fortune, if at least your future government shall prove answerable to your former merit; otherwise you have involved yourself in dangers, and I shall infallibly be subject to the censures of detracting tongues; because Rome will never support an Emperor unworthy of her, and the faults of the scholar will be upbraided to the master. Thus Seneca is reproached, and his fame still suffers, for the vices of Nero. The miscarriages of Quintilian's scholars have been thrown on him; and even Socrates himself is not free from the imputation of remissness on the account of his pupil, Alcibiades. But you will certainly administer all things as becomes you, if you still continue what you are; if you recede not from yourself, if you begin at home, and lay the foundation of government on the command of your own passions: if you make virtue the scope of all your actions, they will all proceed in harmony and order. I have set before you the force of laws and civil constitutions of your predecessors, which if you imitate and obey,

Plutarch is then your guide of living; if otherwise, let this present Letter be my testimony against you, that you shall not ruin the Roman empire under the pretence of the counsel and authority of Plutarch."[7]

It may be conjectured, and with some shew of probability, from hence, that our author not only collected his materials, but also made a rough draft of many of these parallel Lives at Rome;[8] and that he read them to Trajan for his instruction in government; and so much the rather I believe

[7] Fabricius observes, that this Letter has too much the air of a preceptor addressing his pupil, to be the real composition of Plutarch, writing to one not younger than himself; and that he has expressed himself much more modestly in his addresses to persons much inferior in dignity to Trajan. Johannes Sarisberiensis too, (he adds,) who first produced this epistle in Latin, appears himself to have had some doubts of its genuineness, for he prefaces it with—*ca* dicitur *esse hujusmodi*.

[8] As Plutarch has himself told us, that while he was at Rome he was so much engaged by publick business and his lectures in philosophy, that he had no time to study the Latin language, and has also observed that an historian ought to be well acquainted with the principal writers of the country whose history he is to relate, it seems probable that he wrote his MORALS at Rome, and did not undertake his LIVES till after he returned to Chæronea, and had diligently read all the best Roman authors.—He might, however, in conversation at Rome, (for without doubt he had enough of Latin to speak it, however imperfectly,) have collected many anecdotes, of which he afterwards availed himself in his Roman biography.

it, because all historians agree that this Emperor, though naturally prudent and inclined to virtue, had more of the soldier than the scholar in his education, before he had the happiness to know Plutarch; for which reason the Roman Lives, and the inspection into ancient laws, might be of necessary use to his direction.

And now for the time of our author's abode in the imperial city; if he came so early as Vespasian, and departed not till Trajan's death, as is generally thought, he might continue in Italy near forty years. This is more certain, because gathered from himself,—that his LIVES were almost the latest of his works; and therefore we may well conclude, that having modelled, but not finished them at Rome, he afterwards resumed the work in his own country; which perfecting in his old age, he dedicated to his friend Senecio still living, as appears by what he has written in the proem to his LIVES.

The desire of visiting his own country, so natural to all men, and the approaches of old age, (for he could not be much less than sixty,) and perhaps also the death of Trajan,[9] prevailed with him at last to leave Italy; or, if you will have it in his own words, "*he was not willing his little city should be one the less by his absence.*" After his return he was, by the unanimous consent of

[9] At the death of Trajan, about which time he is supposed to have returned to his native country, he must have been at least sixty-six or sixty-seven.

his citizens, chosen Archon, or chief magistrate of Chæronea, and not long after admitted himself in the number of Apollo's priests; in both which employments he seems to have continued till his death, of which we have no particular account, either as to the manner of it, or the year; only it is evident that he lived to a great old age,[1] always continuing his studies. That he died a natural death, is only presumed, because any violent accident to so famous a man would have been recorded; and in whatsoever reign he deceased, the days of tyranny were overpassed, and there was then a golden series of Emperors, every one emulating his predecessor's virtues.

Thus I have collected from Plutarch himself, and from the best authors, what was most remarkable concerning him; in performing which I have laboured under so many uncertainties, that I have not been able to satisfy my own curiosity, any more than that of others. It is the life of a philosopher, not varied with accidents to divert the reader; more pleasant for himself to live, than for an historian to describe. Those works of his which are irrecoverably lost, are named in the catalogue made by his son, Lamprias, which you will find in the Paris edition, dedicated to King Lewis the Thirteenth. But it is a small comfort to a merchant to peruse his bill of freight, when

[1] He is supposed to have died in the reign of Antoninus Pius, A. D. 140, in his ninetieth year.

he is certain his ship is cast away: moved by the like reason, I have omitted that ungrateful task.[2] Yet that the reader may not be imposed on in those which yet remain, it is but reasonable to let him know, that the Lives of Hannibal and Scipio, though they pass with the ignorant for genuine, are only the forgery of Donato Acciaiolo, a Florentine. He pretends to have translated them from a Greek manuscript, which none of the learned have ever seen, either before or since. But the cheat is more manifest from this reason, which is undeniable; that Plutarch did indeed write the Life of Scipio, but he compared him not with Hannibal, but with Epaminondas; as appears by the catalogue or nomenclature of Plutarch's LIVES, drawn up by his son Lamprias, and yet extant. But to make this out more clearly, we find the Florentine, in his Life of Hannibal, thus relating the famous conference betwixt Scipio and him:—"Scipio at that time being sent ambassador from the Romans to King Antiochus,

[2] It may, however, gratify a reasonable curiosity to be informed what Lives this most valuable author wrote, beside those which have been preserved. The following have unfortunately perished: the Lives of Hercules, Hesiod, Pindar, Crates and Deiphantus, with a parallel, Leonidas, Aristomenes, Epaminondas and the elder Scipio, with a parallel, Scipio Africanus the younger, Metellus, Augustus, Tiberius, Claudius, Nero, Caligula, and Vitellius.

In the list of Plutarch's works by his son Lamprias, are no less than two hundred and ten articles, several of which are lost.

" with Publius Villius, it happened then that these " two great captains met together at Ephesus; " and amongst other discourse, it was demanded " of Hannibal by Scipio,—whom he thought to " have been the greatest captain? To whom he " thus answered—In the first place, Alexander " of Macedon; in the second, Pyrrhus of Epyrus; " and in the third, himself. To which, Scipio, " smiling, thus replied: And what would you have " thought, had it been your fortune to have van- " quished me? To whom Hannibal:—I should " then have adjudged the first place to myself. " Which answer was not a little pleasing to Scipio, " because by it he found himself not disesteemed, " nor put into comparison with the rest; but by " the delicacy and gallantry of a well-turned com- " pliment, set like a man divine above them all."

Now this relation is a mere compendium of the same conference, from Livy; but if we can conceive Plutarch to have written the Life of Hannibal, it is hard to believe that he should tell the same story after so different, or rather so contrary a manner, in another place. For, in the Life of Pyrrhus, he thus writes: " Hannibal adjudged " the pre-eminence to Pyrrhus above all captains, " in conduct, and military skill; next to Pyrrhus " he placed Scipio; and after Scipio, himself; as " we have declared in the Life of Scipio." It is not that I would excuse Plutarch, as if he never related the same thing diversly; for it is evident, that through want of advertency he has been

often guilty of that errour, of which the reader will find too frequent examples in these LIVES; but in this place he cannot be charged with want of memory or care, because what he says here is relating to what he had said formerly: so that he may mistake the story, as I believe he has done, (that other of Livy being much more probable,) but we must allow him to remember what he had before written.

From hence I might take occasion to note some other lapses of our author, which yet amount not to falsification of truth, much less to partiality, or envy, (both which are manifest in his countryman Dion Cassius, who writ not long after him,) but are only the frailties of human nature; mistakes not intentional, but accidental. He was not altogether so well versed either in the Roman language, or in their coins, or in the value of them; in some customs, rites, and ceremonies, he took passages on trust from others, relating both to them and the barbarians, which the reader may particularly find recited in the animadversions of the often praised Rualdus on our author. I will name but one, to avoid tediousness, because I particularly observed it, when I read Plutarch in the library of Trinity College, in Cambridge, to which foundation I gratefully acknowledge a great part of my education. It is, that Plutarch, in the life of Cicero, speaking of Verres, who was accused by him, and repeating a miserable jest of Tully's, says that Verres, in the Roman language, signifies

a barrow-pig, that is, one which has been gelded. But we have a better account of the signification from Varro, whom we have more reason to believe; that the male of that kind, before he is cut, is called Verres; after cutting, Majalis, which is perhaps a diminutive of Mas, though generally the reason of the etymology is given from its being a sacrifice to the goddess Maja. Yet any man who will candidly weigh this and the like errours, may excuse Plutarch, as he would a stranger, mistaking the propriety of an English word; and besides the humanity of this excuse, it is impossible in nature, that a man of so various learning, and so covetous of engrossing all, should perfectly digest such an infinity of notions in many sciences; since to be excellent in one is so great a labour.

It may now be expected, that having written the life of an historian, I should take occasion to write somewhat concerning history itself; but I think to commend it is unnecessary, for the profit and pleasure of that study are both so very obvious, that a quick reader will be beforehand with me, and imagine faster than I can write. Besides that the post is taken up already; and few authors have travelled this way, but who have strewed it with rhetorick as they passed. For my own part, who must confess it to my shame, that I never read any thing but for pleasure, it has always been the most delightful entertainment of my life; but they who have employed the study of it as they ought, for their instruction, for the regulation of

their private manners, and the management of publick affairs, must agree with me, that it is the most pleasant school of wisdom. It is a familiarity with past ages, and an acquaintance with all the heroes of them: it is, if you will pardon the similitude, a prospective glass carrying your soul to a vast distance, and taking in the farthest objects of antiquity. It informs the understanding by the memory; it helps us to judge of what will happen, by shewing us the like revolutions of former times. For mankind being the same in all ages, agitated by the same passions, and moved to action by the same interests, nothing can come to pass, but some precedent of the like nature has already been produced; so that having the causes before our eyes, we cannot easily be deceived in the effects, if we have judgment enough but to draw the parallel.

God, it is true, with his divine Providence overrules and guides all actions to the secret end he has ordained them; but in the way of human causes, a wise man may easily discern that there is a natural connection betwixt them; and though he cannot foresee accidents, or all things that possibly can come, he may apply examples, and by them foretell, that from the like counsels will probably succeed the like events; and thereby in all concernments, and all offices of life, be instructed in the two main points on which depend our happiness; that is, what to avoid, and what to choose.

The laws of history in general are truth of matter, method and clearness of expression. The first propriety is necessary, to keep our understanding from the impositions of falshood; for history is an argument framed from many particular examples or inductions: if these examples are not true, then those measures of life which we take from them will be false, and deceive us in their consequence. The second is grounded on the former; for if the method be confused, if the words or expressions of thought are any way obscure, then the ideas which we receive must be imperfect; and if such, we are not taught by them what to elect or what to shun. Truth, therefore, is required as the foundation of history, to inform us; disposition and perspicuity, as the manner to inform us plainly: one is the being, the other the well-being of it.

History is principally divided into these three species: Commentaries, or Annals; History, properly so called; and Biographia, or the Lives of particular men.

Commentaries, or Annals, are (as I may so call them,) naked history, or the plain relation of matter of fact, according to the succession of time, devested of all other ornaments. The springs and motives of actions are not here sought, unless they offer themselves, and are open to every man's discernment. The method is the most natural that can be imagined, depending only on the observation of months and years, and drawing, in

the order of them, whatsoever happened worthy of relation. The style is easy, simple, unforced, and unadorned with the pomp of figures; councils, guesses, politick observations, sentences, and orations are avoided: in few words, a bare narration is its business. Of this kind the COMMENTARIES of Cæsar are certainly the most admirable, and after him the ANNALS of Tacitus may have place; nay, even the prince of Greek historians, Thucydides, may almost be adopted into the number. For though he insructs every where by sentences, though he gives the causes of actions, the councils of both parties, and makes orations where they are necessary, yet it is certain that he first designed his work a Commentary; every year writing down, like an unconcerned spectator as he was, the particular occurrences of the time, in the order as they happened; and his eighth book is wholly written after the way of Annals: though out-living the war, he inserted in his others those ornaments which render his work the most complete and most instructive now extant.

History, properly so called, may be described by the addition of those parts which are not required to ANNALS; and therefore there is little farther to be said concerning it: only, that the dignity and gravity of style is here necessary. That the guesses of secret causes inducing to the actions, be drawn at least from the most probable circumstances, not perverted by the malignity of the author to sinister interpretations, (of which Tacitus

is accused,) but candidly laid down, and left to the judgment of the reader: That nothing of concernment be omitted; but things of trivial moment are still to be neglected, as debasing the majesty of the work: That neither partiality or prejudice appear, but that truth may every where be sacred: *Ne quid falsi dicere audeat, ne quid veri non audeat historicus:* That he neither incline to superstition, in giving too much credit to oracles, prophecies, divinations, and prodigies, nor to irreligion, in disclaiming the Almighty Providence; but where general opinion has prevailed of any miraculous accident or portent, he ought to relate it as such, without imposing his opinion on our belief. Next to Thucydides, in this kind, may be accounted Polybius, amongst the Grecians; Livy, though not free from superstition, nor Tacitus from ill-nature, amongst the Romans; amongst the modern Italians, Guicciardini, and Davila, if not partial; but above all men, in my opinion, the plain, sincere, unaffected, and most instructive Philip de Comines,[3] amongst the French, though he only gives his History the humble name of Commentaries. I am sorry I cannot find in our own nation, though it has produced some commendable historians, any proper to be ranked with

[3] Philip de Comines was born in the year 1445, and died in the first year of our Henry the Eighth, 1509.—His valuable work comprizes a period of thirty-four years, during the reigns of Lewis the Eleventh, and Charles the Eighth, of France.

these. Buchanan, indeed, for the purity of his Latin, and for his learning, and for all other endowments belonging to an historian, might be placed amongst the greatest, if he had not too much leaned to prejudice, and too manifestly declared himself a party of a cause, rather than an historian of it. Excepting only that, (which I desire not to urge too far on so great a man, but only to give caution to his readers concerning it,) our isle may justly boast in him a writer comparable to any of the moderns, and excelled by few of the ancients.

Biographia, or the history of particular men's lives, comes next to be considered; which in dignity is inferiour to the other two, as being more confined in action, and treating of wars and counsels, and all other publick affairs of nations, only as they relate to him whose life is written, or as his fortunes have a particular dependance on them, or connection to them. All things here are circumscribed, and driven to a point, so as to terminate in one; consequently, if the action or counsel were managed by colleagues, some part of it must be either lame or wanting, except it be supplied by the excursion of the writer. Herein likewise, must be less of variety for the same reason; because the fortunes and actions of one man are related, not those of many. Thus the actions and achievements of Sylla, Lucullus, and Pompey, are all of them but the successive parts of the Mithridatick war; of which we could have

no perfect image, if the same hand had not given us the whole, though at several views, in their particular lives.

Yet though we allow, for the reasons above alleged, that this kind of writing is in dignity inferiour to History and Annals, in pleasure and instruction it equals or even excels both of them. It is not only commended by ancient practice to celebrate the memory of great and worthy men, as the best thanks which posterity can pay them, but also the examples of virtue are of more vigour, when they are thus contracted into individuals. As the sunbeams, united in a burning-glass to a point, have greater force than when they are darted from a plain superficies, so the virtues and actions of one man, drawn together into a single story, strike upon our minds a stronger and more lively impression, than the scattered relations of many men, and many actions; and by the same means that they give us pleasure, they afford us profit too. For when the understanding is intent and fixed on a single thing, it carries closer to the mark; every part of the object sinks into it; and the soul receives it unmixed and whole. For this reason Aristotle commends the unity of action in a poem; because the mind is not capable of digesting many things at once, nor of conceiving fully any more than one idea at a time. Whatsoever distracts the pleasure, lessens it; and as the reader is more concerned at one man's fortune than those of many, so likewise the writer is more

capable of making a perfect work if he confine himself to this narrow compass. The lineaments, features, and colourings of a single picture may be hit exactly; but in a history-piece of many figures, the general design, the ordonnance or disposition of it, the relation of one figure to another, the diversity of the posture, habits, shadowings, and all the other graces conspiring to an uniformity, are of so difficult performance, that neither is the resemblance of particular persons often perfect, nor the beauty of the piece complete; for any considerable errour in the parts renders the whole disagreeable and lame. Thus then, the perfection of the work, and the benefit arising from it, are both more absolute in biography than in history. All history is only the precepts of moral philosophy reduced into examples. Moral philosophy is divided into two parts, ethicks and politicks; the first instructs us in our private offices of virtue, the second in those which relate to the management of the commonwealth. Both of these teach by argumentation and reasoning, which rush as it were into the mind, and possess it with violence; but history rather allures than forces us to virtue. There is nothing of the tyrant in example; but it gently glides into us, is easy and pleasant in its passage, and in one word reduces into practice our speculative notions; therefore the more powerful the examples are, they are the more useful also; and by being more known, they are more powerful. Now unity, which is defined,

is in its own nature more apt to be understood than multiplicity, which in some measure participates of infinity. The reason is Aristotle's.

Biographia, or the histories of particular lives, though circumscribed in the subject, is yet more extensive in the style than the other two; for it not only comprehends them both, but has somewhat superadded, which neither of them have. The style of it is various, according to the occasion. There are proper places in it for the plainness and nakedness of narration, which is ascribed to annals; there is also room reserved for the loftiness and gravity of general history, when the actions related shall require that manner of expression. But there is withal a descent into minute circumstances, and trivial passages of life, which are natural to this way of writing, and which the dignity of the other two will not admit. There you are conducted only into the rooms of state, here you are led into the private lodgings of the hero; you see him in his undress, and are made familiar with his most private actions and conversations. You may behold a Scipio and a Lælius gathering cockle-shells on the shore, Augustus playing at bounding-stones with boys, and Agesilaus riding on a hobby-horse among his children. The pageantry of life is taken away; you see the poor reasonable animal as naked as ever Nature made him; are made acquainted with his passions and his follies, and find the demi-god, a man. Plutarch himself has more than once defended this kind of relating little

passages; for in the Life of Alexander, he says thus: "In writing the lives of illustrious men, I "am not tied to the laws of history; nor does it "follow, that because an action is great, it there- "fore manifests the greatness and virtue of him "who did it; but on the other side, sometimes "a word, or a casual jest, betrays a man more to "our knowledge of him, than a battle fought "wherein ten thousand men were slain, or sacking "of cities, or a course of victories." In another place he quotes Xenophon on the like occasion: "The sayings of great men in their familiar dis- "courses, and amidst their wine, have somewhat "in them which is worthy to be transmitted to "posterity." Our author therefore needs no ex- cuse, but rather deserves a commendation, when he relates, as pleasant, some sayings of his heroes, which appear (I must confess it) very cold and insipid mirth to us. For it is not his meaning to commend the jest, but to paint the man; besides, we may have lost somewhat of the idiotism of that language in which it was spoken; and where the conceit is couched in a single word, if all the significations of it are not critically understood, the grace and the pleasantry are lost.

But in all parts of biography, whether familiar or stately, whether sublime or low, whether serious or merry, Plutarch equally excelled. If we compare him to others, Dion Cassius is not so sincere; Herodian, a lover of truth, is oftentimes deceived himself with what he had falsely heard reported:

then the time of his Emperors exceeds not in all above sixty years; so that his whole history will scarce amount to three lives of Plutarch. Suetonius and Tacitus may be called alike either authors of histories, or writers of lives; but the first of them runs too willingly into obscene descriptions, which he teaches, while he relates; the other, besides what has already been noted by him, often falls into obscurity; and both of them have made so unlucky a choice of times, that they are forced to describe rather monsters than men; and their Emperors are either extravagant fools or tyrants, and most usually both. Our author, on the contrary, as he was more inclined to commend than to dispraise, has generally chosen such great men as were famous for their several virtues; at least such whose frailties or vices were overpoised by their excellencies; such from whose examples we may have more to follow than to shun. Yet, as he was impartial, he disguised not the faults of any man: an example of which is in the Life of Lucullus; where, after he has told us that the double benefit which his countrymen, the Chæroneans, received from him, was the chiefest motive which he had to write his life, he afterwards rips up his luxury, and shews how he lost, through his mismanagement, his authority and his soldiers' love.—Then he was more happy in his digressions than any we have named. I have always been pleased to see him, and his imitator, Montagne, when they strike a little out of the common road;

for we are sure to be the better for their wandering. The best quarry lies not always in the open field; and who would not be content to follow a good huntsman over hedges and ditches, when he knows the game will reward his pains? But if we mark him more narrowly, we may observe, that the great reason of his frequent starts is the variety of his learning; he knew so much of nature, was so vastly furnished with all the treasures of the mind, that he was uneasy to himself, and was forced, as I may say, to lay down some at every passage, and to scatter his riches as he went: like another Alexander or Adrian, he built a city, or planted a colony, in every part of his progress, and left behind him some memorial of his greatness. Sparta, and Thebes, and Athens, and Rome, the mistress of the world, he has discovered in their foundations, their institutions, their growth, their height; the decay of the three first, and the alteration of the last. You see those several people in their different laws, and policies, and forms of government, in their warriors, and senators, and demagogues. Nor are the ornaments of poetry, and the illustrations of similitudes forgotten by him; in both which he instructs, as well as pleases; or rather pleases, that he may instruct.

This last reflection leads me naturally to say somewhat in general of his style; though after having justly praised him for copiousness of learning, integrity, perspicuity, and more than all this,

for a certain air of goodness which appears through all his writings, it were unreasonable to be critical on his elocution. As on a tree which bears excellent fruit, we consider not the beauty of the blossoms,—for if they are not pleasant to the eye, or delightful to the scent, we know at the same time that they are not the prime intention of nature, but are thrust out in order to their product; so in Plutarch, whose business was not to please the ear, but to charm and to instruct the mind, we may easily forgive the cadences of words, and the roughness of expression. Yet, for manliness of eloquence, if it abounded not in our author, it was not wanting in him. He neither studied the sublime style, nor affected the flowery. The choice of words, the numbers of periods, the turns of sentences, and those other ornaments of speech, he neither sought nor shunned; but the depth of sense, the accuracy of judgment, the disposition of the parts and contexture of the whole, in so admirable and vast a field of matter, and lastly, the copiousness and variety of words, appear shining in our author. It is, indeed, observed of him, that he keeps not always to the style of prose, but if a poetical word, which carries in it more of emphasis or signification, offer itself at any time, he refuses it not because Homer or Euripides have used it; but if this be a fault, I know not how Xenophon will stand excused. Yet neither do I compare our author with him, or with Herodotus, in the sweetness and graces of his

style, nor with Thucydides in the solidity and closeness of expression; for Herodotus is acknowledged the prince of the Ionick, the other two of the Attick eloquence. As for Plutarch, his style is so particular, that there is none of the ancients to whom we can properly resemble him. And the reason of this is obvious; for being conversant in so great variety of authors, and collecting from all of them what he thought most excellent, out of the confusion or rather mixture of all their styles, he formed his own, which partaking of each, was yet none of them, but a compound of them all; like the Corinthian metal, which had in it gold, and brass, and silver, and yet was a species by itself. Add to this, that in Plutarch's time, and long before it, the purity of the Greek tongue was corrupted, and the native splendour of it had taken the tarnish of barbarism, and contracted the filth and spots of degenerating ages; for the fall of empires always draws after it the language and eloquence of the people: they who labour under misfortunes or servitude, have little leisure to cultivate their mother tongue. To conclude; when Athens had lost her sovereignty to the Peloponnesians, and her liberty to Philip, neither a Thucydides nor a Demosthenes were afterwards produced by her.

I have formerly acknowledged many lapses of our author, occasioned through his inadvertency; but he is likewise taxed with faults which reflect on his judgment in matters of fact, and his can-

dour in the comparisons of his Greeks and Romans; both which are so well vindicated by Montagne, that I need but barely to translate him:—

"First then, he is accused of want of judgment, "in reporting things incredible; for proof of "which is alleged the story he tells of the "Spartan boy, who suffered his bowels to be torn "out by a young fox which he had stolen, choosing rather to hide him under his garment till "he died, than to confess his robbery. In the "first place this example is ill chosen, because it "is difficult to set a bound to the force of our "internal faculties; it is not defined how far our "resolution may carry us to suffer. The force of "bodies may more easily be determined, than that "of souls. Then of all people, the Lacedemonians, by reason of their rigid institution, were "most hardened to undergo labours, and to suffer "pains. Cicero, before our author's time, though "then the Spartan virtue was degenerated, yet "avows to have seen himself some Lacedemonian "boys, who, to make trial of their patience, were "placed before the altar of Diana, where they "endured scourging till they were all over bloody, "and that not only without crying, but even "without a sigh or a groan: nay, and some of "them so ambitious of this reputation, that they "willingly resigned their lives under the hands of "their tormentors.—The same may be said of "another story, which Plutarch vouches with an "hundred witnesses: that in the time of sacrifice,

" a burning coal by chance falling into the sleeve " of a Spartan boy, who held the censer, he " suffered his arm to be scorched so long without " moving it, that the scent of it reeked up to the " noses of the assistants.

" For my own part, who have taken in so vast " an idea of the Lacedemonian magnanimity, " Plutarch's story is so far from seeming incredible " to me, that I neither think it wonderful nor " uncommon; for we ought not to measure pos- " sibilites or impossibilities by our own standard, " that is, by what we ourselves could do or suffer. " These, and some other slight examples are made " use of, to lessen the opinion of Plutarch's judg- " ment.—But the common exception against his " candour is, that in his parallels of Greeks and " Romans he has done too much honour to his " countrymen, in matching them with heroes with " whom they were not worthy to be compared. " For instances of this, there are produced the " comparisons of Demosthenes and Cicero, Aris- " tides and Cato, Lysander and Sylla, Pelopidas " and Marcellus, Agesilaus and Pompey. Now " the ground of this accusation is most probably " the lustre of those Roman names, which strikes " on our imagination; for what proportion of " glory is there betwixt a Roman Consul or Pro- " consul of so great a commonwealth, and a " simple citizen of Athens? But he who considers " the truth more nearly, and weighs not honours " with honours, but men with men, which was

" Plutarch's main design, will find in the balance " of their manners, their virtues, their endow- " ments and abilities, that Cicero and the elder " Cato were far from having the over-weight " against Demosthenes and Aristides. I might " as well complain against him in behalf of his " own countrymen; for neither was Camillus so " famous as Themistocles, nor were Tiberius and " Caius Gracchus comparable to Agis and Cleo- " menes, in regard of dignity; much less was the " wisdom of Numa to be put in balance against " that of Lycurgus, or the modesty and tempe- " rance of Scipio against the solid philosophy and " perfect virtue of Epaminondas. Yet the dispa- " rity of victories, the reputation, the blaze of " glory, in the two last, were evidently on the " Roman side. But as I said before, to compare " them this way was the least of Plutarch's aim; " he openly declares against it; for speaking of " the course of Pompey's fortune, his exploits of " war, the greatness of the armies which he com- " manded, the splendour and number of his tri- " umphs, in his comparison betwixt him and " Agesilaus,—I believe, says he, that if Xenophon " were now alive, and would indulge himself the " liberty to write all he could to the advantage " of his hero, Agesilaus, he would be ashamed to " put their acts in competition. In his com- " parison of Sylla and Lysander, there is, says " he, no manner of equality either in the number " of their victories, or in the danger of their

" battles; for Lysander only gained two naval
" fights, &c. Now this is far from partiality to
" the Grecians. He who would convince him of
" this vice, must shew us in what particular judg-
" ment he has been too favourable to his coun-
" trymen; and make it out in general, where he
" has failed in matching such a Greek with such
" a Roman; which must be done by shewing how
" he could have paired them better, and naming
" any other in whom the resemblance might have
" been more perfect. But an equitable judge
" who takes things by the same handle which
" Plutarch did, will find there is no injury offered
" to either party, though there be some disparity
" betwixt the persons; for he weighs every cir-
" cumstance by itself, and judges separately of it;
" not comparing men at a lump, nor endeavouring
" to prove they were alike in all things, but
" allowing for disproportion of quality or fortune,
" shewing wherein they agreed or disagreed, and
" wherein one was to be preferred before the
" other."

I thought I had answered all that could reasonably be objected against our author's judgment; but casually casting my eye on the works of a French gentleman,[4] deservedly famous for wit and criticism, I wondered, amongst many commenda-

[4] Mons. de St. Evremont; who, being driven from his own country, had resided in London from the year 1665.—It may safely be asserted, that there is more learn-

tions of Plutarch, to find this one reflection:—
"As for his comparisons, they seem truly to me
"very great; but I think he might have carried
"them yet farther, and have penetrated more
"deeply into human nature. There are folds
"and recesses in our minds, which have escaped
"him; he judges man too much in gross, and
"thinks him not so different as he is often
"from himself; the same person being just, un-
"just, merciful, and cruel: which qualities seem-
"ing to belie each other in him, he attributes
"their inconsistencies to foreign causes. In fine,
"if he had described Catiline, he would have
"given him to us, either prodigal or covetous:
"that *alieni appetens, sui profusus*, was above his
"reach. He could never have reconciled those
"contrarieties in the same subject, which Sallust
"has so well unfolded, and which Montagne so
"much better understood."

This judgment could not have proceeded but from a man who has a nice taste in authors; and if it be not altogether just, it is at least delicate; but I am confident, that if he please to consider this following passage, taken out of the Life of Sylla, he will moderate, if not retract his censure:

"In the rest of his manners he was unequal,

ing, good sense, and knowledge of mankind, in any one of Plutarch's Lives, than in all the works of this gay Frenchman, whose criticism on that most valuable writer our author has shewn to be wholly unfounded.

" irregular, different from himself: ἀνώμαλός τις
" ἔοικε, και διάφορος πρὸς ἑαυτὸν. He took many
" things by rapine, he gave more; honoured men
" immoderately, and used them contumeliously;
" was submissive to those of whom he stood in
" need, insulting over those who stood in need of
" him; so that it was doubtful, whether he were
" more formed by nature to arrogance or flattery.
" As to his uncertain way of punishing, he would
" sometimes put men to death on the least occa-
" sion; at other times he would pardon the
" greatest crimes: so that judging him in the
" whole, you may conclude him to have been
" naturally cruel, and prone to vengeance, but
" that he could remit of his severity, when his
" interests required it."

Here, methinks, our author seems to have sufficiently understood the folds and doubles of Sylla's disposition; for his character is full of variety and inconsistencies. Yet in the conclusion it is to be confessed that Plutarch has assigned him a bloody nature; the clemency was but artificial and assumed, the cruelty was inborn: but this cannot be said of his rapine, and his prodigality; for here the *alieni appetens, sui profusus*, is as plainly described, as if Plutarch had borrowed the sense from Sallust; and as he was a great collector, perhaps he did. Nevertheless he judged rightly of Sylla, that naturally he was cruel, for that quality was predominant in him; and he was oftener revengeful than he was merciful.—But

this is sufficient to vindicate our author's judgment from being superficial; and I desire not to press the argument more strongly against this gentleman, who has honoured our country by his long residence amongst us.

It seems to me, I must confess, that our author has not been more hardly treated by his enemies, in his comparing other men, than he has been by his friends, in their comparing Seneca with him. And herein, even Montagne himself is scarcely to be defended; for no man more esteemed Plutarch, no man was better acquainted with his excellencies; yet this notwithstanding, he has done too great an honour to Seneca, by ranking him with our philosopher and historian; him, I say, who was so much less a philosopher, and no historian. It is a reputation to Seneca, that any one has offered at the comparison; the worth of his adversary makes his defeat advantageous to him; and Plutarch might cry out with justice,

Qui cum victus erit, mecum certasse feretur.

If I had been to find out a parallel for Plutarch, I should rather have pitched on Varro, the most learned of the Romans, if at least his works had yet remained; or Pomponius Atticus, if he had written. But the likeness of Seneca is so little, that except the one's being tutor to Nero, and the other to Trajan, both of them strangers to Rome, yet raised to the highest dignities in that city, and both philosophers, though of several

sects; (for Seneca was a Stoick, Plutarch a Platonician, at least an Academick, that is, half Platonist, half Skeptick;) besides some such faint resemblances as these, Seneca and Plutarch seem to have as little relation to one another as their native countries, Spain and Greece. If we consider them in their inclinations or humours, Plutarch was sociable and pleasant, Seneca morose and melancholy: Plutarch a lover of conversation, and sober feasts; Seneca reserved, uneasy to himself when alone, to others when in company. Compare them in their manners; Plutarch every where appears candid, Seneca often is censorious. Plutarch, out of his natural humanity, is frequent in commending what he can; Seneca, out of the sourness of his temper, is prone to satire, and still searching for some occasion to vent his gall. Plutarch is pleased with an opportunity of praising virtue; and Seneca, to speak the best of him, is glad of a pretence to reprehend vice. Plutarch endeavours to teach others, but refuses not to be taught himself; for he is always doubtful and inquisitive: Seneca is altogether for teaching others, but so teaches them, that he imposes his opinions, for he was of a sect too imperious and dogmatical, either to be taught or contradicted: and yet Plutarch writes like a man of a confirmed probity, Seneca like one of a weak and staggering virtue. Plutarch seems to have vanquished vice, and to have triumphed over it; Seneca seems only to be combating and resisting, and that too but in

his own defence: therefore Plutarch is easy in his discourse, as one who has overcome the difficulty; Seneca is painful, as he who still labours under it. Plutarch's virtue is humble and civilized; Seneca's haughty and ill-bred: Plutarch allures you, Seneca commands you. One would make virtue your companion, the other your tyrant. The style of Plutarch is easy and flowing, that of Seneca precipitous and harsh: the first is even, the second broken. The arguments of the Grecian, drawn from reason, work themselves into your understanding, and make a deep and lasting impression in your mind; those of the Roman, drawn from wit, flash immediately on your imagination, but leave no durable effect: so this tickles you by starts with his arguteness, that pleases you for continuance, with his propriety.—The course of their fortunes seems also to have partaken of their styles; for Plutarch's was equal, smooth, and of the same tenour,—Seneca's was turbid, unconstant, and full of revolutions. The life of Plutarch was unblameable, as the reader cannot but have observed; and of all his writings there is nothing to be noted as having the least tendency to vice, but only that little treatise which is entitled Ἐρωτικός, wherein he speaks too broadly of a sin to which the eastern and southern parts of the world are most obnoxious; but Seneca is said to have been more libertine than suited with the gravity of a philosopher, or with the austerity of

a Stoick. An ingenious Frenchman[5] esteems, as he tells us, his person rather than his works; and values him more as the preceptor of Nero, a man ambitious of the empire, and the gallant of Agrippina, than as a teacher of morality. For my part, I dare not push the commendation so far. His courage was perhaps praiseworthy, if he endeavoured to deliver Rome from such a monster of tyranny as Nero was then beginning to appear; his ambition too was the more excusable if he found in himself an ability of governing the world, and a desire of doing good to human kind; but as to his good fortunes with the Empress, I know not what value ought to be set on a wise man for them: except it be that women generally liking without judgment, it was a conquest for a philosopher, once in an age, to get the better of a fool. However, methinks there is something of awkward in the adventure: I cannot imagine without laughter, a pedant, and a Stoick, making love in a long gown; for it puts me in mind of the civilities which are used by the Cardinals and Judges in the dance of THE REHEARSAL. If Agrippina would needs be so lavish of her favours, since a sot grew nauseous to her, because he was her husband, and nothing under a wit could atone for Claudius, I am half sorry that Petronius was not

[5] This remark also is made by St. Evremont, in a short Essay, entitled, "A Judgment upon Seneca, Plutarch, and Petronius."

the man. We could have borne it better from his character, than from one who professed the severity of virtue, to make a cuckold of his emperor and benefactor. But let the historian answer for his own relation; only, if true, it is so much the worse that Seneca, after having abused his bed, could not let him sleep quiet in his grave. The Apocolocynthisis, or mock deification of Claudius, was too sharp and insulting on his memory; and Seneca, though he could preach forgiveness to others, did not practise it himself in that satire. Where was the patience and insensibility of a Stoick, in revenging his banishment with a libel? Where was the morality of a philosopher, in defaming and exposing of an harmless fool? And where was common humanity, in railing against the dead? But the talent of his malice is visible in other places: he censures Mæcenas, and I believe justly, for the looseness of his manners, the voluptuousness of his life, and the effeminacy of his style; but it appears that he takes pleasure in so doing, and that he never forced his nature when he spoke ill of any man. For his own style, we see what it is, and if we may be as bold with him as he has been with our old patron, we may call it a shattered eloquence, not vigorous, not united, not embodied, but broken into fragments; every part by itself pompous, but the whole confused and unharmonious. His Latin, as Monsieur St. Evremont has well observed, has nothing in it of the purity and elegance of Augustus his times;

and it is of him and of his imitators that Petronius said,—*pace vestrâ liceat dixisse, primi omnium eloquentiam perdidistis.* The *controversiæ sententiis vibrantibus pictæ,* and the *vanus sententiarum strepitus,* make it evident that Seneca was taxed under the person of the old Rhetorician. What quarrel he had to the uncle and the nephew, I mean Seneca and Lucan, is not known; but Petronius plainly points them out, one for a bad orator, the other for as bad a poet. His own Essay of the Civil War is an open defiance of the PHARSALIA; and the first oration of Eumolpus as full an arraignment of Seneca's false eloquence. After all that has been said, he is certainly to be allowed a great wit, but not a good philosopher; not fit to be compared with Cicero, of whose reputation he was emulous, any more than Lucan is with Virgil. To sum up all in few words, consider a philosopher declaiming against riches, yet vastly rich himself; against avarice, yet putting out his money at great extortion here in Britain; against honours, yet aiming to be Emperor; against pleasure, yet enjoying Agrippina, and in his old age married to a beautiful young woman; and after this, let him be made a parallel to Plutarch.

And now with the usual vanity of Dutch prefacers, I could load our author with the praises and commemorations of writers; for both ancient and modern have made honourable mention of him: but to cumber pages with this kind of stuff, were to raise a distrust in common readers that

Plutarch wants them. Rualdus indeed has collected ample testimonies of them: but I will only recite the names of some, and refer you to him for the particular quotations. He reckons Gellius, Eusebius, Himerius the Sophister, Eunapius, Cyrillus of Alexandria, Theodoret, Agathias, Photius and Xiphilin, patriarchs of Constantinople, Johannes Sarisberiensis, the famous Petrarch, Petrus Victorius, and Justus Lipsius.

But Theodorus Gaza, a man learned in the Latin tongue, and a great restorer of the Greek, who lived above two hundred years ago, deserves to have his suffrage set down in words at length; for the rest have only commended Plutarch more than any single author, but he has extolled him above all together.

It is said, that having this extravagant question put to him by a friend,—that if learning must suffer a general shipwreck, and he had only his choice left him of preserving one author, who should be the man he would preserve? he answered, Plutarch; and probably might give this reason, that in saving him, he should secure the best collection of them all.

The Epigram of Agathias deserves also to be remembered. This author flourished about the year five hundred, in the reign of the Emperor Justinian; the verses are extant in the ANTHOLOGIA, and with the translation of them I will conclude the praises of our author; having first admonished

you, that they are supposed to be written on a statue erected by the Romans to his memory:

Σεῖο πολυκλήϊδα τύπον στήσαντο Χερωνεῦ
Πλούταρχε κρατερῶν υἱέες Αὐσονίων·
Ὅττι παραλλήλοισι βίοις Ἕλληνας ἀρίστους
Ρώμης ἐυπολέμοις ἤρμοσας ἐννεάταις·
Ἀλλὰ τεῦ βιοτοιο παράλληλον βίον ἄλλον
Οὐδὲ σύγ' ἂν γράψαις, ὃ γὰρ ὅμοιον ἔχεις.

Cheronean Plutarch, to thy deathless praise
Does martial Rome this grateful statue raise;
Because both Greece and she thy fame have shar'd,
(Their heroes written, and their lives compar'd;)
But thou thyself could'st never write thy own;
Their lives have parallels, but thine has none.[6]

[6] *The following* ADVERTISEMENT, *prefixed to the Translation of* Plutarch's LIVES, *under the name and character of the bookseller who published them,* (Jacob Tonson,) *may from internal evidence be safely attributed to our author:*

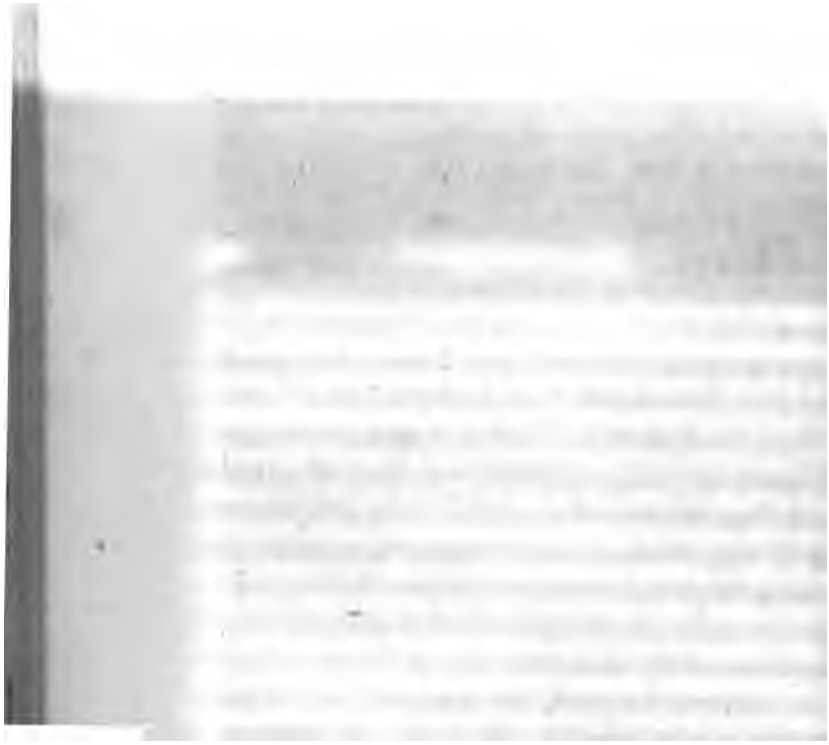
" You have here the first volume of Plutarch's LIVES, turned from the Greek into English; and give me leave to say, the first attempt of doing it from the *originals.* You may expect the remainder in four more, one after another, as fast as they may conveniently be dispatched from the press. It is not my business, or pretence, to judge of a work of this quality; neither do I take upon me to recommend it to the world, any farther than under the office of a fair and careful publisher, and in discharge of a trust deposited in my hands for the service of my country, and for a common good. I am not yet so insensible of the authority and reputation of so great a name, as not to consult the honour of the author, together with the benefit and satisfaction of the bookseller, as well

as of the reader, in this undertaking. In order to which ends, I have with all possible respect and industry besought, solicited, and obtained the assistance of persons equal to the enterprize, and not only criticks in the tongue, but men of known fame and abilities for style and ornament; but I shall rather refer you to the learned and ingenious translators of this first part, (whose names you will find in the next page,) as a specimen of what you may promise yourself from the rest.

After this right done to the Greek author, I shall not need to say what profit and delight will accrue to the English reader from this version, when he shall see this illustrious piece in his own mother tongue, and the very spirit of the original transfused into the traduction; and in one word, Plutarch's Worthies made yet more famous by a translation that gives a farther lustre even to Plutarch himself.

Now as to the bookseller's part, I must justify myself that I have done all that to me belonged; that is to say, I have been punctually faithful to all my commissions toward the correctness and decency of the work; and I have said to myself that which I now say to the publick,

It is impossible but a book that comes into the world with so many circumstances of dignity, usefulness, and esteem, mustturn to account."



DEDICATION

OF THE

HISTORY OF THE LEAGUE.[1]

TO THE KING.

SIR,

HAVING received the honour of your Majesty's commands to translate the HISTORY OF THE LEAGUE, I have applied myself with my utmost diligence to obey them; first by a thorough

[1] THE HISTORY OF THE LEAGUE, written in French by the Jesuit, Louis Maimbourg, was translated by our author, and published in 8vo. in 1684.—Dr. Johnson has said, that this work was undertaken "*with the hopes of promoting popery*;" but this is certainly a mistake. The translation was made previous, as it should seem, to Dryden's conversion to popery; and the object in view undoubtedly was, to strengthen the hands of government, and to discredit the party who had acted with Lord Shaftesbury, between whom and the French Leaguers our author in a former work, published in the preceding year, (VINDICATION OF THE DUKE OF GUISE,) had endeavoured to shew there was a strong similitude.

The Leaguers in France were a party of noblemen and gentlemen, headed by the Duke of Guise, who in 1576 associated, and bound themselves to each other by a

understanding of my author, in which I was assisted by my former knowledge of the French history in general, and in particular of those very transactions which he has so faithfully and judiciously related; then by giving his thoughts the same beauty in our language which they had in the original, and, which I most of all endeavoured, the same force and perspicuity; both of which I hope I have performed with some exactness, and without any considerable mistake. But of this your Majesty is the truest judge, who are so great a master of the original, and who having read this piece when it first was published, can easily find out my failings; but to my comfort, can more easily forgive them.

I confess I could never have laid hold on that virtue of your royal clemency at a more unseasonable time; when your enemies have so far abused it, that pardons are grown dangerous to your safety, and consequently to the welfare of your loyal subjects. But frequent forgiveness is

solemn League and Covenant, to maintain and preserve the sole exercise of the catholick, apostolick, and Roman religion, and all their ancient rights and franchises. They were joined by a party of malecontents, who were called the *Politiques*, because, says Maimbourg, "without touching on religion, they pretended they took arms only for the publick good, for the relief and benefit of the people, and to reform those grievances and disorders which were at present in the state: a ground which has always served for a pretence of rebellion."

their encouragement; they have the sanctuary in their eye, before they attempt the crime, and take all measures of security, either not to need a pardon, if they strike the blow, or to have it granted, if they fail. Upon the whole matter, your Majesty is not upon equal terms with them; you are still forgiving, and they still designing against your sacred life: your principle is mercy, theirs inveterate malice; when one only wards, and the other strikes, the prospect is sad on the defensive side. Hercules, as the poets tell us, had no advantage on Anteus by his often throwing him on the ground; for he laid him only in his mother's lap, which in effect was but doubling his strength to renew the combat. These sons of earth are never to be trusted in their mother element; they must be hoisted into the air and strangled.

If the experiment of clemency were new, if it had not been often tried without effect, or rather with effects quite contrary to the intentions of your goodness, your loyal subjects are generous enough to pity their countrymen, though offenders; but when that pity has been always found to draw into example of greater mischiefs,—when they continually behold both your Majesty and themselves exposed to dangers,—the church, the government, the succession, still threatened; ingratitude so far from being converted by gentle means, that it is turned at last into the nature of the damned, desirous of revenge, and hardened in impenitence; it is time at length for self-preservation to cry

out for justice, and to lay by mildness, when it ceases to be a virtue. Almighty God has hitherto miraculously preserved you ;[8] but who knows how long the miracle will continue? His ordinary operations are by second causes; and then reason will conclude, that, to be preserved, we ought to use the lawful means of preservation. If on the other side it be thus argued,—that of many attempts one may possibly take place, if preventing justice be not employed against offenders, what remains, but that we implore the Divine assistance to avert that judgment ; which is no more than to desire of God to work another, and another, and in conclusion a whole series of miracles. This, Sir, is the general voice of all true Englishmen ; I might call it the loyal address of three nations, infinitely solicitous of your safety, which includes their own prosperity. It is indeed an high presumption for a man so inconsiderable as I am, to present it; but zeal and dutiful affection in an affair of this importance, will make every good subject a counsellor. It is, in my opinion, the test of loyalty ; and to be either a friend or foe to the government, needs no other distinction, than to declare at this time either for remissness or justice. I said at this time, because I look not on the storm as overblown. It is still a gusty kind of weather; there is a kind of sickness in the air ; it seems

[8] Our author here alludes to the Ryehouse Plot of the preceding year.

indeed to be cleared up for some few hours, but the wind still blowing from the same corner; and when new matter is gathered into a body, it will not fail to bring it round, and pour upon us a second tempest. I shall be glad to be found a false prophet; but he was certainly inspired, who when he saw a little cloud arising from the sea, and that no bigger than a hand, gave immediate notice to the King, that he might mount the chariot, before he was overtaken by the storm.[9] If so much care was taken of an idolatrous King, an usurper, a persecutor, and a tyrant, how much more vigilant ought we to be in the concernments of a lawful prince, a father of his country, and a defender of the faith, who stands exposed by his too much mercy to the unwearied and endless conspiracies of parricides? He was a better prince[1] than the former whom I mentioned out of the sacred history, (and the allusion comes yet more close,) who stopped his hand after the third arrow; three victories were indeed obtained, but the effect of often shooting had been the total destruction of his enemies.

To come yet nearer, Henry the Fourth, your royal grandfather, whose victories, and the subversion of the League, are the main argument of this History, was a prince most clement in his

[9] This notice was given by the prophet Elijah to Ahab. See 1 Kings, ch. xviii. v. 43—45.

[1] Who this prince was, I have not been able to discover.

nature; he forgave his rebels, and received them all into mercy, and some of them into favour; but it was not till he had fully vanquished them; they were sensible of their impiety, they submitted, and his clemency was not extorted from him; it was his free gift, and it was seasonably given. I wish the case were here the same. I confess it was not much unlike it at your Majesty's happy Restoration; yet so much of the parallel was then wanting, that the amnesty you gave produced not all the desired effects. For our sects are of a more obstinate nature than were those leaguing catholicks, who were always for a King: and yet more, the major part of them would have him of the royal stem; but our associators[2] and sectaries are men of commonwealth principles, and though their first stroke was only aimed at the immediate succession, it was most manifest that it would not there have ended, for at the same time they were hewing at your royal prerogatives; so that the next successor, if there had been any, must have been a precarious prince, and depended on them for the necessaries of life.[3] But of these and

[2] See p. 81. n. 3.

[3] Our author here had probably the following proceedings particularly in view. In 1679 the Commons had voted the standing army and the King's guards to be illegal; and a bill was brought in to exclude from the lower house all persons who possessed any lucrative offices. They also voted that the Bishops had no right to vote on the question concerning the validity of the pardon

more outrageous proceedings, your Majesty has already shewn yourself justly sensible in your Declaration after the dissolution of the last parliament,[4] which put an end to the arbitrary encroachments of a popular faction. Since which time it has pleased Almighty God so to prosper your affairs, that without searching into the secrets of Divine Providence, it is evident your magnanimity and resolution, next under him, have been the immediate cause of your safety and our present happiness. By weathering of which storm, may I presume to say it without flattery, you have performed a greater and more glorious work than all the conquests of your neighbours; for it is not difficult for a great monarchy, well united, and making use of advantages, to extend its limits; but to be pressed with wants, surrounded with

granted by the King to the Earl of Danby. They had before denied the right of the King to reject Sir Edward Seymour, whom they had chosen for their Speaker; and had contested his power over the militia.—To prevent the Bill of Exclusion from being passed into a law, Charles proposed various limitations on a popish successor, which Sir William Temple and some others opposed, as subversive of the constitution.

[4] The parliament which met at Oxford, March 21, 1680-81, and was dissolved on the 28th of that month. "The King's Declaration of the causes that moved him to dissolve the two last parliaments," was published on the 8th of April, 1681; and was very ably answered in a pamphlet, entitled "A just and modest Vindication of the two last Parliaments," &c. which is supposed to have been written by Mr. Somers and Sir William Jones.

dangers, your authority undermined in popular assemblies, your sacred life attempted by a conspiracy, your royal brother forced from your arms; in one word, to govern a kingdom which was either possessed, or turned into a bedlam,—and yet in the midst of ruin to stand firm, undaunted, and resolved, and at last to break through all these difficulties, and dispel them, this is indeed an action which is worthy the grandson of Henry the Great.

During all this violence of your enemies, your Majesty has contended with your natural clemency to make some examples of your justice; and they themselves will acknowledge that you have not urged the law against them, but have been pressed and constrained by it to inflict punishments in your own defence, and in the mean time to watch every opportunity of shewing mercy when there was the least probability of repentance: so that they who have suffered may be truly said to have forced the sword of justice out of your hand, and to have done execution on themselves. But by how much the more you have been willing to spare them, by so much has their impudence increased; and if by this mildness they recover from the great frost which has almost blasted them to the roots, if these venomous plants shoot out again, it will be a sad comfort to say they have been ungrateful, when it is evident to mankind that ingratitude is their nature. That sort of pity which is proper for them, and may be of use

to their conversion, is, to make them sensible of their errours; and this your Majesty out of your fatherly indulgence, amongst other experiments which you have made, is pleased to allow them in this book, which you have commanded to be translated for the publick benefit, that at least all such as are not wilfully blind may view in it, as in a glass, their own deformities. For never was there a plainer parallel than of the troubles of France and of Great Britain; of their leagues, covenants, associations, and ours; of their Calvinists and our Presbyterians: they are all of the same family, and Titian's famous table* of the altar-piece, with the pictures of Venetian senators from great-grandfather to great-grandson, shews not more the resemblance of a race than this: for as there, so here, the features are alike in all; there is nothing but the age that makes the difference; otherwise the old man of an hundred, and the babe in swadling-clouts, that is to say, 1584, and 1684, have but a century and a sea betwixt them to be the same. But I have presumed too much upon your Majesty's time already, and this is not the place to shew that resemblance, which is but too manifest in the whole history. It is enough to say, your Majesty has allowed our rebels a

* A *table* (tableau, Fr.) in old language, signified—a picture, or painted board. The picture of Titian here alluded to is, I believe, that of the Cornaro family, now in Northumberland-House.—*Pictures*, in the next line, is inelegantly used for *portraits*.

greater favour than the law; you have given them the benefit of clergy: if they can but read, and will be honest enough to apply it, they may be saved. GOD Almighty give an answerable success to this your royal act of grace! may they all repent, and be united as the body to their head! May that treasury of mercy which is within your royal breast, have leave to be poured forth upon them, when they put themselves in a condition of receiving it! And in the mean time, permit me to implore it humbly for myself; and let my presumption in this bold address be forgiven to the zeal which I have to your service, and to the publick good. To conclude, may you never have a worse-meaning offender at your feet, than him who, besides his duty and his natural inclinations, has all manner of obligations to be perpetually,

SIR,

Your MAJESTY's most humble,

Most obedient, and most faithful

Subject, and Servant,

JOHN DRYDEN.

POSTSCRIPT

TO THE

TRANSLATION

OF THE

HISTORY OF THE LEAGUE.

That government, generally considered, is of divine authority, will admit of no dispute; for whoever will seriously consider, that no man has naturally a right over his own life, so as to murder himself, will find by consequence, that he has no right to take away another's life; and that no pact betwixt man and man, or of corporations and individuals, or of sovereigns and subjects, can entitle them to this right; so that no offender can lawfully, and without sin, be punished, unless that power be derived from God. It is he who has commissioned magistrates, and authorized them to prevent future crimes by punishing offenders, and to redress the injured by distributive justice. Subjects therefore are accountable to superiours, and the superiour to Him alone; for the sovereign being once invested with lawful authority, the

subject has irrevocably given up his power, and the dependance of a monarch is alone on GOD. A King, at his coronation, swears to govern his subjects by the laws of the land, and to maintain the several orders of men under him in their lawful privileges, and those orders swear allegiance and fidelity to him; but with this distinction, that the failure of the people is punishable by the King, that of the King is only punishable by the KING OF KINGS.[5] The people then are not judges of good or ill administration in their King; for it is inconsistent with the nature of sovereignty that they should be so. And if at some times they suffer through the irregularities of a bad prince, they enjoy more often the benefits and advantages of a good one, as GOD in his Providence shall dispose, either for their blessing or their punishment. The advantages and disadvantages of such subjection are supposed to have been first considered; and upon this balance they have given up their power without a capacity of resumption; so that it is in vain for a commonwealth party to plead, that men, for example, now in being, cannot bind their posterity, or give up their power; for if subjects can swear only for themselves, when the father dies the subjection ends, and the son who has not

[5] Our author, in the courtly doctrine here stated, was but too much countenanced by the clergy, many of whom enforced from the pulpit the slavish tenet of passive obedience and non-resistance, grounded on the exploded notion of the divine right of Kings.

sworn can be no traitor or offender, either to the King or to the laws: and at this rate a long-lived prince may outlive his sovereignty, and be no longer lawfully a King. But in the mean time, it is evident that the son enjoys the benefit of the laws and government, which is an implicit acknowledgment of subjection.

It is endless to run through all the extravagancies of these men, and it is enough for us that we are settled under a lawful government of a most gracious prince; that our monarchy is hereditary; that it is naturally poized by our municipal laws, with equal benefit of prince and people; that he governs as he has promised, by explicit laws; and what the laws are silent in, I think I may conclude to be part of his prerogative; for what the King has not granted away is inherent in him.

The point of succession has sufficiently been discussed, both as to the right of it, and to the interest of the people. One main argument of the other side is,—how often has it been removed from the right line! as in the case of King Stephen, and of Henry the Fourth, and his descendants of the house of Lancaster. But it is easy to answer them,—that matter of fact, and matter of right, are different considerations. Both those Kings were but usurpers in effect; and the Providence of God restored the posterities of those who were dispossessed. By the same argument they might as well justify the rebellion and murder of the late

King; for there was not only a prince inhumanly put to death, but a government overturned; and first an arbitrary commonwealth, then two usurpers set up against the lawful sovereign; but to our happiness the same Providence has miraculously restored the right heir, and, to their confusion, as miraculously preserved him. In this present History, to go no further, we see Henry the Third, by a decree of the Sorbonne, devested, what in them lay, of his imperial rights; a parliament of Paris, such another as our first long parliament, confirming their decree; a Pope authorizing all this by his excommunication; and an Holy League and Covenant prosecuting this deposition by arms: yet an untimely death only hindered him from reseating himself in glory on the throne, after he was in manifest possession of the victory. We see also the same Sorbonists, the same Pope, parliament, and league, with greater force opposing the undoubted right of King Henry the Fourth; and we see him, in the end, surmounting all these difficulties, and triumphing over all these dangers: God Almighty taking care of his own anointed, and the true succession; neither the papist nor presbyterian association prevailing at the last in their attempts, but both baffled and ruined, and the whole rebellion ended either in the submission or destruction of the conspirators.

It is true, as my author has observed in the beginning of his History, that before the Catholick League, or Holy Union, which is the subject of

this book, there was a league or combination of Huguenots against the government of France, which produced the conspiracy of Amboise; and the Calvinist preachers (as Mezeray, a most impartial historian, informs us,) gave their opinion, that they might take up arms in their own defence, and make way for a free access to the King, to present their remonstrances; but it was ordered at the same time, that they should seize on the Duke of Guise, and the Cardinal of Lorraine, his brother, who were then chief ministers, that they might be brought to trial by process before the States: but he adds immediately, who could answer for them that the prisoners should not have been killed out of hand, and that they would not have made themselves masters of the Queen-mother's person, and of the young King's, which was laid afterwards to their charge? The concealed heads of this conspiracy were Lewis, Prince of Condè, and the famous Admiral de Coligny; who being discontented at court because their enemies, the Guises, had the management of affairs under the Queen-regent, to their exclusion, and being before turned Calvinists, made use of that rebellious sect, and the pretence of religion, to cover their ambition and revenge. The same Mezeray tells us in one of the next pages, that the name of Huguenots, or Fidnos, (from whence it was corrupted,) signifies league or association, in the Swiss language; and was brought, together with the sect, from Geneva into France. But from whencesoever they had

their name, it is most certain that pestilent race of people cannot, by their principles, be good subjects; for whatever enforced obedience they pay to authority, they believe their class above the King; and how they would order him, if they had him in their power, our most gracious sovereign has sufficiently experienced, when he was in Scotland.[6] As for their boast, that they brought him him in,* it is much as true as that of the Calvinists, who pretend, as my author tells you in his preface, that they seated his grandfather, Henry the Fourth, upon the throne; for both French and English presbyterians were fundamentally and practically rebels; and the French have this advantage over ours, that they came into the aid of Henry the Third at his greatest need, or rather were brought over by the King of Navarre, their declared head, on a prospect of great advantage to their religion; whereas ours never inclined to the King's restoration, till themselves had been trodden under foot

[6] Before Charles was permitted to land in Scotland, in 1650, he was obliged to sign the Covenant. The other indignities which were inflicted on him at that period by the Scotch Covenanters, are enumerated by Hume, vol. vii. p. 191. "Having exalted the altar above the throne, and brought royalty under their feet, the Clergy (says that historian) were resolved to trample on it and vilify it, by every instance of contumely which their present influence could enable them to impose upon their unhappy prince."

* i. e. *restored* him to his throne in 1660.

by the independent party, and till the voice of three nations called aloud for him; that is to say, when they had no possibility of keeping him any longer out of England. But the beginning of leagues, unions, and associations, by those who called themselves GOD'S People, for Reformation of Religious Worship, and for the redress of pretended grievances in the state, is of a higher rise, and is justly to be dated from Luther's time; and the private spirit, or the gift of interpreting scriptures by private persons, without learning, was certainly the original cause of such cabals in the reformed churches: so dangerous an instrument of rebellion is the holy scripture in the hands of ignorant and bigoted men.

The anabaptists of Germany led up the dance, who had always in their mouths faith, charity, the fear of GOD, and mortifications of the flesh. Prayers, fastings, meditations, contempt of riches and honours, were their first specious practices; from thence they grew up by little and little to a separation from other men, who, according to their pharisaical account, were less holy than themselves; and decency, civility, neatness of attire, good furniture and order in their houses, were the brands of carnal-minded men. They then proceeded to nickname the days of the weeks; and Sunday, Monday, Tuesday, &c. as heathen names, must be rejected for the first, second, and third days, distinguishing only by their numbers. Thus they began to play, as it were, at cross-purposes with

mankind; and to do every thing by contraries, that they might be esteemed more godly[1] and more illuminated. It had been a wonder, considering their fanciful perfections, if they had stopped here. They were now knowing and pure enough to extend their private reformation to the church and state, for GOD's people love always to be dealing as well in temporals as spirituals; or rather, they love to be fingering spirituals, in order to their grasping temporals. Therefore, they had the impudence to pretend to inspiration in the exposition of scriptures; a trick which since that time has been familiarly used by every sect in its turn, to advance their interests. Not content with this, they assumed to themselves a more particular intimacy with GOD's holy spirit; as if it guided them, even beyond the power of the scriptures, to know more of him than was therein taught; for now the Bible began to be a dead letter of itself; and no virtue was attributed to the reading of it, but all to the inward man, the call of the Holy Ghost, and the ingrafting of the word, opening their understanding to hidden mysteries by faith. And here the mountebank way of canting words came first in use; as if there were something more in religion than could be expressed in intelligible terms, or nonsense were the way to heaven. This of necessity must breed divisions amongst them;

[1] If for *godly*, we read *ungodly*, we have here an exact description of the present impious Regicides of France.

for every man's inspiration being particular to himself, must clash with another's, who set up for the same qualification, the Holy Ghost being infallible in all alike, though he spoke contradictions in several mouths. But they had a way of licking one another whole: mistakes were to be forgiven to weak brethren; the failing was excused for the right intention; he who was more illuminated would allow some light to be in the less, and degrees were made in contradictory propositions. But godfathers and godmothers, by common consent, were already set aside, together with the observation of festivals, which they said were of antichristian institution. They began at last to preach openly that they had no other King but Christ; and by consequence, earthly magistrates were out of doors. All the gracious promises in scripture they applied to themselves, as GOD's chosen, and all the judgments were the portion of their enemies.

These impieties were at first unregarded, and afterwards tolerated by their sovereigns; and Luther himself made request to the Duke of Saxony, to deal favourably with them, as honest-meaning men, who were misled. But in the end, when by these specious pretences they had gathered strength, they who had before concluded that Christ was the only King on earth, and at the same time assumed to themselves that Christ was theirs, inferred by good consequence, that they were to maintain their King; and not only so,

but to propagate that belief in others; for what GOD wills, man must obey: and for that reason they entered into a league of association amongst themselves, to deliver their Israel out of Egypt, to seize Canaan, and to turn the idolaters out of possession. Thus you see by what degrees of saintship they grew up into rebellion, under their successive heads, Muncer, Phifer, John of Leyden, and Knipperdolling; where, what violences, impieties, and sacrileges they committed, those who are not satisfied may read in Sleidan. The general tradition is, that after they had been besieged in Munster, and were forced by assault, their ringleaders being punished, and they dispersed, two ships' lading of these precious saints was disembogued in Scotland, where they set up again, and broached anew their pernicious principles. If this be true, we may easily perceive on what a noble stock Presbytery was grafted. From Scotland they had a blessed passage into England; or at least arriving here from other parts, they soon came to a considerable increase. Calvin, to do him right, writ to King Edward the Sixth a sharp letter against these people; but our presbyterians, after him, have been content to make use of them in the late civil wars, where they and all the rest of the sectaries were joined in the good old cause of rebellion against his late majesty; though they could not agree about dividing the spoils, when they had obtained the victory. And it is impossible they ever should; for all claiming

to the spirit, no party will suffer another to be uppermost, nor, indeed will they tolerate each other; because the scriptures, interpreted by each to their own purpose, is always the best weapon in the strongest hand. Observe them all along, and Providence is still the prevailing argument: they who happen to be in power will ever urge it against those who are undermost, as they who are depressed will never fail to call it persecution. They are never united but in adversity; for cold gathers together bodies of contrary natures, and warmth divides them.

How presbytery was transplanted into England, I have formerly related out of good authors.[8] The persecution arising in Queen Mary's reign forced many protestants out of their native country into foreign parts, where Calvinism having already taken root, (as at Francfort, Strasburg, and Geneva,) those exiles grew tainted with that new discipline; and returning in the beginning of Queen Elizabeth's reign, spread the contagion of it both amongst the clergy and laity of this nation.

Any man who will look into the tenets of the first sectaries, will find these to be more or less embued with them. Here they were supported underhand by great men for private interests. What trouble they gave that Queen, and how she curbed them, is notoriously known to all who are conversant in the histories of those times. How

[8] See the Preface to RELIGIO LAICI, p. 323.

King James was plagued with them, is known as well to any man who has read the reverend and sincere Spotswood; and how they were baffled by the church of England, in a disputation which he allowed them at Hampton-Court,[9] even to the conversion of Dr. Sparks, who was one of the two disputants of their party, and afterwards writ against them, any one who pleases may be satisfied.

The agreement of their principles with the fiercest Jesuits is as easy to be demonstrated, and has already been done by several hands. I will only mention some few of them, to show how well prepared they came to that solemn Covenant of theirs, which they borrowed first from the Holy League of France; and have lately copied out again in their intended Association against his present majesty.

Bellarmine, as the author of this History has told you, was himself a preacher for the League in Paris, during the rebellion there, in the reign of King Henry the Fourth. Some of his principles are these following:

"In the kingdoms of men, the power of the King is from the people, because the people make the King." Observing that he says, "in the kingdoms of men," there is no doubt but he restrains this principle to the subordination of the Pope; for his holiness, in that rebellion, as you have read,

[9] In the year 1604.

was declared Protector of the League; so that the Pope first excommunicates, (which is the outlawry of the church,) and by virtue of this excommunication, the people are left to their own natural liberty, and may without farther process from Rome depose him.

Accordingly, you see it practised in the same instance. Pope Sixtus first thunderstruck King Henry the Third, and the King of Navarre; then the Sorbonne make decrees, that they have successively forfeited the crown; the Parliament verifies these decrees, and the Pope is petitioned to confirm the sense of the nation; that is, of the rebels.

But I have related this too favourably for Bellarmine; for we hear him in another place positively affirming it as matter of faith, "If any Christian prince shall depart from the catholick religion, and shall withdraw others from it, he immediately forfeits all power and dignity, even before the Pope has pronounced sentence on him; and his subjects, in case they have power to do it, may and ought to cast out such an heretick from his sovereignty over Christians."

Now, consonant to this is Buchanan's principle, —"that the people may confer the government on whom they please;" and the maxim of Knox, "that if princes be tyrants against GOD and his truth, their subjects are released from their oath of obedience;" and Goodman's, "that when magistrates cease to do their duties, GOD gives the

sword into the people's hands: evil princes ought to be deposed by inferior magistrates; and a private man, having an inward call, may kill a tyrant."

It is the work of a scavenger to rake together and carry off all these dunghills; they are easy to be found at the doors of all our sects, and all our atheistical commonwealths-men. And besides, it is a needless labour; they are so far from disowning such positions, that they glory in them, and wear them like marks of honour, as an Indian does a ring in his nose, or a Soldanian a belt of garbage. In the mean time, I appeal to any impartial man, whether men of such principles can reasonably expect any favour from the government in which they live, and which, viper-like, they would devour.

What I have remarked of them is no more than necessary, to shew how aptly their principles are suited to their practices. The History itself has sufficiently discovered to the unbiassed reader, that both the last rebellion and this present conspiracy, (which is the mystery of iniquity still working in the three nations,) were originally founded on the French League; that was their model, according to which they built their Babel. You have seen how warily the first Association in Picardy was worded; nothing was to be attempted but for the King's service, and an acknowledgment was formally made, that both the right and power of the government was in him; but it was pretended, that

by occasion of the true protestant rebels, the crown was not any longer in condition either of maintaining itself, or protecting them; and that therefore, in the name of GOD, and by the power of the Holy Ghost, they joined together in their own defence, and that of their religion. But all this while, though they would seem to act by the King's authority, and under him, the combination was kept as secret as possibly they could, and even without the participation of the sovereign; a sure sign that they intended him no good at the bottom. Nay, they had an evasion ready too against his authority; for it is plain they joined Humieres, the governor of the province, in commission with him, and only named the King for shew; but engaged themselves at the same time to his lieutenant to be obedient to all his commands, levying men and money without the King's knowledge, or any law but what they made amongst themselves. So that in effect, the rebellion and combination of the Huguenots was only a leading card, and an example to the papists to rebel on their side; and there was only this difference in the cause; that the Calvinists set up for their reformation, by the superiour power of religion, and inherent right of the people against the King and Pope; the papists pretended the same popular right for their rebellion against the King, and for the same end of reformation, only they faced it with church and Pope.

Our sectaries and long parliament of 1641 had

certainly these French precedents in their eye. They copied their methods of rebellion, at first with great professions of duty and affection to the King: all they did was in order to make him glorious; all that was done against him was pretended to be under his authority, and in his name; and even the war they raised was pretended for the King and parliament. But those proceedings are so notoriously known, and have employed so many pens, that it would be a nauseous work for me to dwell on them. To draw the likeness of the French transactions and ours, were in effect to transcribe the History I have translated. Every page is full of it. Every man has seen the parallel of the Holy League and our Covenant; and cannot but observe, that besides the names of the countries, France and England, and the names of religions, protestant and papist, there is scarcely to be found the least difference in the project of the whole, and in the substance of the articles. In the mean time I cannot but take notice, that our rebels have left this eternal brand upon their memories,—that while all their pretence was for the setting up the protestant religion, and pulling down of popery, they have borrowed from papists both the model of their design, and their arguments to defend it: and not from loyal, well-principled papists, but from the worst, the most bigotted, and most violent of that religion; from some of the Jesuits, an order founded on purpose to combat Lutheranism and Calvinism. The

matter of fact is so palpably true, and so notorious, that they cannot have the impudence to deny it. But some of the Jesuits are the shame of the Roman church, as the sectaries are of ours. Their tenets in politicks are the same; both of them hate monarchy, and love democracy: both of them are superlatively violent; they are inveterate haters of each other in religion, and yet agree in the principles of government. And if after so many ADVICES TO A PAINTER,[1] I might advise a Dutch maker of emblems, he should draw a presbyterian in arms on one side, a Jesuit on the other, and a crowned head betwixt them; for it is perfectly a battle-royal. Each of them is endeavouring the

[1] Giovanni Francesco Busenello, (as Mr. Fenton has observed,) addressed a poem to his friend, Pietro Liberi, *instructing* him to *paint* the famous sea-fight between the Turks and Venetians near the Dardanelles, in 1656." "This method of address (he adds) was afterwards imitated by Mr. Waller, in his poem on the Duke of York's victory over the Dutch, [June 3, 1665,] and continued long the prevailing mode, both in panegyrick and satire; till one of our poets disgraced it so effectually by degrading it from the pencil to Vanderbank's loom, that it will require a writer of Mr. Waller's genius and authority to bring it again into fashion among us."

There are in the STATE POEMS, (vol. i.) four entitled ADVICE TO A PAINTER, some of which were published under the name of Sir John Denham, but all of them, according to Wood, were written by Andrew Marvel. Two later poems, with the same title, appeared in 1697 and 1701; but neither of them are that alluded to by Fenton.

destruction of his adversary; but the monarch is sure to get blows on both sides.—But for those sectaries and commonwealths-men of 41, before I leave them, I must crave leave to observe of them, that generally they were a sour sort of thinking men, grim and surly hypocrites, such as could cover their vices with an appearance of great devotion and austerity of manners; neither profaneness nor luxury were encouraged by them, nor practised publickly, which gave them a great opinion of sanctity amongst the multitude; and by that opinion principally they did their business. Though their politicks were taken from the Catholick League, yet their Christianity much resembled those anabaptists who were their original in doctrine; and these indeed were formidable instruments of a religious rebellion. But our new conspirators of these seven last years are men of quite another make. I speak not of their nonconformist preachers, who pretend to enthusiasm, and are as morose in their worship as were those first sectaries; but of their leading men, the heads of their faction, and the principal members of it. What greater looseness of life, more atheistical discourse, more open lewdness, was ever seen, than generally was and is to be observed in those men? I am neither making a satire nor a sermon here; but I would remark a little the ridiculousness of their management. The strictness of religion is their pretence; and the men who are to set it up have theirs to choose. The long-

parliament rebels frequented sermons, and observed prayers and fastings with all solemnity; but these new reformers, who ought in prudence to have trodden in their steps, because their end was the same,—to gull the people by an outside of devotion,—never used the means of insinuating themselves into the opinion of the multitude. Swearing, drunkenness, blasphemies, and worse sins than adultery, are the badges of the party; nothing but liberty in their mouths, nothing but licence in their practice; for which reason they were never esteemed by the zealots of their faction, but as their tools: and had they got uppermost after the royalists had been crushed, they would have been blown off as too light for their society. For my own part, when I had once observed this fundamental errour in their politicks, I was no longer afraid of their success; no government was ever ruined by the open scandal of its opposers. This was just a Catiline's conspiracy of profligate, debauched, and bankrupt men. The wealthy amongst them were the fools of the party, drawn in by the rest, whose fortunes were desperate; and the wits of the cabal sought only their private advantages: they had either lost their preferments, and consequently were piqued, or were in hope to raise themselves by the general disturbance. Upon which account, they never could be true to one another; there was neither honour nor conscience in the foundation of their League; but every man having an eye to his own particular advancement, was no longer a friend

than while his interest was carrying on; so that treachery was at the bottom of their design, first against the monarchy, and if that failed, against each other; in which, be it spoken to the honour of our nation, the English are not behind any other country. In few words, just as much fidelity might be expected from them in a common cause, as there is amongst a troop of honest murdering and ravishing bandits: while the booty is in prospect, they combine heartily and faithfully; but when a proclamation of pardon comes out, and a good reward into the bargain for any one who brings in another's head, the scene is changed, and they are more in danger of being betrayed every man by his companion, than they were formerly by the joint forces of their enemies. It is true they are still to be accounted dangerous, because, though they are dispersed at present, and without an head, yet time and lenity may furnish them again with a commander; and all men are satisfied that the debauched party of them have no principle of godliness to restrain them from violence and murders, nor the pretended saints any principle of charity; for it is an action of piety in them to destroy their enemies, having first pronounced them enemies of GOD.

What my author says in general of the Huguenots, may justly be applied to all our sectaries; they are a malicious and bloody generation; they bespatter honest men with their pens, when they are not in power; and when they are uppermost,

they hang them up like dogs. To such kind of people all means of reclaiming, but only severity, are useless, while they continue obstinate in their designs against church and government; for though now their claws are pared, they may grow again to be more sharp; they are still lions in their nature, and may profit so much by their own errours in their late managements, that they may become more sanctified traitors another time.

In the former part of our History, we see what Henry the Third gained from them by his remissness and concessions. Though our last King was not only incomparably more pious than that prince, but also was far from being taxed with any of his vices, yet in this they may be compared, without the least manner of reflection,—that extreme indulgence, and too great concessions, were the ruin of them both. And by how much the more a King is subject by his nature to this frailty of too much mildness, which is so near resembling the GOD-like attribute of mercy, by so much is he the more liable to be taxed with tyranny; a strange paradox, but which was sadly verified in the persons of those two princes; for a faction appearing zealous for the publick liberty, counts him a tyrant who yields not up whatever they demand, even his most undoubted and just prerogatives, all that distinguishes a sovereign from a subject; and the yielding up or taking away of which is the very subversion of the government.

Every point which a monarch loses or relin-

quishes, but renders him the weaker to maintain the rest; and besides, they so construe it, as if what he gave up were the natural right of the people, which he or his ancestors had usurped from them; which makes it the more dangerous for him to quit his hold, and is truly the reason why so many mild princes have been branded with the names of tyrants by their encroaching subjects. I have not room to enlarge upon this matter as I would, neither dare I presume to press the argument more closely. But passing by, as I promised, all the remarkable pasages in the late King's reign, which resemble the transactions of the League, I will briefly take notice of some few particulars, wherein our late associators and conspirators have made a third copy of the League; for the original of their first politicks was certainly no other than the French: this was first copied by the rebels in forty-one, and since re-copied within these late years by some of those who are lately dead,[a] and by too many others yet alive, and still drawing after the same design. In which, for want of time, many a fair blot shall be left unhit; neither do I promise to observe any method of times, or to take things in order as they happened.

As for the persons who managed the two Associations, theirs and ours, it is most certain that in

[a] The persons who were executed for High Treason in 1683.

them is found the least resemblance. And it is well for us they were not like; for they had men of subtlety and valour to design and then to carry on their conspiracy; ours were but bunglers in comparison of them; who, having a faction not made by them, but ready formed and fashioned to their hands, (thanks to their fathers,) yet failed in every one of their projections, and managed their business with much less dexterity, though far more wickedness, than the French. They had indeed at their head an old conspirator,[3] witty and turbulent, like the Cardinal of Lorraine, and for courage in execution much such another; but the good sense and conduct was clearly wanting on the English side: so that if we will allow him the contrivance of the plot, or at least of the conspiracy, which is an honour that no man will be willing to take from him, in all other circumstances he more resembled the old decrepid Cardinal of Bourbon, who fed himself with imaginary hopes of power, dreamed of outliving a king and his successor, much more young and vigorous than himself, and of governing the world after their decease. To die in prison, or in banishment, I think will make no mighty difference; but this is a main one,—that the one was the dupe of all his party, the other led after him and made fools of all his faction. As for a Duke of Guise, or even so much as a Duke of Mayenne, I can find none

[3] Lord Shaftesbury.

in their whole cabal. I cannot believe that any man now living could have the vanity to pretend to it. It is not every age that can produce a Duke of Guise; a man who, without the least shadow of a title, (unless we will believe the Memoirs of the crack-brained advocate, David, who gave him one from Charlemagne,) durst make himself head of a party, and was not only so in his own conceit, but really; presumed to beard a King, and was upon the point of being declared his Lieutenant General, and his successor. None of these instances will hold in the comparison; and therefore I leave it to be boasted, it may be, by one party, but I am sure to be laughed at by another. Many hot-headed Chevaliers d'Aumale, and ambitious bravoes, like Captain St. Paul, may be found amongst them; intriguing ladies and gallants of the times, such as are described in the army of the League at the battle of Yvry; and besides them, many underling knaves, pimps, and fools: but these are not worthy to be drawn into resemblance.

Therefore, to pass by their persons, and consider their design. It is evident that on both sides they began with a league, and ended with a conspiracy. In this they have copied, even to the word Association, which you may observe was used by Humieres in the first wary league which was formed in Picardy: and we see to what it tended in the event; for when Henry the Third, by the assistance of the King of Navarre, had in a manner

vanquished his rebels, and was just upon the point of mastering Paris, a Jacobin,[4] set on by the preachers of the League, most barbarously murdered him; and by the way, take notice that he pretended enthusiasm, or inspiration of God's holy spirit, for the commission of his parricide. I leave my superiors to conclude from thence the danger of tolerating non-conformists; who, (be it said with reverence,) under pretence of a whisper from the Holy Ghost, think themselves obliged to perpetrate the most enormous crimes against the person of their sovereign, when they have first voted him a tyrant, and an enemy to God's people. This indeed was not so impudent a method as what was used in the formal process of a pretended high court of justice, in the murder of King Charles the First; and therefore I do not compare those actions; but it is much resembling the intended murder of our gracious King at the Rye, and other places: and that the head of a college might not be wanting to urge the performance of this horrible attempt, instead of father Edm. Bourgoing, let father Ferguson[5] appear, who was not wanting in his spiritual exhortations to our conspirators, and to make them believe that to assassinate the King, was only to take away

[4] Jaques Clement, a Dominican friar, by whom Henry the Third was assassinated, August 1, 1589.

[5] Robert Ferguson, a Scotch dissenting minister, who was a retainer and agent of Shaftesbury, and particularly active in the city of London. This restless plotter, to encourage his companions to assassinate the King and the

another Holophernes. It is true the Jacobin was but one, and there were many joined in our conspiracy, and more perhaps than Rumsey or West* have ever named; but this, though it takes from the justness of the comparison, adds incomparably more to the guilt of it, and makes it fouler on our side of the water.

My author makes mention of another conspiracy against Henry the Fourth, for the seizing of his person at Mante, by the young Cardinal of Bourbon, who was head of the third party, called at that time the Politicks, that is to say in modern English, Trimmers. This too was a limb of our conspiracy; and the more moderate party of our traitors were engaged in it. But had it taken effect, the least it could have produced was to have overthrown the succession; and no reasonable man would believe, but they who could forget their duty so much as to have seized the King, might afterwards have been induced to have him made away, especially when so fair a provision was made by the House of Commons, that the papists were to suffer for it.

But they have not only rummaged the French Histories of the League for conspiracies and parricides of Kings; I shall make it apparent that

Duke of York, assured them that the sixth commandment made it their duty to take away two lives, in order to preserve the lives of thousands, which might be lost in an insurrection.

* The two principal witnesses produced to prove the Rye-house conspiracy.

they have studied those execrable times, for precedents of undermining the lawful authority of their sovereigns. Our English are not generally commended for invention; but these were merchants of small wares, very pedlars in policy; they must, like our taylors, have all their fashions from the French, and study the French League for every alteration, as our snippers go over once a year into France, to bring back the newest mode, and to learn to cut and shape it.

For example: the first Estates convened at Blois by Henry the Third, (the League being then on foot, and most of the three orders dipped in it,) demanded of that King, that the articles which should be approved by the three orders should pass for inviolable laws, without leaving to the King the power of changing any thing in them. That the same was designed here by the leading men of their faction, is obvious to every one; for they had it commonly in their mouths, in ordinary discourse; and it was offered in print by Plato Redivivus,[6] as a good expedient for the nation, in case his majesty would have consented to it.

Both in the first and last Estates at Blois, the

[6] PLATO REDIVIVUS, or Dialogues on Government, &c. was first published in 8vo. in 1680. It was written by Henry Neville, who is supposed to have assisted Harrington in writing his OCEANA. Two Answers to this book were published, one in 1681, entitled ANTIDOTUM BRITANNICUM, &c.; another in 1684, entitled PLATO'S DEMON, &c. written by Thomas Goddard, Esq.

bill of exclusion against the King of Navarre was pressed; and in the last carried by all the three orders, though the King would never pass it. The end of that bill was very evident; it was to have introduced the Duke of Guise into the throne, after the King's decease, to which he had no manner of title, or at least a very cracked one, of which his own party were ashamed. Our bill of exclusion was copied from hence, but thrown out by the House of Peers, before it came to the King's turn to have wholly quashed it.

After the Duke of Guise had forced the King to fly from Paris by the barricades, the Queen-mother being then in the traitor's interests, when he had outwitted her so far as to persuade her to join in the banishment of the Duke of Espernon, his enemy, and to make her believe that if the King of Navarre, whom she hated, were excluded, he would assist her in bringing her beloved grandchild of Lorraine to the possession of the crown, it was proposed by him, for the Parisians, that the lieutenancy of the city might be wholly put into their hands; that the new provost of merchants, and present sheriffs of the faction, might be confirmed by the King; and for the future, they should not only elect their sheriffs, but the colonels and captains of the several wards.

How nearly this was copied in the tumultuous meetings of the city for their sheriffs, both we and they have cause to remember; and Mr. Hunt's book concerning their rights in the city

charter, mingled with infamous aspersions of the government, confirms the notions to have been the same. And I could produce some very probable instances out of another libel, (considering the time at which it was written, which was just before the detection of the conspiracy,) that the author of it, as well as the supervisor, was engaged in it, or at least privy to it; but let villany and ingratitude be safe and flourish.

By the way, an observation of Philip de Comines comes into my mind;—that when the Dukes of Burgundy, who were Lords of Ghent, had the choice of the Sheriffs of that city, in that year all was quiet and well governed; but when they were elected by the people, nothing but tumults and seditions followed.

I might carry this resemblance a little farther; for in the heat of the plot, when the Spanish pilgrims were coming over, nay more, were reported to be landed, when the representatives of the Commons were either mortally afraid, or pretended to be so, of this airy invasion, a request was actually made to the King, that he would put the militia into their hands; which, how prudently he refused, the example of his father has informed the nation.

To shew how the heads of their party had conned over their lesson of the barricades of Paris, —in the midst of Oates his Popish Plot, when they had fermented the city with the leaven of their sedition, and they were all prepared for a

rising against the government, let it be remembered, that as the Duke of Guise and the Council of Sixteen forged a list of names, which they pretended to be of such as the King had set down for destruction, so a certain Earl of *blessed memory*[1] caused a false report to be spread of his own danger, and some of his accomplices, who were to be murdered by the papists and the royal party; which was a design to endear themselves to the multitude, as the martyrs of their cause, and at the same time, to cast an odious reflection on the King and ministers, as if they sought their blood with unchristian cruelty, without the ordinary forms of justice. To which may be added, as an appendix, their pretended fear when they went to the parliament at Oxford, before which some of them made their wills, and shewed them publickly; others sent to search about the places where the two Houses were to sit, as if another Gunpowder Plot was contriving against them; and almost every man of them, according to his quality, went attended with his guard of janizaries, like Titus;[2] so that what with their followers, and the seditious townsmen of that city, they made the

[1] Lord Shaftesbury.

[2] By Titus, I suppose Titus Oates is meant. He was lodged in Whitehall, was protected by guards, and rewarded with a pension of £.1000 a year.

The principal leaders of the popular party, when they attended the parliament that met at Oxford in March, 1681-2, were accompanied by such a numerous train of

formidable appearance of an army, at least sufficient to have swallowed up the guards, and to have seized the person of the King, in case he had not prevented it by a speedy removal, as soon as he had dissolved that parliament.

I begin already to be tired with drawing after their deformities, as a painter would be, who had nothing before him in his table but lazars, cripples, and hideous faces, which he was obliged to represent; yet I must not omit some few of their most notorious copyings. Take, for example, their Council of Six,[9] which was an imitation of the League, who set up their famous Council, commonly called of the Sixteen; and take notice, that on both sides they picked out the most heady and violent men of the whole party; nay, they considered not so much as their natural parts, but heavy blockheads were thrown in for lumber, to make up the weight; their zeal for the party, and their ambition, atoned for their want of judgment, especially if they were thought to have any interest in the people. Loud roarers of *Ay* and *No* in the parliament, without common sense in ordi-

servants and partisans, all armed, that the assembly had almost the appearance of a Polish Diet.—Shaftesbury alone went in a borrowed coach, with two footmen, belonging to another person, on the back of the carriage.

9 The Council of six was formed immediately after the death of Shaftesbury, and consisted of the Duke of Monmouth, Lord Russel, Lord Essex, Lord Howard of Escrick, Algernon Sydney, and John Hampden.

nary discourses, if they were favourites of the multitude, were made privy-counsellors of their cabal; and fools, who only wanted a parti-coloured coat, a cap, and a bawble, to pass for such amongst reasonable men, were to redress the imaginary grievances of a nation, by murdering or at least seizing of the King. Men of scandalous lives, cheats and murderers, were to reform the nation, and propagate the protestant religion; and the rich ideots to hazard their estates and expectations, to forsake their ease, honour, and preferments, for an empty name of heading a party; the wittiest man amongst them to encumber and vex his decrepid age[1] for a silly pique of revenge, and to maintain his character to the last—of never being satisfied with any government in which he was not more a King than the present master. To

[1] Shaftesbury was a little man, much enfeebled by the gout.—A very cursory view of his political life will be sufficient to shew, that our author had good grounds for attributing his conduct to private pique. No man, when a minister, was more ready to exalt the power of the crown; and after he put himself at the head of the popular party, in every measure which he pursued, he appears to have been actuated by ambition and revenge, not by publick virtue. To use the words of an ingenious modern writer, "he had canted tyranny under Cromwell, practised it under Charles the Second, and disgraced the cause of liberty by being the busiest instrument for it, when every other party had rejected him."—Yet on this unprincipled and profligate statesman we find a long and laboured panegyrick in the BIOGRAPHIA BRITANNICA!

give the last stroke to this resemblance, Fortune did her part; and the same fate of division amongst themselves ruined both those Councils, which were contriving their King's destruction. The Duke of Mayenne and his adherents, who were much the most honest of the leaguers, were not only for a King, but for a King of the royal line, in case that Duke could not cause the election to fall on himself, which was impossible, because he was already married; the rest were, some for this man, some for another, and all in a lump for the daughter of Spain: this disunited them, and in the end ruined their conspiracy. In our Council of Six some were for murdering, and some for securing the King; some for a rising in the west, and some for an insurrection of the brisk boys of Wapping:[1] in short, some were for a mongrel kind of kingship, to the exclusion of the royal line; but the greater part for a bare-faced commonwealth. This raised a division in their counsel; that division was fomented into a mutual hatred of each other; and the conclusion was, that instead of one conspiracy, the machines played double, and produced two, which were carried on at the same time: a kind of spread-eagle plot was hatched, with two heads growing out of the same body. Such twin treasons are apt to struggle like Esau and Jacob in the womb, and both endeavouring to be first born, the younger pulls back the elder by the heel.

[1] See p. 133, n. 2.

I promised to observe no order, and am performing my word before I was aware. After the Barricades, and at many other times, the Duke of Guise, and Council of Sixteen, amongst the rest of the articles, demanded of the King to cashier his guards of the forty-five gentlemen, as unknown in the times of his predecessors, and unlawful; as also to remove his surest friends from about his person, and from their places both military and civil. I leave any man to judge whether our conspirators did not play the second part to the same tune; whether his majesty's guards were not alleged to be unlawful, and a grievance to the subjects: and whether frequent votes did not pass in the House of Commons at several times for removing and turning out of office those who on all occasions behaved themselves most loyally to the King, without so much as giving any other reason of their misdemeanours than publick fame, —that is to say, reports forged and spread by their own faction; or without allowing them the common justice of vindicating themselves from those calumnies and aspersions.

I omit the many illegal imprisonments of free-born men, by their own representatives, who from a jury erected themselves into judges; because I find nothing resembling it in the worst and most seditious times of France. But let the History be searched, and I believe Bussy Le Clerc never committed more outrages in pillaging of houses, than

Waller[3] in pretending to search for popish relicks; neither do I remember that the French leaguers ever took the evidence of a Jew, as ours did of Faria: but this I wonder at the less, considering what Christian witnesses have been used, if at least the chief of them was ever christened. Bussy le Clerc, it is true, turned out a whole parliament together, and brought them prisoners to the Bastile; and Bussy Oates was for garbling too, when he informed against a worthy and loyal member, whom he caused to be expelled the house, and sent prisoner to the Tower:[4] but that which was then

[3] Sir William Waller, son of Sir William Waller, the parliamentary General, was member for Westminster, and a Justice of Peace in Middlesex. He was, says Antony Wood, "an active man against the papists, when Oates his plot broke forth, *an.* 1678, by imprisoning them, rifling their houses of goods, under the notion of searching after papers, and chapel-stuff, called by him—popish trinkets."

[4] The person alluded to, I believe, was Sir Robert Peyton. The speech of Mr. William Williams, who was Speaker of the House of Commons in 1680, when Peyton was expelled, and was afterwards chosen Speaker in the parliament that met at Oxford in 1681, is perhaps one of the most curious pieces of rhetorick extant. After reproaching the unfortunate member on his knees at the bar, by telling him that he was the worst of men, and that he had forsaken GOD and his country, he concludes in these words: "I cannot call you a fallen angel, for you have been a devil from the beginning; and to bring your diabolical purpose to pass, you have consulted the devil,

accounted a disgrace to him, will make him be remembered with honour to posterity.

I will trouble the reader but with one observation more, and that shall be to shew how dully and pedantically they have copied even the false steps of the League in politicks, and those very maxims which ruined the heads of it. The Duke of Guise was always ostentatious of his power in the States where he carried all things in opposition to the King; but by relying too much on the power he had there, and not using arms when he had them in his hand, I mean by not prosecuting his victory to the uttermost when he had the King enclosed in the Louvre, he missed his opportunity, and Fortune never gave it him again.

The late Earl of Shaftesbury, who was the undoubted head and soul of that party, went upon the same maxims: being (as we may reasonably conclude) fearful of hazarding his fortunes, and observing that the late rebellion under the former King, though successful in war, yet ended in the restoration of his present majesty, his aim was to have excluded his Royal Highness by an act of parliament; and to have forced such concessions

Gadbury, [the Almanack-maker,] and hugged the witch, Celliers; and have been a true hypocrite, and played a prize with religion for advantage. But why should I say religion, when you never had any; but were ever a profuse rolling hero; having nothing now left you but the shape of a man, whereby you are become nauseous to this house, and therefore they now spew you out."

from the King, by pressing the chimerical dangers of a popish plot, as would not only have destroyed the succession, but have subverted the monarchy; for he presumed he ventured nothing, if he could have executed his design by form of law, and in a parliamentary way. In the mean time, he made notorious mistakes; first, in imagining that his pretensions would have passed in the House of Peers, and afterwards by the King. When the death of Sir Edmondbury Godfrey had fermented the people; when the city had taken the alarm of a popish plot, and the government of it was in fanatick hands; when a body of White Boys was already appearing in the west, and many other counties waited but the word, to rise, then was the time to have pushed his business; but Almighty God, who had otherwise disposed of the event, infatuated his counsels, and made him slip his opportunity; which he himself observed too late, and would have redressed by an insurrection which was to have begun at Wapping, after the King had been murdered at the Rye.

And now it will be but justice, before I conclude, to say a word or two of my author. He was formerly a Jesuit: he has, amongst others of his works, written the History of Arianism, of Lutheranism, of Calvinism, the Holy War, and the Fall of the Western Empire. In all his writings he has supported the temporal power of sovereigns, and especially of his master, the French King, against the usurpations and encroachments

of the papacy; for which reason, being in disgrace at Rome, he was in a manner forced to quit his order, and from father Maimbourg, is now become monsieur Maimbourg. The great King, his patron, has provided plentifully for him by a large salary; and indeed he has deserved it from him. As for his style, it is rather Ciceronian,—copious, florid, and figurative,—than succinct. He is esteemed in the French court equal to their best writers, which has procured him the envy of some who set up for criticks. Being a professed enemy of the Calvinists, he is particularly hated by them; so that their testimonies against him stand suspected of prejudice. This HISTORY OF THE LEAGUE is generally allowed to be one of his best pieces: he has quoted every where his authors in the margin, to shew his impartiality; in which, if I have not followed him, it is because the chiefest of them are unknown to us, as not being hitherto translated into English. His particular commendations of men and families is all which I think superfluous in his book; but that too is pardonable in a man, who, having created himself many enemies, has need of the support of friends. This particular work was written by express order of the French King, and is now translated by our King's command. I hope the effect of it in this nation will be, to make the well-meaning men of the other party sensible of their past errours,—the worst of them ashamed,—and prevent posterity from the like unlawful and impious designs.

THE

DUCHESS OF YORK'S PAPER DEFENDED.

PROLEGOMENA.

SOON *after the Accession of* James the Second, *was published by his Majesty's order, and dispersed very sedulously throughout* England, "*Copies of two Papers written by the late King* Charles the Second, *and found in his strong-box*;" *the tendency of which was, to prove that there could be but one true church, which was that of* Rome. *To these was subjoined, A Copy of a Paper written by his first wife,* Anne, *Duchess of* York; *in which, for the satisfaction of her friends, she stated the motives that induced her to become a convert to the Roman Catholick religion. An* ANSWER *to these three papers was written by Dr.* Edward Stillingfleet, *and published in* 4to. *in* 1686; *which produced in the same year, "A* DEFENCE *of the Papers written by the late King, of blessed Memory, and the Duchess of* York, *against the* ANSWER *made to them:* By command:" *to which in January,* 1686-7, Stillingfleet *replied, in a piece containing* 118 *quarto pages, and entitled—"A* VINDICATION *of the* ANSWER," *&c.—His name is not annexed to either of the tracts.*

The DEFENCE, *which is anonymous, has been attributed to our author; but it appears from his own*

statement in the Preface to THE HIND AND THE PANTHER, *that he was the author of only the Third Part of that tract, namely, that which concerns the Duchess of* York. "*I refer myself (says he) to the judgment of those who have read the Answer to the Defence of the late King's Papers, and that of the Duchess,* (in which *last* I was concerned,) *how charitably I have been represented there.*" *That the words*—in which last, *mean, not the* DEFENCE *in general, as contradistinguished from* Stillingfleet's ANSWER, *but the Defence of the Duchess of* York's *paper, as distinguished from those of the King, appears from what he adds afterwards in that preface, which relates solely to the paper of her Royal Highness. It may also be added, that the colour of the style in this Defence of the* third *or Duchess of* York's *paper, is very different from that of the two preceding parts, (which contains many extracts from the Fathers,) and that it has much of our author's manner.*

COPY OF A PAPER

WRITTEN BY

THE LATE DUCHESS OF YORK, &c.

IT is so reasonable to expect that a person always bred up in the church of England, and as well instructed in the doctrine of it, as the best divines, and her capacity could make her, should

be liable to many censures for leaving that, and making herself a member of the Roman Catholick Church, to which, I confess, I was one of the greatest enemies it ever had; that I rather choose to satisfy my friends by reading this paper, than to have the trouble to answer all the questions that may be daily asked me. And first, I do protest in the presence of Almighty God, that no person, man or woman, directly or indirectly, ever said any thing to me since I came into England, or used the least endeavour to make me change my religion: it is a blessing I wholly owe to Almighty God, and I hope, the hearing of a prayer I daily made him ever since I was in France and Flanders; where, seeing much of the devotion of the catholicks, (though I had very little myself,) I made it my continual request to Almighty God, that, if I were not, I might, before I died, be in the true religion. I did not in the least doubt but that I was so, and never had any scruple till November last, when reading a book called The History of the Reformation, by Dr. Heylin, which I had heard very much commended, and have been told if ever I had any doubt of my religion, that would settle me; instead of which, I found it the description of the horridest sacrileges in the world; and could find no reason why we left the church, but for three, the most abominable ones that were ever heard of among Christians. First, Henry VIII. renounces the Pope's authority, because he would not give him leave to part with his wife,

and marry another in her life-time. Secondly, Edward VI. was a child, and governed by his uncle, who made his estate out of church lands; and then Queen Elizabeth, who, being no lawful heiress to the crown, could have no way to keep it but by renouncing a church that could never suffer so unlawful a thing to be done by one of her children. I confess I cannot think the Holy Ghost could ever be in such counsels; and it is very strange, that if the Bishops had no design but (as they say) the restoring us to the doctrine of the primitive church, they could never think upon it, till Henry VIII. made the breach upon so unlawful a pretence. These scruples being raised, I began to consider of the difference between the catholicks and us, and examined them as well as I could by holy scripture, which, though I do not pretend to be able to understand, yet there are some things I found so easy, that I cannot but wonder I had been so long without finding them out; as,—the real presence in the blessed Sacrament, the infallibility of the church, confession, and praying for the dead. After this I spoke severally to two of the Bishops[5] we have in England, who both told me there were many things in the Romish church, which it were very much to be wished we had kept; as confession, which was no doubt commanded by GOD; that praying for the dead was one of the ancient things in Christianity;

[5] Sheldon, Archbishop of Canterbury.—Blanford, Bishop of Worcester.—*Original Note.*

that for their parts, they did it daily, though they would not own it. And afterwards, pressing one of them[6] very much upon the other points, he told me,—that if he had been bred a catholick, he would not change his religion; but that being of another church, (wherein he was sure were all things necessary to salvation,) he thought it very ill to give that scandal, as to leave that church wherein he received his baptism.

All these discourses did but add more to the desire I had to be a catholick, and gave me the most terrible agonies in the world within myself; for all this, fearing to be rash in a matter of that weight, I did all I could to satisfy myself; made it my daily prayer to GOD, to settle me in the right; and so went on Christmas-day to receive in the King's Chapel: after which, I was more troubled than ever, and could never be at quiet, till I had told my design to a catholick, who brought a priest to me; and that was the first I ever did converse with, upon my word. The more I spoke to him, the more I was confirmed in my design; and as it is impossible for me to doubt the words of our blessed Saviour, who says—the holy Sacrament is his body and blood, so cannot believe that he, who is the Author of all truth, and has promised to be "with his church to the end of the woild," would permit them to give that holy mystery to the laity but in one kind, if it were not lawful so to do.

[6] Bishop of Worcester.—*Original Note.*

I am not able, or if I were, would I enter into disputes with any body; I only, in short, say this for the changing of my religion, which I take God to witness I would never have done, if I had thought it possible to save my soul otherwise. I think I need not say, it is any interest in this world leads me to it. It will be plain enough to every body, that I must lose all the friends and credit I have here by it; and have very well weighed which I could best part with,—my share in this world, or the next: I thank God, I found no difficulty in the choice.

My only prayer is, "That the poor catholicks of this nation may not suffer for my being of their religion; that God would but give me patience to bear them, and then send me any afflictions in this world, so I may enjoy a blessed eternity hereafter."

St. James's,
Aug. the 20th, 1670.

A

DEFENCE OF THE PAPER

WRITTEN BY

THE DUCHESS OF YORK;

AGAINST THE ANSWER MADE TO IT.[7]

I DARE appeal to all unprejudiced readers, and especially to those who have any sense of piety, whether upon perusal of the Paper written by her late Highness the Duchess, they have not

[7] "The Lady Anne Hyde," (says Fenton, Notes on Waller, lxxiv,) "as she had the glory of giving birth to two great Queens, so she was equally happy in owing her own to Edward, Earl of Clarendon, one of the most able, most incorrupt, and most pious ministers of state, that ever any monarch employed in any age or nation. She attended her father, when he followed King Charles into exile, where she was married without his knowledge to the Duke of York; but, by mutual consent, their marriage was concealed till after the Restoration. Burnet (whom Mr. Dryden long since observed to be *venomously nice* in his commendations,) allows her to have been a very extraordinary woman. 'She had great knowledge, and a 'lively sense of things. She soon understood what be-'longed to a Princess; and took state on her rather too 'much. She writ well, and had begun the Duke's LIFE, 'of which she shewed me a volume; it was all drawn from 'his Journal; and he intended to have employed me in

found in it somewhat which touched them to the very soul; whether they did not plainly and perfectly discern in it the spirit of meekness, devotion, and sincerity, which animates the whole discourse; and whether the reader be not satisfied

' carrying it on. She was bred to great strictness in reli-
' gion, and practised secret confession; Morley told me he
' was her confessor: she began at twelve years old, and
' continued under his direction, till, upon her father's dis-
' grace, he was put from the Court. She was generous
' and friendly, but too severe an enemy.'—" After a long indisposition, she died in the beginning of the year [March 31,] 1671, and was buried in great state on the south side of King Henry the Seventh's Chapel."

Our author's character of Burnet is found in the third part of THE HIND AND THE PANTHER. It consists of above fifty lines, and is extremely severe. The lines particularly referred to by Fenton are these:

" When well receiv'd by hospitable foes,
" The kindness he returns, is—to expose;
" For courtesies, though undeserv'd and great,
" No gratitude in felon minds beget:
" As tribute to his wit, the churl receives the treat.
" His praise of foes is *venomously nice*;
" So touch'd, it turns a virtue to a vice:
" A Greek, and bountiful forewarns us twice."

In a collection of FAMILIAR LETTERS, in two volumes, published by S. Briscoe, is a letter from Edward, Earl of Clarendon, to his daughter, Anne, Duchess of York, on her embracing the Roman Catholick religion.—The paper here defended is printed in the same collection, with several variations, as an Answer to Lord Clarendon's letter.

that she who writ it has opened her heart without disguise, so as not to leave a scruple that she was not in earnest. I am sure I can say, for my own particular, that when I read it first in manuscript, I could not but consider it as a discourse extremely moving; plain, without artifice, and discovering the piety of the soul from which it flowed. Truth has a language to itself, which it is impossible for hypocrisy to imitate: dissimulation could never write so warmly, nor with so much life. What less than the spirit of primitive Christianity could have dictated her words? The loss of friends, of worldly honours and esteem, the defamation of ill tongues, and the reproach of the cross,—all these, though not without the strugglings of flesh and blood, were surmounted by her; as if the saying of our Saviour were always sounding in her ears, "What will it profit a man to gain the whole world, and lose his soul!"

I think I have amplified nothing in relation either to this pious lady, or her discourse: I am sure I need not. And now let any unbiassed and indifferent reader compare the spirit of the Answerer with her's. Does there not manifestly appear in him a quite different character? Need the reader be informed that he is disingenuous, foul-mouthed, and shuffling; and that, not being able to answer plain matter of fact, he endeavours to evade it by suppositions, circumstances, and conjectures; like a cunning barreter of law, who is to manage a single cause, the dishonesty of

which he cannot otherwise support than by defaming his adversary? Her only business is, to satisfy her friends of the inward workings of her soul, in order to her conversion, and by what methods she quitted the religion in which she was educated. He, on the contrary, is not satisfied, unless he question the integrity of her proceedings, and the truth of her plain relations, even so far as to blast, what in him lies, her blessed memory, with the imputation of forgery and deceit; as if she had given a false account, not only of the passages in her soul, and the agonies of a troubled conscience, only known to GOD and to herself, but also of the discourses which she had with others concerning those disquiets. Every where the lie is to be cast upon her, either directly, in the words of the Bishop of Winchester,[8] which he quotes; or indirectly, in his own, in which his spiteful diligence is most remarkable.

In his Answer to the two former papers there

[8] Dr. George Morley, who was born Feb. 27, 1597-8, and died in Farnham Castle, Oct. 29, 1684. In October 1660, he was consecrated Bishop of Worcester, from which see he was translated to the diocese of Winchester, in 1662. During the Usurpation, he had lived for some years at Antwerp, as domestick chaplain in the family of Sir Edward Hyde, (afterwards Lord Clarendon,) and had carefully instructed his daughter, Anne Hyde, in the doctrines of the protestant faith; in consequence of which connection he published "A Letter to Anne, Duchess of York," written 24th Jan. 1670-71; which contains the words here referred to.

seems to have been some restraint upon the virulence of his genius, though even there he has manifestly past the bounds of decency and respect; but so soon as he had got loose from disputing with crowned heads, he shews himself in his pure naturals, and is as busy in raking up the ashes of their next relations, as if they were no more of kin to the crown than the new church of England is to the old Reformation of their great grandfathers. But God forbid that I should think the whole episcopal clergy of this nation to be of his latitudinarian stamp; many of them, as learned as himself, are much more moderate; and such, I am confident, will be as far from abetting his irreverence to the royal family, as they are from the juggling designs of his faction to draw in the nonconformists to their party, by assuring them they shall not be prosecuted (as indeed, upon their principles, they cannot be by them); but in the mean time, this is to wrest the favour out of the King's hands, and take the bestowing it into their own, and to re-assume to themselves that headship of the English church which their ancestors gave away to King Henry the Eighth. And now let any loyal subject but consider, whether this new way of their proceeding does not rather tend to bring the church of England into the fanaticks, than the fanaticks into the church of England.

These are the arts which are common to him and his fellow-labourers; but his own peculiar talent is that of subtle calumny and sly aspersion,

by which he insinuates into his readers an ill opinion of his adversaries, before he comes to argument; and takes away their good name rather by theft than open robbery. He lays a kind of accumulative dishonesty to their charge, and touches them here and there with circumstances, instead of positive proofs, till at last he leaves a bad impression of them; like a painter who makes blotches of hard colouring in several parts of the face, which he smooths afterwards into a likeness. After this manner he, or one of his brethren in iniquity, has used Monsieur de Condom,[9] by picking up stories against him in his Preface, which he props up with little circumstances, but seldom so positive, that he cannot come off when their falsity shall be detected. In the mean time, his cause goes forward with the common reader, who, prepossessed by the Preface, is made partial to his Answer. The same kind of artifice, with some little variation, has been used in other of their books, besides this present libel against the Duchess.

But the cloven foot of this our Answerer ap-

[9] Jacques Benigne Bossuet, who was born at Dijon, Sept. 27th, 1627, and died at Paris, April 12, 1704. In 1669 he was consecrated Bishop of Condom, from which diocese he was translated, in 1681, to that of Meaux. The work here referred to is entitled "An Exposition of the Doctrine of the Catholick Church in Matters of Controversy: it was translated from the French in 1685, and produced several Answers.

pears from underneath the cassock, even in the first step he makes towards his Answer to the present paper; *which*, he tells us, *is* said *to be written by a great lady*. How doubtfully he speaks, as if there were no certainty of the author! But surely it is more than barely said, for it is published by the same authority which ordered the two other papers written by his late majesty, to the press; and the original of it is still remaining in the hands of the present King. Indeed, the Bishop of Winchester may seem to have given him some encouragement for this in the Preface to his Treatises, where he tells us,—that *Maimbourg, the Jesuit, recites something which* he says *was written by the late Duchess*, and which he afterwards calls—*the papers* pretended *to be written by her*. But if that Bishop had lived to see what our Answerer has seen, her paper printed and published by his majesty, I cannot think he would have been so incredulous as to have made that doubt. It may be allowed him to suspect a stranger of forgery; but with what face can this son of the church of England suspect the integrity of his King? In the mean time, observe what an excellent voucher he has got of this dead Bishop, and what an excellent argument he has drawn from him. Because he would not believe what he did not think she said, we must not believe what we know she did say. Let our author, therefore, come out of his mists and ambiguities, or give us some better authority for his unreasonable doubts; for at this rate, if it be

already suspected whether what she writes be matter of fact, and indeed, whether she writ it at all, it may be doubted hereafter whether she changed, and perhaps, whether there were ever such a woman.

After he had thus begun, that "this paper was said to be written by a Great Lady, for the satisfaction of her friends," he shuffles in commodious words for an Answerer, and which afford him elbow-room; for he talks of the reasons and motives which she had for her leaving the communion of the church of England, &c. and of the right which all readers have to judge of the strength of them. Now, as luck will have it, none of those motives and reasons are to be found in the paper of her Highness. She expresses herself clearly to write for the satisfaction of her friends, not as to the reasons she had herself for changing, but as to the censures which she might expect from them for so doing: and her whole paper shews this was only her design. So that, against the law of all romances, he first builds the enchanted castle, and then sets up to be the doughty knight who conquers it. It seems, he found that a bare denial, which is the proper answer to matter of fact, was a dry business, and would make no sport; and therefore he would be sure to cut himself out sufficient work. But it is not every man's talent to force a trade; for a customer may choose whether he will buy or not.

This great person changed not lightly, nor in

haste; but after all the endeavours which could be used by a soul which was true to itself, and to its eternal interest. She was sensible, as I before hinted, that she should lose her friends and credit; and what to her condition at that time was more sharply piercing, expose the catholicks of England to the danger of suffering for her sake. On these considerations she makes a plain relation of all the passages in her change; and expecting severe censures from the world, took care to satisfy her friends concerning it. As for the reasons of it, they were only betwixt GOD and her own soul, and the priest with whom she spoke at last. What a wonderful art has this gentleman, to turn a bare narrative into motives and inducements? When he is arrived to the perfection of calling down a saint from heaven, he may examine her concerning them; in the mean time he must be content with the relation which she has left behind her here on earth; and if he will needs be mistaking her scruples for her motives, who can help it?

His design, as he tells us a little after the beginning, is, "to vindicate the honour of the church of England, so far as it may be thought to suffer by the paper of her late Highness." I might here tell him, that he has an obligation antecedent to the honour of his community, which is that to GOD and his own conscience. But the honour of the church of England is no farther concerned in the paper of her Highness, than in relation to the persons of two or three prelates; and those he

leaves at last to shift for themselves as they are able, with this melancholy farewell, that,—"God be thanked, the cause of our church does not depend upon the singular opinion of one or two Bishops in it, wherein they apparently recede from the established doctrine of it."

In the next place, "he is sensible how nice and tender a thing it is, to meddle in a matter wherein the memory of so great a lady is concerned."

Here he is sensible, once for all; for after this one civility, you hear no more of his good manners, to the end of the chapter; but the honour of the church of England so wholly takes up his thoughts, that he forgets the respect which is due to her sex, her quality, her memory, her relations, and confutes her as coarsely as the parson did Bellarmine.[1]

He goes on to inform us, how hard a task he has undertaken in answering these papers, "wherein such circumstances are mentioned as cannot fully be cleared, the parties themselves having been many years dead; yet he shall endeavour to keep within due bounds," &c.

These due bounds either are or ought to be, respect to the great lady, and caution in regard of circumstances, which I hope he will not put

[1] In 1643 was published in 4to. "The Scriptures vindicated from the unsound Conclusions of Cardinal Bellarmine," by Thomas Swadlin, D. D. Perhaps this may be the book here meant.

upon his readers for arguments, the parties being dead so long ago.

But let the reader here take notice, that in this very place he is clapping his cups together, and shuffling his balls from hand to hand, to lay the foundation of his juggling, and to prepare the way for all the tricks which he is to play hereafter.

For the parties being dead long since, that is, the Duchess, in the first place, not being alive to justify the several conferences which she had with the Bishops, nor they, in the second, to answer as in the sight of GOD, whether she had such discourse with them, the field is open for him, as he vainly imagines, by laying circumstances of time and place together, and racking her own Paper till it seemingly speaks against her, to render it suspected to his good friends, the rabble, that she has falsified the whole matter.

Well, we shall see what he builds upon this foundation: let him speak for himself.

"The way of her satisfaction was very extraordinary; for towards the conclusion she confesses she was not able, nor would she enter into disputes with any body."

Commend me to him for a man of quick despatch. At the first dash he is bringing the two ends of her Paper together; for he says,—"towards the conclusion she confesses." It was well searched of him, however, to hunt counter, and run to the end of her discourse for the beginning

of his own. He will lose no advantages, I warrant him. Press that home, doctor. She modestly owns, that she was neither able nor willing to enter into disputes; therefore she had no other way to satisfy herself: when the whole drift of this pious and sincere discourse is to inform her friends of the methods by which GOD Almighty brought her into his church; her Paper being a plain and short history of her conversion.

The Answerer is of opinion, there is nothing to be done, no satisfaction to be had in matters of religion, without dispute; that is his only receipt, his nostrum for attaining a true belief. But doctors differ in this point. For another witty gentleman of his church[a] desired no other epitaph upon his tomb than this: "Here lies the author of this sentence, *Disputandi pruritus, scabies ecclesiæ*;" the itch of disputation is the scab or tetter of the church. Now if the learned avail themselves so little of dispute, that it is as rare as a prodigy for one of them to convince another, what shall become of the ignorant, when they are to deal with those fencers of divinity, who can hit them in tierce and quart at pleasure, while they are ignorant how to stand upon their guard? And yet such poor people have souls to save, as precious in

[a] This witty gentleman was Sir Henry Wotton, who, being appointed, in 1623, Provost of Eton College, entered into Deacon's orders. He was not however, as his biographer, Isaac Walton, has observed, the first author of this sentence, though he desired to be so represented on his tomb. He added—*Nomen aliàs quære.*

the sight of God as the grim logician's. Must they be damned unless they can make a regular approach to heaven in mood and figure? Is there no entering there without a syllogism? or *ergo-teering* it with a *nego, concedo, et distinguo?* The best on it is, our Saviour's disciples were but poor fishermen, and we read but of one of his Apostles who was bred up at the feet of Gamaliel. I would beseech our Answerer to consider, whether he has argued upon his own principles, in affirming, that none can be satisfied as to the grounds of leaving one church and going to the other, without entering into dispute? Has he not allowed, that every man is to interpret the scripture for himself, in reference to his own salvation? With what face then can he positively say, "That this lady," who had not only read the scriptures, but found them in her judgment plainly to decide the great controversy betwixt catholicks and protestants, "might not leave his church, and enter into that of Christ, by interpreting—*this is my body*, in the the literal and obvious meaning?" If from a catholick she had become a protestant by expounding those words in a figurative sense, he would have applauded her for not discerning the Lord's body, and said she was in the right to interpret for herself. But she, it seems, must be an exception to his general rule, and not have that privilege allowed her, which he dare not deny to any sectary of the nonconformists. The fanaticks think the scripture is clear in all matters of salvation, and if

so, what need, say they, of those spiritual directors? Even the pillars of the church by law established, from their own concessions, are found to be but broken staffs; for after all their undertaking to heal a wounded conscience, when the arrows of the Almighty are stuck into it, they leave their proselytes finally to the scripture, as our physicians, when they have emptied the pockets of their patients without curing them, send them at last to Tunbridge waters, or the air of Montpellier.

"But if persons be resolved beforehand what to do, (says our Answerer,) there is no such way as to declare—they will not enter into dispute."

Here he would make us believe, that she swallowed a new religion without chewing it, because she disputed not. I have shewed already what is the common fate of disputation. But had she no other way of satisfying her conscience? (as he immediately infers she had not.) If he were not obstinately blind, or rather had not an intention to blind his reader, he might have observed the methods and gradations of her change, and that, though she disputed not, yet she discoursed (which is entering into matter of dispute) with some of the ablest of the English clergy, even with him particularly who was left by the Bishop of Winchester to be her spiritual director; by which it plainly appears, notwithstanding all the jugglings and glosses of our Answerer, that the better part even of his own prescription was put in practice

by her, though without effect, as to her satisfaction. Why then does he ask so many idle questions? "Had she no divines of the church of England about her? none able and willing to afford her their utmost assistance?" when she takes care to inform the world that she had such divines, that she imparted her scruples, and after all, remained unsatisfied with their answers.

"Persons of learning," indeed, he says, "may possibly be satisfied without entering into disputes of matters which she had neither the leisure to examine, nor the capacity to judge of."

Then, as I said before, the kingdom of heaven is chiefly, if not only, for the wise and learned of this world, though our Saviour was not of this judgment. But is not every man to be satisfied *pro modulo suo*, according to the measure of his own understanding? Can an ignorant person enter into the knowledge of the mysteries of our faith, when even the most learned cannot understand them? Can the Answerer himself unriddle the secrets of the Incarnation, fathom the undivided Trinity, or the consubstantiality of the Eternal Son, with all his readings and examinations? From whence comes it then, that he believes them, since neither the scripture is plain about them, nor the wit of man can comprehend them? As for her comparing the doctrines of both churches, no question she did it to the best of her ability; for if he will believe her in any thing, she both read the scriptures, and conferred with the most learned

protestants, before she had any discourses with a catholick priest. But if she had not, as he rudely says, the capacity of judging in deep controversies, it is very probable she might want that of understanding the instructions of her guides; for if I may similize in my turn, a dull fellow might ask the meaning of a problem in Euclid from the Bishop of Salisbury,* without being ever the better for his learned solution of it. So then her capacity will break no squares, at least from the doctrine of the English church, and the presbyterians, put them both together, as they now stand united; for either the scriptures are clear, and then a mean capacity will serve to understand them, or though they are never so obscure, yet the upshot of all is, that every man is to interpret for himself.

What farther quarrel he can have against the lady in this particular, I know not, unless it be upon the Bishop of Winchester's account; namely, that she refused to advise with him, and admitted the two others[3] to a conference; and what reason she had for so doing, if I were as penetrating as my author, I should undertake to demonstrate by the infallible evidence of circumstances and inferences: but since the parties are dead, and so long since, I will not give my own opinion why she refused him, and of what principles she migh-

* Dr. Seth Ward, an eminent mathematician.

[3] Dr. Gilbert Sheldon, Archbishop of Canterbury, and Dr. Walter Blandford, successively Bishop of Oxford and Worcester.

possibly have thought him. At present I will not trouble myself farther with that prelate of rich memory, whom I warrant you our author would not commend so much for his great abilities and willingness to resolve the lady's doubts, if he had not some journey-work for him to do hereafter; neither will I meddle much with the long impertinent story of his Letter to the Duchess, and her silence at Farnham, where she would not consult him in any of her doubts. Whatever great matters are made of these by our Answerer, she had a very sufficient reason for not asking his advice, as will instantly be made appear. But now our author is at another of his dodging tricks, comparing times and dates of letters, the Bishop's bearing date the twenty-fourth of January, that very year in which she changed; but that he may not puzzle himself too much in reckoning, I will unriddle the matter of fact to him, which I have from a most authentick hand. The Duke and Duchess were at Farnham in the beginning of September, where they continued about three days, in the year 1670. Her Highness's Paper bears date the twentieth of August, 1670; by which it is manifest, that it was written twelve or fourteen days before her visit to the Bishop. Now where, I beseech you, is the wonder, that she spoke nothing to him concerning any points of a religion in which she was already satisfied? Would any man ask another—what's o'clock, after he had been just looking upon a sundial? So that all his

aggravations dwindle at length into this poor inference, that it is evident she did not make use of the ordinary means for her own satisfaction; at least (mark how he mollifies, for fear of being trapped) as to those Bishops who had known her longest.

Now this is so pitiful, that it requires no answer; for it amounts to no more than that she liked not the Bishop, and therefore, from the beginning concealed her scruples from him; and she changed her religion the same year, (though before he writ to her,) because she was satisfied of another. But does it follow from hence, as he infers, that in the mean while she did not use the ordinary meansfor her satisfaction? Supposing she had liked the other two Bishops as little as she did him, had she no other ordinary means but by those two, or even by any other Bishops? Satisfied, to be sure, she was, or she had not changed; and if the means had been wholly extraordinary, from the inspirations of GOD's Holy Spirit only, she had thereby received the greater favour; but not omitting to give GOD thanks for his supernatural assistance, she used also the ordinary means.

It appears that her first emotions were from her observing the devotions of the catholicks in France and Flanders; and this is no news to any traveller. Ask even our protestant gentlemen at their return from catholick countries, and they cannot but confess that the exercises of their devotion, their mortifications, their austerities, their

humility, their charity, and in short, all the ways of good living, are practised there in a far greater measure than they are in England; but these are the virtues from which we are blessedly reformed by the example and precept of that lean, mortified apostle, St. Martin Luther.

Her first scruples were raised in her by reading Doctor Heylin's HISTORY OF THE REFORMATION, and what she found in it we shall see hereafter. It appears, that history had given her some new apprehensions, and to satisfy them, she considered of the matters in difference betwixt the catholicks and protestants; and so considered them, as to examine them the best she could by scripture, which she found to speak clearly for the catholicks; and she, upon our author's principles, was judge of this: after which, she spoke with two of the best Bishops in England, and their doubtful or rather favourable answers, did but add more to the desire she had to be a catholick. All these ordinary ways she took, before she could persuade herself to send for a priest, whose endeavours it pleased the ALMIGHTY so to bless, that she was reconciled to his church, and her troubled conscience was immediately at rest.

I have been forced to recapitulate these things, and to give them the reader at one view; for our Answerer is so cunning at his trade, that he shews them only in parcels, and by retail, that it might not be thought she used the ordinary means. One thing I had omitted, which was, that the Bishop

affirms in his Letter to her Highness, that she had made him a promise, in case any writing were put into her hand by those of the Roman church, she would send it either to him or the Bishop of Oxford.[4]

Why does our author put down that promise thus at large? If he means any thing more by it, besides a justification of his Bishop for having done his part, which signifies just nothing, he would tacitly insinuate that she broke her word, by not sending any such writing to him. If so, he is at his legerdemain again. He would have it thought she kept not her promise, but does not positively affirm it; but since it is manifest, by the order of time in her Paper, that she neither sent for any priest, nor conferred with any learned catholick, till after she had done with the two Bishops, it may, and ought to be supposed, that she received no writings from any of that religion; for if she had, she would certainly have mentioned them.

If then the Bishop of Winchester would insinuate that she had such papers, which she sent not to him, according to her engagement, I may at least answer with my author, that the lady was dead long before the Bishop published his Letter,

[4] Dr. Blandford, at the time of the conference with the Duchess of York, was Bishop of Oxford. Being afterwards translated to the diocese of Worcester, he is elsewhere always in this tract called by the latter title. He died Bishop of Worcester in 1675.

so that the circumstances therein mentioned cannot be so fully cleared.

But to return to our Answerer. He has brought us at length to the several discourses which her Highness had with the two Bishops, his Grace of Canterbury, and the Bishop of Worcester; and since he has thought fit to put all that concerned this matter into one long paragraph, quoted from the Duchess, I must follow his example. These are her words:—"After this, I spoke severally to two of the best Bishops we have in England, who both told me there were many things in the Roman church, which it were very much to be wished we had kept; as confession, which was no doubt commanded of GOD; that praying for the dead was one of the ancient things in Christianity; that for their parts, they did it daily, though they would not own it. And afterwards, pressing one of them very much upon the other points, he told me,—that if he had been bred a catholick, he would not change his religion; but that being of another church, wherein he was sure were all things necessary to salvation, he thought it very ill to give that scandal, as to leave that church wherein he had received his baptism. All these discourses did but add more to the desire I had to be a catholick, and gave me the most terrible agonies in the world," &c.

"This (he confesses) seems to be to the purpose;" and where he confesses the least advantage on our side, the reader may swear there is some-

what more than ordinary in the matter. But he retrenches immediately, and kicks down the pail, by adding this restriction—" if there were not some circumstances and expressions very much mistaken in the representation of it." Yet in the next line again, as if he were ashamed of his own fearfulness, he is for making a bold sally, and putting all to the push; for, " supposing the utmost to be allowed, (says he,) there could be no argument from hence drawn for leaving the communion of our church;" but he restrains that too with this caution,—" if the Bishop's authority and example did signify any thing with her." Thus from yielding at first, he comes to modify his concession, and from thence to strike out magnanimously.

But then he retreats again with another *if*. It is a sign he is uneasy, when he tosses and turns so often in a breath; and that he is diffident of his cause, when he shifts his plea. It is evident that the Duchess laid a great stress on these concessions; and well she might: for what a startle would it give to a doubting soul, which already had taken the alarm, to hear two Bishops, whereof one was primate of all England, renouncing and condemning two of the established articles of their church?[5] But it is well known that those two

[5] " But what two Articles were these? (says Doctor Stillingfleet, in his Reply;) It seems 'they wished we had kept confession, which no doubt was commanded of GOD; and praying for the dead, which was one of the

prelates were not, nor, if they were now living, would be, the only clergymen of the church of England who are of opinion they have over-reformed themselves in casting off prayers for the dead, and consequently, the doctrine of a third place. But these are church-of-England men of

ancient things of Christianity.' But which of our Thirty-nine Articles did they renounce hereby? I think I have read and considered them as much as this gentleman, and I can find no such Articles against confession and praying for the dead. Our church, as appears by the office of the Visitation of the Sick, doth not disallow of confession in particular cases, but the *necessity* of it in order to forgiveness, in all cases. And if any Bishop asserted this, then he exceeded the doctrine of our church, but he renounced no Article of it. As to the other point, we have an Article against the Romish doctrine of purgatory, Article 22, but not a word concerning "praying for the dead," without respect to it. But he, out of his great skill in controversy, believes that "prayer for the dead," and the Romish doctrine of purgatory, are the same. Whereas this relates to the deliverance of souls out of purgatory, by the suffrages of the living, which makes all the gainful trade of masses for the dead, &c.; but the other related to the day of judgment, as is known to all who are versed in the writings of the ancient church. But this our church wisely passes over; neither condemning it, because so ancient, nor approving it, because not grounded on scripture, and therefore not necessary to be observed."

Concerning praying for the dead, a practice which the late most excellent Dr. Johnson followed, "*as far as it might be lawful*," see "The Doctrine of a Middle State," by the Hon. Archibald Campbell, fol. 1721, p. 157.

the old stamp; betwixt whom, and the faction of this Answerer, there is just as much difference as betwixt a true episcopal man and a latitudinarian; and this latter, in plain terms, is no otherwise different from a presbyterian, than by whatsoever titles and dignities he is distinguished. So that our Answerer was much in the right to skip over the first half of this paragraph without answering in this place, and to gallop to the last sentence of it, which begins with Bishop Blandford's saying,—"that if he had been bred in the communion of the Roman church, he would not change his religion:" whither, as in duty bound, I follow him.

To overbalance the weight of these concessions, our author would have us think that the subsequent words of the Bishop ought to have had greater force to have kept her in the communion of the protestant church, than the former to have drawn her from it; for the Bishop comes off with this excuse,—"that being of another church, wherein he was sure were all things necessary to salvation, he thought it very ill to give that scandal, as to leave that church wherein he received his baptism."

First, take notice, that the Duchess says, the Bishop was pressed by her very much before he made the concession—that if he had been bred a catholick, he would not have changed; which shews, that a truth was forced out of him, which he would willingly have concealed. For, both in

regard to his own credit, and the retaining of so great a person in his church, it was not his interest to have yielded—that a catholick might be saved, at least on as easy terms as a protestant. But he goes farther, when he confesses—that if he had been bred a catholick, he would not have altered his religion; for therein he seems even to regret his being bred a protestant, at least he yields, that all things necessary to salvation were in the Roman Catholick church; for otherwise, had he been educated in it, he ought in conscience to have changed, which he owns he would not have done. Now this is manifestly more than what he said for the church of England; for his following words are rather an excuse for his continuance in his church, than an argument to dissuade her Highness from turning catholick:—"he thought it very ill to give that scandal to leave the church wherein he was baptized." Now the words *candal* plainly relates to his own person, and signifies no more than that he was ashamed to change; for it was impossible for him to think he should sin against his conscience in changing, who had declared—that he would not have changed, in case he had been bred a catholick. And the reason he gives is made of the same yielding metal, viz. that he had his baptism in the protestant church; for that argument in itself is of no weight, since the right reverend well knew that the baptism even of hereticks is good; so that if he had been christened in the Lutheran, the Abyssine, or the Russian

church, he must for that reason have continued in it. But he timorously pleads his fear of giving scandal, which is, as I said, no justification of himself, no dissuasive to her, but only a mean, interessed apology for his not changing.

As for his intimating,—that all things necessary to salvation were to be had in the church of England, let any reasonable man be judge whether he could possibly have said less in defence of himself for continuing in it; for this only shewed that he thought salvation was to be had in both churches, as even this author himself is forced to confess afterwards, in these words: "The utmost that can be made of this is, that a certain Bishop of our church" [who in the mean time has proved himself an uncertain one,] "held both churches so far parts of the catholick church, that there was no necessity of going from one church to another."

That which he calls—the utmost we can make of it, is in truth the least which the Bishop's words will naturally bear; and I may safely put the cause upon this issue,—whether such a discourse might not reasonably add more to the desire she had to be a catholick?

Let us hear now what he has to answer; and I will reply briefly, because I have taken away the strength of his argument already.

First, he says in effect, That the Bishop's authority and example ought to have prevailed with

her on the one side, more than his concessions on the other.

I reply—Not his authority, because he spoke more for the church of Rome than against it: nor his example, for he gave her no encouragement to follow it, by saying, that if he had been bred a catholick, he would not have changed. His example of praying daily for the dead shewed his opinion at the bottom; but his not publickly owning that he did so, has proved him little better than a black Bishop, who has entered privately into the white one's walk.

Our author asks, in the second place,—Why any person should forsake the communion of the protestant church, wherein the Bishop affirmed were all things necessary to salvation? And I enquire, How she could be bound to believe him, since confession, and prayers for the dead, are wanting in it? one of which he had before acknowledged to be commanded of GOD, the other, to be one of the ancient things in Christianity!

Thirdly, he urges, That the Bishop had told her, it was an ill thing to leave the church of England. And I reply, That the Answerer has falsified his words. "The Bishop only thought it very ill to give that scandal, as to leave the church wherein he was baptized." First, he spoke of himself only, not of her. Mark that fallacy. And then he said not,—it was ill to leave the church; but—very ill to give that scandal, as to leave the church; relating again to his own particular.

Fourthly, he says, It is evident that the Bishops could have no influence upon her; though she positively says those discourses, in which were those concessions, did but add more to the desire she had to be a catholick. This is full upon the vizor; but the dead are to take all things patiently. Well! How, if he can convince her of falsity from her own words? why then he will carry his argument, as well as his good manners, to the height; and how broad soever the word may be which he has slily given her, yet he will tell you, that freedom ought to be permitted him, as sustaining the honour of the church of England.

His argument is this: "She declares afterwards, that she would not have changed, if she had thought it possible otherwise to have saved her soul; but the Bishop had told her, that all things necessary for salvation were in the English church; therefore the Bishop contributed nothing to her change."

So the mitre be safe in its reputation, no matter what becomes of the ducal coronet. Now I can be very well content that the Bishop should have no part in the honour of her conversion; for it is plain that he desired it not: and why should he do good against his will?

I wish my author would have furnished me with an argument to have brought him wholly off; but I will bring him on his way as far as by the help of the Answerer's scarf I can fairly drag him. I say therefore, that though her Highness changed

not her belief upon the concessions of the Bishop, yet his concessions were an occasion of her farther scruples, in order to her change; for, she says, "they added to the desire she had to be a catholick."

The Bishop did indeed tell her, that all things necessary to salvation were in the English church; but tell me, Sir, I beseech you, was that all he told her? By your favour, you have left out the better half of what he said; for he told her also, "that if he had been bred a catholick, he would not have changed." And she had reason to believe what he said to the advantage of a church of which he was no member, as being sure he would say no more than scanty truth. And he acknowledges into the bargain, that "confession was commanded of GOD;" and, that "praying for the dead was one of the ancient things in Christianity." What a shameful way of arguing is this, to make a general negative conclusion from half the premises? or, in other words, to maintain that the Bishop's concessions could have no influence upon her, because they had not the greatest influence? And you in a manner confess it before you were aware, in the close of your argument, where you say, "There must therefore have been some more secret reason, which increased her desire to be a catholick, after these discourses." Now some more secret reason does not hinder the Bishop's concessions from being one; nay, it argues, that they were one of the reasons, though

not the most prevalent, because there was one more secret. You have now contradicted yourself so plainly, that you have wholly justified the Duchess; and the broad word, without naming it, is fairly brought back to your own door.

After this, our Answerer does but piddle, and play at small game, as if her Highness might possibly take encouragement from the Bishop's calling the church of Rome the catholick religion; but she was too much in earnest to lay hold upon a word. Neither is more advantage to be taken from his calling the church of Rome the catholick religion, than we receive disadvantage from the playing upon the word of Roman catholick.

Next, for want of a quarrel, he is falling upon his late dear friend the Bishop: "Was he (says our Answerer,) so weak, to mean the word *catholick* in the strictest sense, he must then have contradicted himself; there was an inconsistency in his words,"—and so forth.

From the inconsistency of the Bishop's words in this and other places, our Answerer, perhaps, would make a secret inference,—that he never said them; and obliquely draw the Duchess into the statute of coining: so that the two spiritual hectors may make a sham-duel of it, for aught we know. For it is a common trick with robbers to clash their swords together in the dark, to draw company together, and then some third person pays for it. Take it in this manner, and then the argument against her Highness will stand thus:

the sayings which she relates are inconsistent, and therefore she must not be believed, though she affirms she heard them. Why, do not as many as have ears hear inconsistent things said every day? and must every body needs lie, who reports them again? That inconsistency of the words is, in truth, an argument that these things were said: for what bids fairer for adding to the desire she had of being a catholick, and of giving her the terrible agonies she felt? But after all, if the Answerer's quarrel be in earnest with the Bishop, it is pity they should fall out for such a trifle. As weak as the Bishop was, and as strong as our Answerer makes his inconsistencies appear, I dare answer for him, he meant nothing less than to convert her.

You do ill therefore, to play the bully with a peaceable old gentleman, who only desired to possess his conscience and his bishoprick in peace, without offence to any man, either of the catholick church, or that of England.

But if he held, that both churches were so far parts of the catholick, that there was no necessity of going from one church to another to be saved, if he asserted that you say, he must overthrow the necessity of your reformation; and then down goes his belief of your homilies and articles, (thirty-nine at a tip,) and consequently he could be no true member of the church of England,

And now what can I do more for the poor Bishop? for most certainly he did imply thus much in saying, that "if he had been bred a catholick, he would not change his religion."

Therefore, Take him, Topham![6] there's no help, but he must be turned out of the church of England, even so long after he has been dead.

In the mean time, let us a little examine this proposition. Our Answerer affirms, "That he cannot be a true member of the church of England, who asserts both churches to be so far parts of the catholick church, that there is no necessity of going from one church to another to be saved." If this be true, then, to be a member of the church of England, one must assert,—that either both churches are not parts of the Catholick, or that they are so parts, that there is a necessity of going from one to another. Of these two, the first is not for the honour of one of the churches, and the second is direct nonsense. A necessity of change

[6] Roger North furnishes us with the origin of this phrase.—In the year 1680 the House of Commons were guilty of great excesses in support of their privileges.—"Scarce a day passed, (says Ralph, who quotes North's EXAMEN, p. 561) but some *abhorrer* [one of those who in their addresses to the King, in the early part of 1680 had expressed their *abhorrence* of the *Petitions* then presented to the crown for assembling a new parliament,] was dragged before them, and committed to the custody of the Serjeant at arms, at the pleasure of the House: and this strange despoticism they exercised with so much wantonness, as well as cruelty, that Mr. Treby was pleased to say, *they kept an hawk*, (meaning the said Serjeant) *and they must every day find flesh for him.* And the quantity he was this sessions gorged with, gave rise to this provebial expression—*Take him*, TOPHAM! [the name of the Serjeant,] in all discourse of peremptory commitment."

consists not with their being both parts; for parts constitute one whole, and leave not one and another, to go to or from. There is no church in France or Italy, to which a Spanish catholick can go, but what he left in Spain; nor can he leave his own, by going to either of them. He may be under other governours in the same church; but let him go wheresoever he shall please, he cannot be of another, so long as he remains a catholick. In short, necessity of change makes it absolutely impossible for both churches to be parts of the catholick, and forces the church of England to maintain—either that she is a part, and the Roman catholick none, or else that it is no matter whether she be a part or no; to which I wish they may not, with the pretence of zeal for her honour, desire to drive her, who have nothing better to say in their own behalf.

But though our Answerer has laid one Bishop flat, I warrant you he has another in reserve; for now the Bishop of Winchester (who, as I said formerly, was not commended so much for nothing,) is brought back in triumph from his palace of Farnham, to make a short end of the dispute. At first he doubts, whether ever there were any such Bishops who made such answers; and then affirms, that he believes there never was *in rerum naturâ* such a discourse as is pretended to have been betwixt this great person and two of the most learned Bishops in England.

This is downright indeed; for our Answerer, to

do him justice, has often collaterally accused the Duchess for her good invention at making stories: but here is plain English upon the point. What pity is it in the mean time, that my Lord of Winton gives not so much as one single reason[7] either for his doubt, or his contrary belief? So that having only his Lordship's opinion, and her Highness's affirmation before me, I might say, with at least as much good manners as that prelate, that I believe as little of his pretended Letter sent to the Duchess so long after her decease, as he does of her pretended discourse with the two Bishops.

In the mean time, what use would my gentleman here make of his Lordship's doubts, his belief, or his affirmation? Are the embers too hot for him, that he uses the Bishop's foot to pull out the chesnut? Suppose our prelate had believed there were no Antipodes, is this a time of day to give him credit? But I wonder the less why our author attributes so much to his *ipse dixit* upon all occasions; for the whole body of his Answer to this Paper is in effect a transcript from the Bishop's Preface. He purloins his arguments, without altering, sometime, so much as the property of his words. He has quoted him five times only in the margin, and ought to have quoted him in almost every line of his pamphlet. In short, if the master had not eaten, the man (saving reverence) could not have vomited. But it is easy to be seen through all the grimaces of that Bishop, that he

[7] i. e. in his Letter already mentioned.

found himself aggrieved he was not thought on, when her Highness spoke of the two best or most learned Bishops of England; and that his opinion was not consulted, when, indeed, he had offered it, though unasked.

I know his Defender will reply, that his Lordship has modestly disclaimed any such pretence to learning, in his Preface, where he says, "No, I am not, I know I am not, I am sure I am not the most learned Bishop." See, how he mounts in his expressions at three several bounds. It is true, all these asseverations, like his three *nolos*,* needed not; for any reasonable man, who had read his works, would have taken his bare word, without repetition. Yet this notwithstanding, he might have some inward grudgings, that his pupil thought him not so great a doctor.

But it is not fit that a matter of such importance should end in a bare *Ay* and *No* on either side; for though the parties have been so long dead, yet there is a witness still alive, and such a one, that all loyal subjects are bound to join with me in prayers for the long continuance of his life, and even for his continuance in the true religion, as far as the English Liturgy can oblige them.

The Duchess thought herself bound to make his Royal Highness acquainted with every one of these several conferences which she had either with Archbishop Sheldon, or Bishop Blandford; and that account was the very same in substance with

* *Nolo episcopari.*

what she communicates to her friends in this present Paper, as he is pleased to permit me to assure the world, after having had the honour to hear him solemnly affirm it, which puts an end to the whole matter of dispute; and this which follows is as authentick.

The day it pleased Almighty GOD to call her to his mercy, some relations of hers, who are yet living, were desirous that she should speak with the Bishop of Worcester; which the Duchess did not absolutely refuse upon their importunity, but requested the then Duke to stop the Bishop a little in the ante-chamber, and prepare him, according to her directions, before he entered the bedchamber. Accordingly his Highness, having met the Bishop, acquainted him, "that she was actually reconciled to the catholick church:" he then enquired, "whether she were fully satisfied in all points of the doctrine which she had embraced;" and the Duke answered, "that she was entirely satisfied in the doctrine of the catholick church." At length the Bishop asked, "whether she had already received the last sacraments of the church, naming particularly those of the blessed Eucharist, and the Extreme Unction;" and it being replied by the Duke, that she had received them, the Bishop answered, "That then he doubted not but that her soul was in a very safe condition." Before they parted, his Royal Highness told him, "That it was the desire of the Duchess, he would not trouble her with any matter of dispute, nor offer to pray with her; but if he

had any spiritual counsel fitting for a person in her condition, in order to prepare her for her death, he might freely tender it:" upon this he was admitted to her bedchamber, and made her a brief exhortation; after which, his stay there was very short.

This being matter of fact, and of unquestionable truth, I hope the Answerer will acquiesce in it. What he will think of his Bishop, concerns not me; but as a protestant, he has reason for his thanking GOD, that the cause of his church does not depend on the singular opinion of one Bishop in it. It appears plainly by this relation, that the Bishop of Worcester was ignorant, almost to the last, of her conversion; so that if that will serve our author's turn, he is acquitted from intending any such act of charity; but that he contributed to it without any such intention, is apparent.

Yet our author will not so sit down; he will condemn her Highness from her own words again; and prove, from her saying,—"that she owed the blessing of her conversion to GOD Almighty," that therefore the Bishop could have no hand in it.

What obligation has he to defend the honour of his church by a piece of sophistry? She owed it wholly to Almighty GOD; for "of ourselves we can do nothing." But, as the Answerer confesses, this excluded not her own endeavours; GOD inspired her with a desire of being reconciled to his church, in answer to her frequent prayers,—not

by immediate illumination, or shewing her the right belief miraculously, but by affording her the ordinary means, and conducting her by his good spirit in the use of them. If she had been immediately enlightened, she needed not to have recourse to any of the Bishops; but it pleased GOD, who often works good out of evil, that the arguments they used, or rather, the answers which they made, produced a contrary effect, and added more to the desire she had to be a catholick: in this sense, therefore, it may be said, that the Bishops sent her to the priest; for an unresistable, overruling power made them contribute to her change, by opposing it; and the very hands which laboured to hold her fast in the protestant persuasion, carried her half seas over, and put her into other hands, which carried her the other half. Truly they would have received hard measure, if they had been found guilty on the statute of persuasion, who, far from endeavouring to make her change, dissuaded her from changing, though the protestant flints happened to strike catholick fire; so that I cannot but think there was an extraordinary hand of Providence in her case, and of which she had reason to be extraordinary sensible. But we must have, I perceive, a care of praying, and owning benefits from GOD; for that, or nothing, made her pass for an enthusiast with the Answerer: she did nothing besides praying, which our author does not acknowledge it her duty to have done. She read the History which was put into her hands, to con-

firm her in her first belief; she examined the scripture, she conferred with her divines; and yet he can make an obstinate woman of her, for doing that very thing to which he would advise her. "But (says our author,) all pretenders to enthusiasm do as solemnly and wholly ascribe the blessing to Almighty GOD, and look on it as the effects of such prayers as she made to him in France and Flanders."

They ascribe it indeed wholly to GOD in our author's sense, but not in her's; for she meant not immediate illumination by the word *wholly*, as I have already proved; they may look on their false light as the effect of their prayers; but she looks on her conversion as the effect of her's, after having used the means.

"He had thought, (he says,) that the pretence to a private spirit, or enthusiasm," (for he joins them both afterwards,) "had not been at this time allowed in the church of Rome."

Somebody once thought otherwise, or he had never diverted the young gallants of the town with his merry book concerning the fanaticism of the church of Rome.[s]

He next enquires, what need she had of an infallible church, if she owed her change so wholly to Almighty GOD?

[s] In 1678 was published, "A Weekly Packet of Advice from Rome;" but I know not whether this be the merry book here alluded to.

Wholly is already explained to him, and then his argument is of no more force against her, than against all catholicks who have once been protestants; which is a new subject of dispute, and foreign to the argument in hand.

"Her conclusion (as he tells us,) is, that she would never have changed, if she could have saved her soul otherwise;" whereupon he infers, "if this were true, she had good reason for her change; if it were not true, (as most certainly it was not,) she had none."

But her words (which he hath falsified in this place,) are these: "I would never have changed, if I had thought it possible to have saved my soul otherwise." He never misquotes without design. Now by altering these words—*if I had thought it possible to save my soul,* into these—*if I could have saved my soul,* he would shuffle off her true meaning; which was, that her conscience obliged her to this change. And that is a point he would not willingly have touched; for he cannot deny upon his own principles, but that after having examined the scriptures, as she professes to have done as well as she was able, concerning the points in dispute, and afterwards using the assistance of her spiritual guides, the two Bishops, she was to judge for herself in the last resort; and the judgment she made according to her conscience, was, that the scripture spoke clearly in behalf of the catholick church, or church of Rome, as he calls it: therefore, according to his principles, and her

conscience, she was to be of that church, of whose truth she was thus convinced: so that whether she could be otherwise saved or no, was not the proposition to be advanced, but whether she thought it possible to be otherwise saved. And therefore, though it were true that she could otherwise be saved, yet she had a sufficient reason for her change, (though he says she had none,) which was, her conscience; and supposing that were erroneous, yet upon his principles she must be the judge of it without appeal.

"Her scruples began upon reading Dr. Heylin's HISTORY OF THE REFORMATION; and there she found such abominable sacrilege upon Harry the Eighth's divorce, King Edward's minority, and Queen Elizabeth's succession, that she could not believe the Holy Ghost could ever be in such councils." Thus he compendiously quotes her Paper, as being it seems ashamed of the particulars therein mentioned; but for once I will follow him his own way.

To read Dr. Heylin's History in order to settle her, he confesses, was none of the best advices given to such a person. He is much in the right on't, as appears by the success; and I add, nor any other, either protestant or catholick writer then extant; for no paint is capable of making lovely the hideous face of the pretended Reformation. "But, (says he,) there are two distinct parts in the history of it, the one ecclesiastical, the other political; the first built on scripture,

antiquity, and the rights of particular churches; the other on such maxims as are common to statesmen at all times, and in all churches, who labour to turn all revolutions and changes to their own advantage."

But why might not her Highness consider it her own way, which is that of nature, in the causes which produced it, and the effects which it produced; though I doubt not but she considered it his way too, because a child could not have missed it, that very distinction being inserted into the History by the author himself. Now the immediate cause which produced the separation of Harry the Eighth from the church of Rome, was the refusal of the Pope to grant him a divorce from his first wife, and to gratify his desires in a dispensation for a second marriage. Neither the Answerer, nor I, nor any man, can carry it so high as the original cause with any certainty; for the King only knew whether it was conscience and love, or love alone, which moved him to sue for a divorce. But this we may say, that if conscience had any part in it, she had taken a long nap of almost twenty years together before she awakened, and perhaps had slept on till doomsday, if Anne Bolleyn, or some other fair lady, had not given her a jog: so the satisfying of an inordinate and a brutal passion cannot be denied to have had a great share at least in the production of that schism which led the very way to our pretended

Reformation; for breaking the unity of Christ's church was the foundation of it.

I pass over the manner of those first proceedings, and the degrees by which they came to terminate in schism, though I doubt not but her Highness was sufficiently scandalized in both, and could not also but observe some of the concomitant causes, as revenge, ambition, and covetousness; all which, and others, drew with a strong bias towards it. But the immediate effects even of this schism were sacrilege, and a bloody persecution of such as denied the King's supremacy in matters wholly spiritual; which no layman, no King of Israel ever exercised, as is observed by my Lord Herbert.[9] As for the Reformation itself, what that produced is full as obvious in the sequel of History, where we find that chanteries and hospitals undevoured by Henry the Eighth, were left only to be morsels for Edward the Sixth, or rather for his ministers of state; and the reason was given, that the revenues of them were fruitlessly spent on those who said prayers for the dead. Now this was as naturally produced from the Reformation, as an effect is from the cause; so that as it is observed by some, had that young King reigned any considerable time longer, the church of England had been left the poorest of any one in Christendom, the rich bishoprick of

[9] HIST. OF HENRY VIII. p. 402.—The reference is our author's.

Durham having been much retrenched by him, and it is probable those of Rochester and Westminster. Harry the Eighth had indeed eaten so much of the church's bread out of his son's mouth beforehand, that even Calvin complains of it in a Letter to Cranmer, (concerning the paucity of good pastors in England,) in these words: *Unum apertum obstaculum esse intelligo, quod prædæ expositi sunt ecclesiæ redditus*; "one open obstacle I find to this, (he meaneth the increase of good pastors,) is, that your church-revenues are exposed to rapine."

Besides these things, what an usurpation this change of religion caused is most notorious; that of the Lady Jane Gray being evidently grounded on the testament of Edward the Sixth, by which she was made his successor, because she was of the protestant religion.

As for the title of Queen Elizabeth to the crown, the histories lie open; and I shall not be over-forward to meddle with the rights of princes, especially since the Answerer has avoided that dispute. It is enough in general to say, that her interest carried her against the Pope, whose power if good, she was illegitimate. She had also been informed by the English resident at Rome, that the Pope expected she should acknowledge her crown from him, and not take upon her to be Queen without his leave. These were strong solicitations, in a new unsettled succession, for her to shake off a religion, whereof his Holiness is

head on earth. What matter of conscience was in the case, I say not; but her temporal interest lies barefaced and uppermost to view, in re-assuming of the supremacy, and (to make the breach yet wider,) in subverting the foundations of the faith. For the affront is the same, to turn round a man's hat, and to strike him on the face; but the advantage is the greater in a lusty blow.

But the handle by which our Answerer would have the Reformation taken, is not by the causes and effects, the means and management, and indeed the whole series of history: these are nothing to concern his present enquiry, though they raised such scruples in the Duchess, and will do in any other conscientious reader; he will have the Reformation considered his own way, that is, in the political part of it, and the ecclesiastical. Now the political part (if you observe him,) he gives for gone at the first dash: "It was grounded (he says) on such maxims as are common to statesmen at all times, and in all churches, who labour to turn all revolutions and changes to their own advantage."

That is, it is common for statesmen to be atheists at the bottom; to be seemingly of that religion which is most for their interest; to crush and ruin that from which they have no future prospect of advantage, and to join with its most inveterate enemies, without consideration of their King's interest: and this was the case of the Duke of Somerset. All which together amounts to this; that it is no matter by what means a Reformation

be compassed, by what instruments it be brought to pass, or with what design, though all these be never so ungodly; it is enough if the Reformation itself be made by the legislative power of the land. The matter of fact then is given up, only it is faced with recriminations; that Alexander the Sixth, for example, was as wicked a Pope as King Henry was a King: as if any catholick denied that GOD Almighty, for causes best known to his divine wisdom, has not sometimes permitted impious men to sit in that supreme seat, and even to intrude into it by unlawful means. That Alexander the Sixth was one of the worst of men, I freely grant, which is more than I can in conscience say of Henry the Eighth, who had great and kingly virtues mingled with his vices. That the Duke of Somerset raised his estate out of church lands, our author excuses no other ways than by retorting, that Popes are accustomed to do the like in consideration of their nephews, whom they would greaten. But though it is a wicked thing for a Pope to mispend the church revenues on his relations, it is to be considered he is a secular prince, and may as lawfully give out of his temporal incomes what he pleases to his favourite, as another prince to his. But as our author charges this miscarriage home upon some late Popes of the former and the present age, so I hope he will exempt his present holiness* from that note. No common father of GOD's church, from

* Clement the Tenth.

St. Peter even to him, having ever been more bountiful, in expending his revenues for the defence of Christendom; or less interessed, in respect of his relations, whom he has neither greatened, nor so much as suffered to enter into the least administration of the government.

But after all, what have these examples to do with this lady's conversion? Why, our author pretends that these bad Popes, and their ill proceedings, ought as reasonably to have hindered the Duchess from entering into the catholick church, as the like proceedings under Henry the Eighth, Edward the Sixth, and Queen Elizabeth, might move her Highness to leave the protestant.

The subject in hand was the pretended Reformation: the Duchess observed the scandalous and abominable effects of it;—that an inordinate lust was one principal cause of the separation; that the Reformation itself was begun by worldly interests in the Duke of Somerset, and carried on by the ambition of Queen Elizabeth. Have the examples produced by our author on the contrary side any thing to do with a Reformation? Suppose in the first place, that she had never read nor heard any of those things concerning Pope Alexander, or the advancing of nephews by profusion of the church treasure; the first is very possible, and she might interpret candidly the latter. But make the worst of it; on the one side there was only a male-administration of a settled government, from which no state, either spiritual or temporal, can

always be exempt; on the other side, here is a total subversion of the old church in England, and the setting up a new; a changing of received doctrines, and the direction of GOD's holy spirit pretended for the change; so that she might reasonably judge that the Holy Ghost had little to do with the practices of ill Popes, without thinking the worse of the established faith: but she could never see a new one erected on the foundations of lust, sacrilege, and usurpation, without great scruples whether the spirit of GOD were assisting in those counsels.

As for his method of enquiry, "Whether there was not a sufficient cause for the Reformation in the church? Whether the church of England had not sufficient authority to reform itself?" and "Whether the proceedings of the Reformation were not justifiable by the rules of scripture and the ancient church?" I may safely join issue with him upon all three points, and conclude in the negative,—that there was no sufficient cause to reform the church in matters of faith, because there neither were, nor can be, any such errours embraced and owned by it. The church of England has no authority of reforming herself, because the doctrine of Christ cannot be reformed, nor a national synod lawfully make any definitions in matters of faith, contrary to the judgment of the church universal of the present age, shewn in her publick liturgies; that judgment being equivalent to that of a general council of the present age. And,

for the third point, the proceedings of the Reformation were not justifiable by the rule of scripture, according to the right interpretation of it by the fathers and councils, which are the true judges of it; nor, consequently, by the rules of the ancient church. But Calvin's excuse must be your last refuge; *Nos discessionem a toto mundo facere coacti sumus*: "We are compelled to forsake the communion, or to separate from all the churches of the world."

"These, (says our author,) she confesses were but scruples." According to his mannerly way of arguing with the King, I might ask him, "These" what? Does he mean—these scruples were but scruples? for the word *these* begins a paragraph. But I am ashamed of playing the pedant, as he has done. I suppose he means—these passages of Heylyn only raised some scruples in her, which occasioned her to examine the points in difference by the holy scripture. "And now (says he) she was in the right way for satisfaction, provided she made use of the best helps and means for understanding it, and took in the assistance of her spiritual guides."

That she did take in those guides is manifest by her own Papers, though both of them (the more the pity) did but help to mislead her into the enemy's country; but then, for our comfort, neither of them were church-of-England men, though they were both Bishops, and one of them no less than Primate of all England.

And now, for a relishing bit before we rise, he has kept in store for us the four points, which, about the midst of her Paper, the Duchess told us she found so easy in the scripture, that she wondered she had been so long without finding them. He will needs fall into dispute with her about them, though he knows beforehand that she will not dispute with him. This is a kind of petition to her, that she will permit him to make that difficult which she found easy; for every thing becomes hard by chopping logick upon it. I am sure enough, that the wall before me is white, and that I can go to it; but put me once upon unriddling sophisms, I shall not be satisfied of what colour the wall is, nor how it is possible for me to stir from the place in which I am. Alas! if people would be as much in earnest as she was, and read the scriptures with the same disposition, the same unprejudiced sincerity in their hearts, and docility in their understanding, seeking to bend their judgments to what they find, not what they find to their judgments, more, I believe, would find things as easy as she did, and give the Answerer more frequent occasion for his derision of a willing mind.

But not to dilate on that matter, I presume he will not pretend by his disputing to make any thing plainly appear against her; if he can, let him do it, and end controversy in a moment; for every one can see plain things, and all Christians must be concluded by the scripture. But he knows well enough there is no such thing to be

performed. A mist may be raised, and interposed, through which the eye shall not discern what otherwise it would, if nothing but the due medium were betwixt, and the object before it. And that is all the fruit of this sort of disputation, and all the assistance, for which the Answerer was so earnest. Upon the whole, his mortal quarrel to the Duchess is, that she would not become an experiment of the perfection to which the art of learned obscurity is improved in this our age; and the honour he has done to the church of England is, that he has used her name to countenance the defamation of a lady. I suspected whither he would bring it, when I saw that honour pretended in the beginning of his pamphlet. If he thinks his Bishops have reflected a scandal on his church by their discourses with the Duchess, he ought to have proceeded a more reasonable way than to insinuate that she forged them, without proving it. If she had been living, and he had subscribed his name to so infamous a libel, he knows the English of a *scandalum magnatum*; for an inuendo is considered in that case; and three indirect insinuations will go as far in law towards the giving a downright lie, as three foils will go towards a fall in wrestling.

To conclude: I leave it to the judgment of the impartial reader what occasion our Answerer has had for his song of triumph at the end of his scurrilous saucy pamphlet. I have treated him as one single Answerer, though, properly speaking, his name is Legion; but though the body be

possessed with many evil spirits, it is but one of them who talks. Let him disguise his defeat by the ringing of his bells: it was an old Dutch policy, when the Duke had beaten them, to make bonfires; for that kept the populace in heart. Our author knows he has all the common people on his side, and they only read the Gazettes of their own writers; so that every thing which is called an Answer is with them a confutation, and the Turk and Pope are their sworn enemies, ever since Robin Wisdom[1] was inspired to join them together in a godly ballad. In the mean time, the spirit of meekness and humble charity would become our author better than his boasts for this imaginary victory, or his reflection upon GOD'S anointed; but it is the less to be admired that he is such a stranger to that spirit, because, among all the volumes of divinity written by the protestants, there is not one original treatise, at least, that I have seen or heard of, which has handled distinctly, and by itself, that Christian virtue of HUMILITY.[2]

[1] Robin Wisdom's Psalms were much in vogue with the fanaticks of the last century. See Overbury's Character of a PRECISIAN. The godly ballad here alluded to, I recollect to have seen, but cannot at present turn to it.

[2] This Stillingfleet, in his Reply, says, is "a barefaced assertion of a thing known to be false;" for "within a few years, besides what has been printed formerly, such a book hath been published in London."—See what our author has further said on this subject in his preface to THE HIND AND THE PANTHER.

PREFACE

TO

THE HIND AND THE PANTHER,

A POEM.[3]

THE nation is in too high a ferment for me to expect either fair war, or even so much as fair quarter from a reader of the opposite party. All

[3] This poem, which consists of about two thousand five hundred lines, was first published in quarto in the middle of the year 1687, and in that year passed through at least three editions.

THE HIND AND THE PANTHER, Dr. Johnson observes, is "the longest of all Dryden's original pieces; an allegory intended to comprize and to decide the controversy between the Romanists and Protestants. The scheme of the work is injudicious and incommodious; for what can be more absurd than that one beast should counsel another to rest her faith upon a Pope and Council. He seems well enough skilled in the usual topicks of argument, endeavours to shew the necessity of an infallible Judge, and reproaches the Reformers with want of unity; but is weak enough to ask, why, since we see without knowing how, we may not have an infallible Judge without knowing where?

The Hind at one time is afraid to drink at the common brook, because she may be worried; but walking home with the Panther, talks by the way of the *Nicene Fathers*, and at last declares herself to be the catholick church.

men are engaged either on this side or that; and though conscience is the common word which is given by both, yet if a writer fall among enemies, and cannot give the marks of *their* conscience, he is knocked down, before the reasons of his own are heard. A Preface, therefore, which is but a bespeaking of favour, is altogether useless. What I desire the reader should know concerning me, he will find in the body of the poem, if he have but the patience to peruse it; only this advertisement let him take beforehand, which relates to the merits of the cause.

No general characters of parties (call them either sects or churches,) can be so fully and exactly drawn, as to comprehend all the several members of them; at least all such as are received under that denomination. For example; there are some of the church by law established, who envy not liberty of conscience to dissenters, as

This absurdity was very properly ridiculed in the CITY MOUSE and COUNTRY MOUSE of Montague and Prior; and in the detection and censure of the incongruity of the fiction chiefly consists the value of their performance; which, whatever reputation it might obtain by the help of temporary passions, seems to readers almost a century distant, not very forcible or animated."

"Did not Lord Halifax write the COUNTRY MOUSE with Prior?" said Mr. Spence to Lord Peterborough.—"Yes," replied Lord Peterborough, "just as if I was in a chaise with Mr. Cheselden here, drawn by his fine horse, and should say,—Lord! how finely we draw this chaise!" Spence's ANECDOTES.

being well satisfied that, according to their own principles, they ought not to persecute them. Yet these, by reason of their fewness, I could not distinguish from the numbers of the rest with whom they are embodied in one common name. On the other side, there are many of our sects, and more indeed than I could reasonably have hoped, who have withdrawn themselves from the communion of the Panther, and embraced this gracious indulgence of his Majesty in point of toleration. But neither to the one nor the other of these is this satire any way intended; it is aimed only at the refractory and disobedient on either side. For those who are come over to the royal party are consequently supposed to be out of gunshot. Our physicians have observed, that in process of time, some diseases have abated of their virulence, and have in a manner worn out their malignity, so as to be no longer mortal; and why may not I suppose the same concerning some of those who have formerly been enemies to kingly government, as well as catholick religion? I hope they have now another notion of both, as having found, by comfortable experience, that the doctrine of persecution is far from being an article of our faith.

It is not for any private man to censure the proceedings of a foreign prince;* but, without suspicion of flattery, I may praise our own, who has taken contrary measures, and those more suit-

* He alludes to the revocation of the edict of Nantes by Louis the Fourteenth, in 1685.

able to the spirit of Christianity. Some of the dissenters in their addresses to his majesty, have said,—that he has restored GOD to his empire over conscience. I confess I dare not stretch the figure to so great a boldness; but I may safely say, that conscience is the royalty and prerogative of every private man. He is absolute in his own breast, and accountable to no earthly power for that which passes only betwixt GOD and him. Those who are driven into the fold are, generally speaking, rather made hypocrites than converts.

This indulgence being granted to all the sects, it ought in reason to be expected that they should both receive it, and receive it thankfully. For at this time of day to refuse the benefit, and adhere to those whom they have esteemed their persecutors, what is it else but publickly to own that they suffered not before for conscience-sake, but only out of pride and obstinacy to separate from a church for those impositions which they now judge may be lawfully obeyed? After they have so long contended for their classical ordination, (not to speak of rites and ceremonies,) will they at length submit to an episcopal? If they can go so far out of complaisance to their old enemies, methinks a little reason should persuade them to take another step, and see whither that would lead them.

Of the receiving this toleration thankfully, I shall say no more than that they ought, and I doubt not they will consider from what hands they received it. It is not from a Cyrus, a heathen

prince, and a foreigner, but from a Christian King, their native sovereign, who expects a return in specie from them; that the kindness which he has graciously shewn them may be retaliated on those of his own persuasion.

As for the poem in general, I will only thus far satisfy the reader,—that it was neither imposed on me, nor so much as the subject given me by any man. It was written during the last winter,[4] and the beginning of this spring; though with long interruptions of ill health, and other hindrances. About a fortnight before I had finished it, his Majesty's Declaration for liberty of conscience came abroad; which, if I had so soon expected, I might have spared myself the labour of writing many things which are contained in the third part of it. But I was always in some hope, that the church of England might have been persuaded to have taken off the penal laws and the test, which was one design of the poem, when I proposed to myself the writing of it.

It is evident that some part of it was only occasional, and not first intended: I mean that defence of myself, to which every honest man is bound, when he is injuriously attacked in print; and I refer myself to the judgment of those who have read the ANSWER to the Defence of the late King's Papers, and that of the Duchess, (in which last I was concerned) how charitably I have been represented

[4] The winter of 1686.

there. I am now informed both of the author and supervisors of his pamphlet; and will reply, when I think he can affront me: for I am of Socrates's opinion, that all creatures cannot. In the mean time, let him consider whether he deserved not a more severe reprehension than I gave him formerly, for using so little respect to the memory of those whom he pretended to answer; and at his leisure, look out for some original Treatise of Humility, written by any protestant in English (I believe I may say in any other tongue); for the magnified piece of Duncombe[5] on that subject, which either he must mean or none, and with which another of his fellows has upbraided me, was

[5] See p. 532, n. 2.—In the preface to "The Hind and the Panther transversed to the story of the City and Country Mouse," we find the following remark on this passage: "'Tis hard to conceive how any man would censure the Turks for gluttony, a people that debauch in coffee, are voluptuous in a mess of rice, and keep the strictest Lent, without the pleasures of a carnival to encourage them. But it is almost impossible to think that any man who had not almost renounced his senses, should read *Duncombe* for *Allen*. He had been told that Mr. Allen had written a Discourse on Humility; to which he wisely answers, that "that magnified piece of Duncombe's was translated from the Spanish of Rodrigues; and to set it beyond dispute, makes the infallible guide affirm the same thing. There are few mistakes, but we may imagine how a man fell into them, and at least what he aimed at; but what likeness is there between *Duncombe* and *Allen*? Do they so much as rhyme?"

translated from the Spanish of Rodriguez; though with the omission of the 17th, the 24th, the 25th, aud the last chapter, which will be found in comparing of the books.

He would have insinuated to the world, that her late Highness died not a Roman catholick; he declares himself to be now satisfied to the contrary; in which he has given up the cause; for matter of fact was the principal debate betwixt us. In the mean time, he would dispute the motives of her change; how preposterously let all men judge, when he seemed to deny the subject of the controversy, the change itself. And because I would not take up this ridiculous challenge, he tells the world I cannot argue; but he may as well infer that a catholick cannot fast, because he will not take up the cudgels against Mrs. James,[6] to confute the protestant religion.

I have but one word more to say concerning the poem as such, and abstracting from the matters either religious or civil, which are handled in

[6] The person here meant was Mrs. Eleanor James, who wrote and published "A Vindication of the Church of England, in answer to a Pamphlet, entitled A New Test of the Church of England's Loyalty."—She was the wife of Mr. James, a printer, who left many curious books to the library of Sion College, after it had been destroyed by the fire of London. There is a portrait of Mrs. James in the library, in the full Sunday dress of a citizen's wife of that day. She survived her husband many years, and carried on the printing business on her own account.

it. The First Part, consisting most in general characters and narration, I have endeavoured to raise, and give it the majestick turn of heroick poesy. The Second, being matter of dispute, and chiefly concerning church authority, I was obliged to make as plain and perspicuous as possibly I could; yet not wholly neglecting the numbers, though I had not frequent occasions for the magnificence of verse. The Third, which has more of the nature of domestick conversation, is, or ought to be, more free and familiar than the two former.

There are in it two episodes, or fables, which are interwoven with the main design; so that they are properly parts of it, though they are also distinct stories of themselves. In both of these I have made use of the commonplaces of satire, whether true or false, which are urged by the members of the one church against the other: at which I hope no reader of either party will be scandalized; because they are not of my invention, but as old, to my knowledge, as the times of Boccace and Chaucer on the one side, and as those of the Reformation on the other.[6]

[7] The incongruity in the structure of THE HIND AND THE PANTHER is thus censured by Prior and Montague:

"Fables were first began and raised to the highest perfection in the eastern countries, where they wrote in signs and spoke in parables, and delivered the most useful precepts in delightful stories, which for their aptness were entertaining to the most judicious, and led the vulgar into

understanding, by surprizing them with their novelty, and fixing their attention. All their fables carry a double meaning; the story is one and entire; the characters the same throughout, not broken, nor changed, and always conformable to the nature of the creatures they introduce. They never tell you, that the dog which snapped at a shadow, lost his troop of horse; that would be unintelligible; a piece of flesh is proper for him to drop, and the reader will apply it to mankind. They would not say that the daw, who was so proud of her borrowed plumes, looked very ridiculous, when Rodrigues came and took away all the book but the 17th, 24th, and 25th chapters, which she stole from him: but this is his new way of telling a story, and confounding the *moral* and *fable* together.

" Before the word was written, said the Hind,
" Our Saviour preach'd the faith to all mankind."

What relation has the Hind to our Saviour? or what notion have we of a Panther's Bible? If you say—he means the church, how does the church feed on lawns, or range in the forest? Let it be always a church, or always the cloven-footed beast, for we cannot bear his shifting the scene every line. If it is absurd in comedies to make a peasant talk in the strain of a hero, or a country wench use the language of a court, how monstrous is it to make a *priest* of a *hind*, and a *parson* of a *panther*? to bring them in disputing with all the formalities of the school? Though as to the arguments themselves, those, we confess, are suited to the capacity of the beasts; and if we would suppose a Hind expressing herself about these matters, she would talk at that rate."

DEDICATION

OF THE

LIFE OF ST. FRANCIS XAVIER.[7]

TO THE QUEEN.[8]

MADAM,

THE reverend author of this Life, in his Dedication to his most Christian Majesty, affirms, that France was owing for him to the intercession

[7] "The Life of St. Francis Xavier, of the Society of Jesus, Apostle to the Indies and Japan," was translated by our author from the French of the Jesuit, Dominic Bohurs, and published in 8vo. early in the year 1688.—Our author doubtless undertook this task, in consequence of the Queen, when she solicited a son, having recommended herself to Xavier as her patron saint.

In the STATE POEMS, (vol. i. part 2, p. 184,) we find a ballad, which in my copy is attributed in a MS. note to Thomas, Lord Wharton, and probably at that time was very popular. It is entitled "The Miracle: how the Duchess of Modena, being in heaven, prayed the B. Virgin that the Queen might have a son; and how our lady sent the Angel Gabriel with her smock; upon which the Queen was with child."—The son, of whom she was delivered, June 10, 1688, who was christened James Francis Edward, but was better known by the title of THE PRETENDER, died at Rome in 1766.

[8] Of Mary of Este, the second wife of James the Second, (who was born Sept, 25, 1658,) some account has already been given. See vol. i. p. 385, n. 3.

of St. Francis Xavier: that Anne of Austria, his mother, after twenty years of barrenness, had recourse to heaven by her fervent prayers to draw down that blessing, and addressed her devotions in a particular manner to this holy apostle of the Indies. I know not, Madam, whether I may presume to tell the world, that your Majesty has chosen this great saint for one of your celestial patrons, though I am sure you will never be ashamed of owning so glorious an intercessor; not even in a country where the doctrine of the holy church is questioned, and those religious addresses ridiculed. Your Majesty, I doubt not, has the inward satisfaction of knowing that such pious prayers have not been unprofitable to you, and the nation may one day come to understand how happy

Since that note was written, I have observed that Fenton, in his Remarks on Waller, has furnished us with a more particular description of this lady, as it should seem from a manuscript Journal of Henry, the second Earl of Peterborough, who conducted her from Modena to England; who, he observes, as she is described by that nobleman, in the bloom of her youth rivalled the fancied charms of Tasso's Armida. "She was tall and admirably shaped; her complexion was of the last fairness; her hair as black as jet; so were her eyebrows and her eyes; but the latter so full of light and sweetness, as that they did dazzle and charm too: there seemed given to them from nature sovereign power; power to kill, and power to save; and in the whole turn of her face, which was the most graceful that could be framed, there was all the features, all the beauty, and all that could be great and charming, in any human creature."

She died at St. Germains, April 26, 1718.

it will be for them to have a Son of Prayers ruling over them. Not that we are wholly to depend on this particular blessing as a thing of certainty, though we hope and pray for its continuance. The ways of Divine Providence are incomprehensible, and we know not in what times, or by what methods, GOD will restore his church in England, or what farther trials and afflictions we are yet to undergo: only this we know, that if a religion be of GOD, it can never fail; but the acceptable time we must patiently expect, and endeavour by our lives not to undeserve. I am sure, if we take the example of our sovereigns, we shall place our confidence in GOD alone; we shall be assiduous in our devotions, moderate in our expectations, humble in our carriage, and forgiving of our enemies.

All other panegyricks I purposely omit; but those of Christianity are such, that neither your Majesty, nor my royal master, need be ashamed of them, because their commemoration is instructive to your subjects. We may be allowed, Madam, to praise Almighty GOD for making us happy by your means, without suspicion of flattery, and the meanest subject has the privilege of joining his thanksgiving with his sovereign's, where his happiness is equally concerned. May it not be permitted me to add, that to be remembered and celebrated in afterages, as the chosen vessel by which it has pleased the Almighty Goodness to transmit so great a blessing to these nations, is a secret satisfaction which is not forbidden you to

take: the blessings of your people are a prelibation of the joys in heaven, and a lawful ambition here on earth.

Your Majesty is authorized by the greatest example of a mother, to rejoice in a promised son. The Blessed Virgin was not without as great a proportion of joy as humanity could bear, when she answered the salutation of the angel in expressions which seemed to unite the contradicting terms of calmness and of transport,—"Be it to thy handmaid according to thy word."

It is difficult for me to leave this subject, but more difficult to pursue it as I ought; neither must I presume to detain your Majesty by a long address. The life of Saint Francis Xavier, after it had been written by several authors in the Spanish and Portuguese, and by the famous Padre Bartoli, in the Italian tongue, came out at length in French, by the celebrated pen of father Bouhours, from whom I have translated it, and humbly crave leave to dedicate it to your patronage. I question not but it will undergo the censure of those men, who teach the people that miracles are ceased. Yet there are, I presume, a sober party of the protestants, and even of the most learned among them, who being convinced by the concurring testimonies of the last age, by the suffrages of whole nations in the Indies and Japan, and by the severe scrutinies that were made before the act of canonization, will not dispute the truth of most matters of fact, as they are here related; nay, some may be ingenuous enough to own

freely, that to propagate the faith amongst infidels and heathens, such miraculous operations are as necessary now in those benighted regions, as when the Christian doctrine was first planted by our Blessed Saviour and his Apostles.

The honourable testimonies which are cited by my author, just before the conclusion of his work, and one of them in particular from a learned divine of the church of England, though they slur over the mention of his miracles in obscure and general terms, yet are full of veneration for his person. Farther than this I think it needless to prepossess a reader; let him judge sincerely, according to the merits of the cause, and the sanctity of his life, of whom such wonders are related, and attested with such clouds of witnesses; for an impartial man cannot but of himself consider the honour of GOD in the publication of his gospel, the salvation of souls, and the conversion of kingdoms, which followed from those miracles, the effects of which remain in many of them to this day.

But that it is not lawful to me to trespass so far on the patience of your Majesty, I should rather enlarge on a particular reflection which I made in my translation of this book; namely, that the instructions of the saint, which are copied from his own writings, are so admirably useful, so holy, and so wonderfully efficacious, that they seem to be little less than the product of an immediate inspiration. So much excellent matter is crowded into so small a compass, that almost every paragraph contains the value of a sermon. The

nourishment is so strong, that it requires but little to be taken at a time. Where he exhorts, there is not an expression but what is glowing with the love of God; where he directs a missioner, or gives instructions to a substitute, we can scarcely have a less idea than of a Saint Paul advising a Timothy or a Titus. Where he writes into Europe, he inspires his ardour into sovereign princes, and seems, with the spirit of his devotion, even to burn his colleagues at the distance of the Indies.

But, Madam, I consider that nothing I can say is worthy to detain you longer from the perusal of this book, in which all things are excellent, excepting only the meanness of my performance in the translation. Such as it is, be pleased to accept it, with the offer of my unworthy prayers for the lasting happiness of my gracious Sovereign; for your own life and prosperity, together with the preservation of the Son of Prayers, and the farther increase of the royal family; all which blessings are continually implored from heaven, by,

MADAM,

Your Majesty's most humble, and
most obedient subject and servant.[9]

[9] Our author's name is not subjoined to this dedication, but the work, which was published by his bookseller, Jacob Tonson, is ascribed to him in the titlepage, which probably Dr. Johnson had not seen, or had forgotten; for he says, "he knows not that he ever owned himself the translator."

THE END OF THE SECOND VOLUME.

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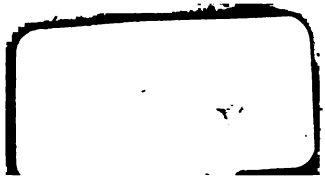
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